

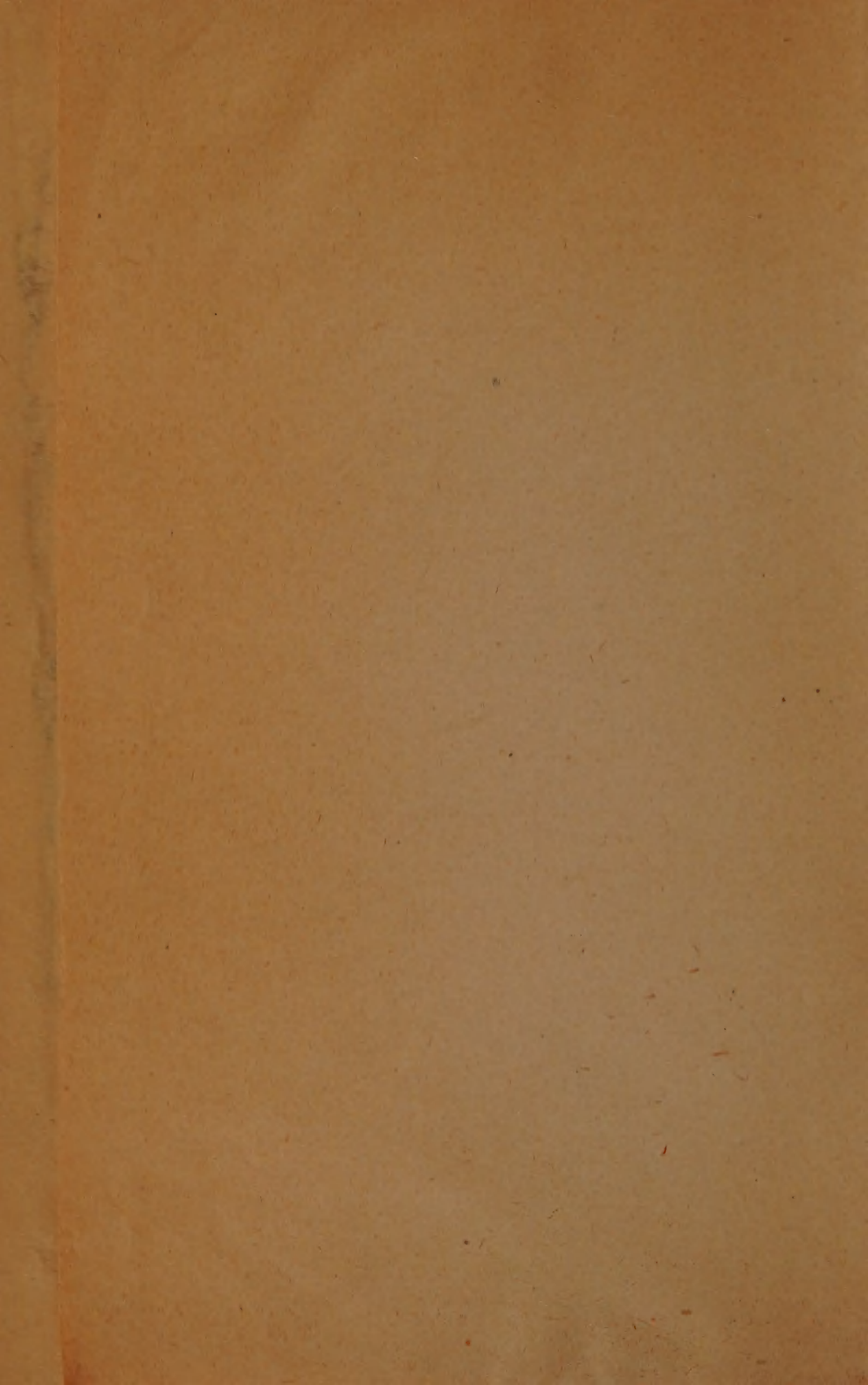
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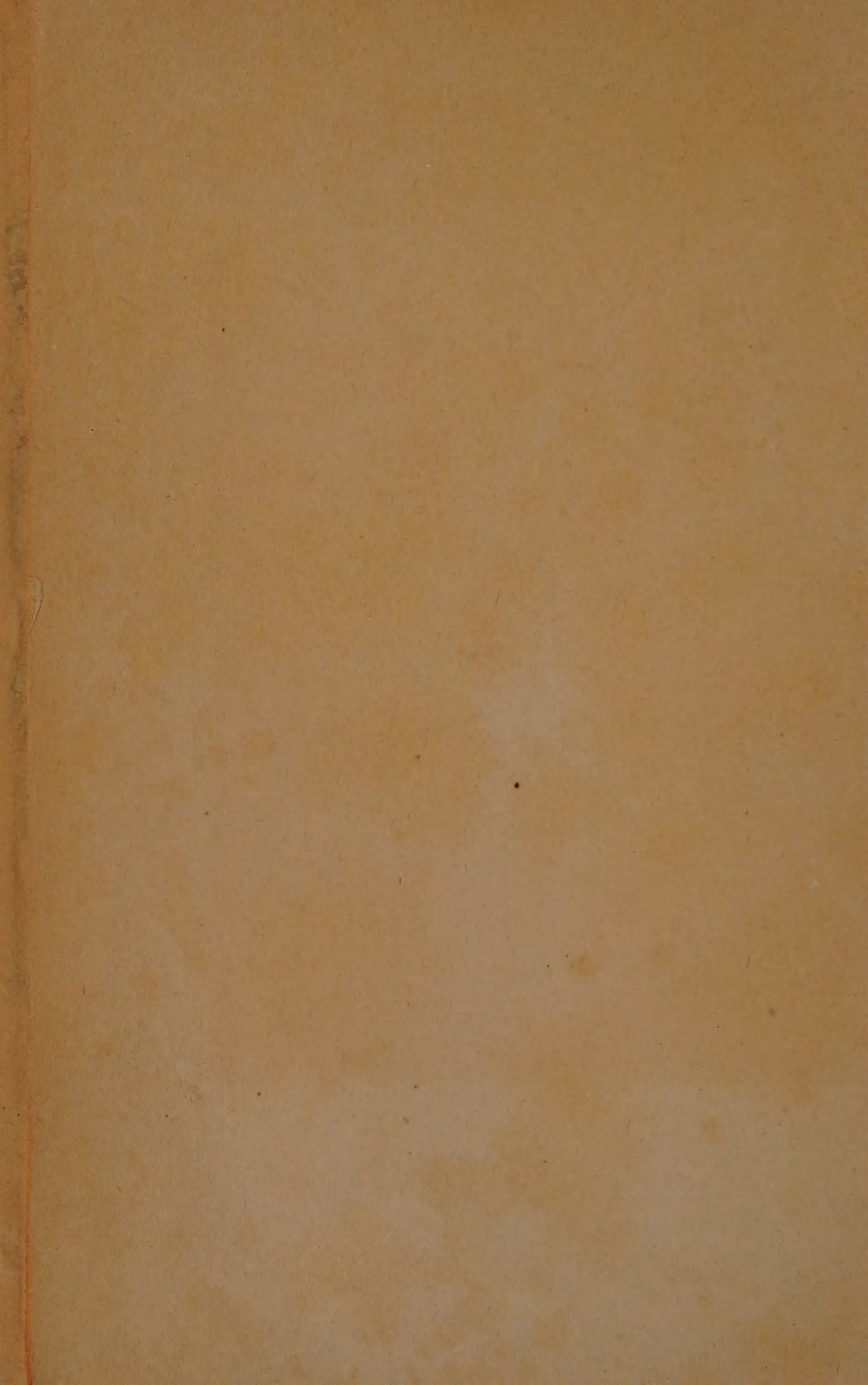
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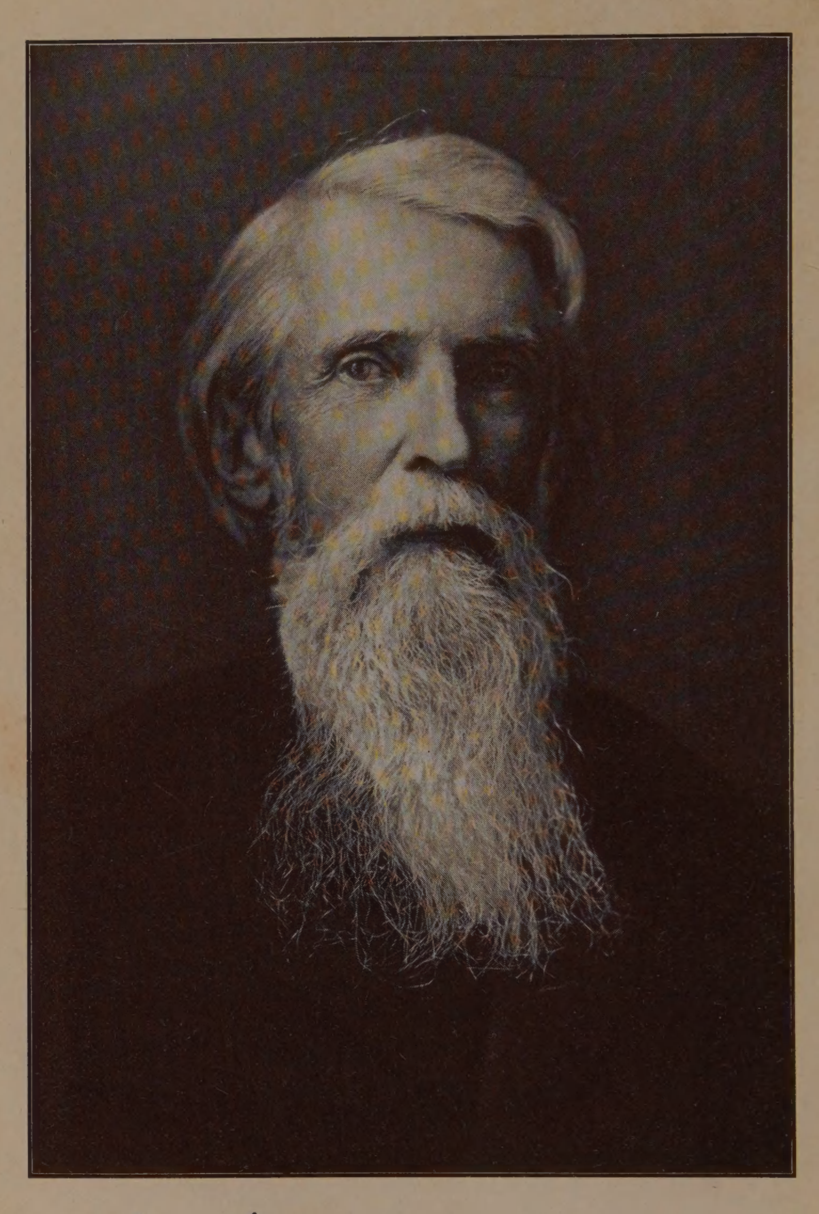




Fifty-Three Years in Syria







Yrs Sincerely
Henry H Jessup

Fifty-Three Years In Syria

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By
HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D.

Introduction by James S. Dennis, D.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I



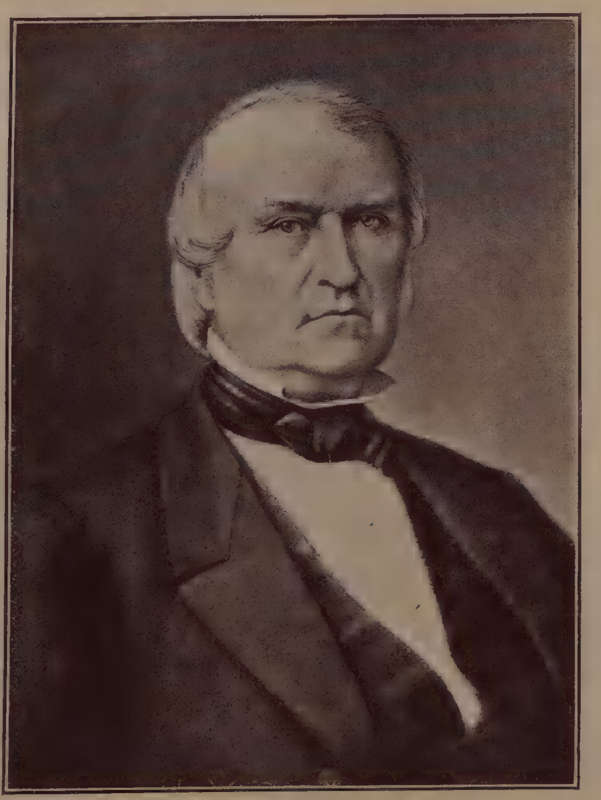
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HON. WILLIAM JESSUP



AMANDA H. JESSUP

Religion 956.9 J58f
V. 1

Dedicated
to the
Memory of

my revered father, Hon. William Jessup, LL. D., and my beloved mother, Amanda Harris Jessup: by whose godly example, wise counsel, and fervent prayers, I was led to Christ in my early boyhood; who helped me on my Christian course and to learn the luxury of doing good, and cheerfully gave me and my brother Samuel to the missionary work, at a time when a journey to Syria seemed like an act of self-immolation. :: :: :: ::
I have tried to follow their example, and pray that my children and grandchildren may all prove worthy of such an ancestry.

"The memory of the just is blessed."



Introduction

THE author of this volume is one of the pioneers of the new historic era and the changing social order in the Nearer East. He is entitled to this distinction not because of direct political activity, or of any strenuous rôle as a social reformer, but because of those fifty-three years of missionary service in the interests of religious uplift, educational progress, social morality, and all those civilizing influences which now by general consent are recognized results of the missionary enterprise.

It is a chronicle of eventful years in the history of Western Asia. It is necessarily largely personal, as the book is a combination of autobiographical reminiscence with a somewhat detailed record of mission progress in Syria. No one can fail to be impressed with the variety and continuity, as well as the large beneficence of a life service such as is herein reviewed. In versatile and responsible toil, in fidelity to his high commission, in diligence in the use of opportunity, in unwavering loyalty to the call of missionary duty, his career has been worthy of the admiration and affectionate regard of the Church. The writer of this introduction regards it as one of the privileges of his missionary service in Syria that for twenty-two of the fifty-three years which the record covers he was a colleague of the author, and that such a delightful intimacy has marked a lifelong friendship.

Dr. Jessup has been a living witness of one of the most vivid and dramatic national transformations which the world's annals record, as well as himself a contributor, indirectly and unconsciously perhaps, yet no less truly and forcefully, to changes as romantic, weird, and startling as the stage of history presents. We seem

to be in the enchanted atmosphere of politics after the order of the Arabian Nights. In fact, no tale of the Thousand and One Nights can surpass in imaginative power, mystical import, and amazing significance, this story of the transportation of an entire empire, as if upon some magic carpet of breathless flight, from the domain of irresponsible tyranny to the realm of constitutional government. The cruel and shocking episode of massacre in transit seems to be in keeping with the ruthless barbarity of the despotic environment.

The author has presented his readers with a chapter of church history, which resembles a modern version of the annals of the great Reformation, and at the same time has a significant bearing upon the contemporary status of Christianity where it impinges upon Islam. The early fathers wrote of the opening struggles of Christianity with an overshadowing and hostile heathen environment. Modern historians have told us of the great conflicts with the corrupt and unsavoury mediævalism of the Reformation era. Now in our day has come the turn of the later fathers of this missionary era, who are giving us a voluminous record of the world-embracing conflicts of present-day Christianity with the great dominant religions of the non-Christian world. Such volumes as Cary's "History of Christianity in Japan," Richter's "History of Missions in India," Warneck's "Outline of a History of Protestant Missions," Stock's "History of the Church Missionary Society," and the "Records of the China Centenary Conference at Shanghai," with many others that might be mentioned, already form the later chronicles of a triumphant advance, which is no doubt finally to claim a world-wide victory.

The author's record is limited of course to one storm-centre of the foreign mission field. The story as he recounts it in page after page of his book is full to overflowing with rapid movement and crowded detail, but his fund of anecdote and incident constantly enlivens what readers unfamiliar with missionary history in Syria might find lacking in personal interest to them. His reminiscences of distinguished visitors and travellers, his genial records of social hours, or of touring companionships, his wealth of judicious and

vigorous comment upon questions of missionary policy and practice, his unflinching characterization of fraud, corruption, and hierarchical assumption, his frequent allusion to the light which the land and its customs throw upon the Bible, his sketches of social etiquette and every-day life a generation or more ago, before the modernization of Syria began, are all valuable features of the narrative.

There are other aspects which no reader will fail to note, and which give a lively interest to the contents of the volume. His chronicles of persecution, spoliation, civil war, and massacre, which have so often marked the religious and political turmoils of the Asiatic Levant, his flashlights upon the confused religious entanglements of the Nearer Orient, his descriptive glimpses of the natural features and the physical phenomena, as well as the flora and fauna, of lands famous in literature and history, his references to men and women prominent in the tragic drama of civil and religious strife, as, for example, his story of Abd el Kadir, are illustrative of the variety which marks the subject matter.

His annals of church growth and organization in Syria, and the touching and often deeply stirring accounts of the experiences of individual converts, some of whom were martyrs, and all of whom passed through spiritual struggles, or endured cruel mockings and harassing persecutions, lend a living interest to the record. His report of educational progress—marvellous and beyond all expectation in the case of such an institution as the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, his chronicles of literary toil and scholarly achievements in Bible translation, as well as in a broad range of literature issued by the American Mission Press, his tribute to the untiring and unstinted services of medical missionaries in Syria, of whom the lamented Dr. George E. Post was such a brilliant example, all add a historical and personal value to this story of unwavering consecration in one of the difficult and faith-testing mission fields of the world.

The record he gives of the sacrificial lives of eminent and devout men and women who have rendered noble service to

Christ's kingdom in Western Asia should be sacred to the modern Church. In these days of phenomenal missionary advance, when converts in many fields are counted by the thousands, and when such elaborate and vigorous organized support is given to the cause of missions, there is much that is wholesome and instructive in the study of such a chapter as that upon "The Seven Pioneers of the Syria Mission," which recounts the struggles and toils of those remarkable men who faced the difficulties and perils of those early days. Let us not forget or ignore amid the missionary successes of the present those "nights of toil" which tried the faith and taxed the fortitude of the toilers. We are sure that Dr. Jessup's volume will meet with a sympathetic welcome among hosts of friends. That it will command also the attention of students of the East, as well as of that portion of the Christian public, now rapidly increasing, who are interested in missions, we have every reason to believe.

JAMES S. DENNIS.

In Memoriam

Since the above Introduction was written the chronicle of Dr. Jessup's busy and useful life has come to its final chapter. He died in Beirut, April 28, 1910. Many appreciative notices have appeared in the public press, and his death has been widely recognized as the passing of a loyal and consecrated soul to the realm of its higher service. It is a gratification to his friends that he lived to complete this, his final task, and also that he survived long enough to know something of the welcome accorded to his captivating volumes, and the sympathetic and admiring response they have awakened in many hearts.

J. S. D.

Prefatory Note

δοῦλοι ἀχρεῖοί ἐσμεν

"Unprofitable servants."—*Luke 17 : 10*

ANOTHER book? and that an autobiography? An Arabic scholar recently died in Cairo who was a poet, grammarian and editor, and who painted his own portrait by looking in a mirror.

Through the importunity of many friends, some of them my children, and some in official position, I was persuaded to undertake a sketch of my life and times, especially my now fifty-three years of missionary service, and thus paint my own portrait. In an unthinking moment I consented, and during the past four years I have had to live over my whole life of seventy-seven years and my Syrian life of fifty-three years, until I am tired of my story and myself. A man true to himself can get little comfort from unrolling the musty scroll of seventy-seven years in order to find out what he has been seeing, thinking, and doing all this time.

My autobiography is one thing; the history of the Syria Mission is quite another. To weave the two into one tends to magnify the one and to minify the other. I have become weary of seeing and writing "I."

Having kept a pocket diary since 1855, and having copied all important letters in my letter copy-books of which I have thirty volumes of 500 pages each, the tax on my memory has not been so severe as on that man about whom our good Mr. Calhoun used to tell. A bachelor storekeeper, who wrote out all his accounts on the painted doors and window casements of his house, married a tidy woman who soon put his house in order. One day he came home, looked around him, and in dismay exclaimed, "Wife, you have ruined me!" "Why?" she inquired. "Be-

cause all my accounts were written on these doors and you have washed them off." After a moment she asked, "Don't you think you can recall them?" He replied, "I'll try." After a few days she asked him, "How have you succeeded?" He replied, "Fairly well; I have not got so much written but it is charged to better men!" That is the danger where one has to depend on mere memory. One may not recall as much, but he may put things in a better light than if he could refer to a record of the facts.

Once in Montrose when I was a boy, a pile of lumber fell on Judge Isaac Post and knocked him unconscious. On recovering consciousness he said that when the beams struck him he recalled in an instant every event of his whole long life, and every word he had ever spoken. Thus the contact of this pile of literary lumber has caused me to relive my life in a very short time. And what a startling revelation it has been! and how many shortcomings it has revealed! How easy to see now how I might have done better, preached better, taught better, and lived nearer to my Lord and Saviour! "Not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which Jehovah our God spake concerning us" (Josh. 23: 14). "Remember all the way which Jehovah thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, that He might humble thee to prove thee" (Deut. 8: 2).

He has been faithful to His promise, "with you always" and He has been with me in sunshine and shadow, in joy or sorrow, on land and sea, amid perils from robbers, perils temporal, and perils spiritual.

I take no credit to myself for anything God has helped me to do or rather has done through me.

How often I have felt humiliated by the fulsome laudation expressed of foreign missionaries by friends in the home land, and I have longed for the time when all Christian workers at home and abroad shall stand on a level as disciples of a common Master and equally engaged in His service. A soldier sent to the Philippines deserves no more credit than one on guard in the fort on Governor's Island.

I have tried to stick to my life-work. Tempted at various times to leave it and go home, or enter other fields of labour, I have tried to resist the tempter and to hold on. And God has helped me to hold on by giving me robust health, a happy home, and work enough to keep me from idleness.

It has well-nigh broken my heart at times to see young men entering on what seemed a life-work, obliged by failing health to drop their work, recross the sea to linger and die "without the sight." And I have always urged new recruits in the Lord's foreign army to pray that they may have long life in His service.

In writing the early history of the work in Syria I have had the goodly companionship of noble men, who stand out before my mind as men of consecration, earnestness, and unusual ability. I have tried to do them justice. Yet "time would fail me" to give details of all their lives. In some cases such details cannot now be obtained.

I cannot close this preface without acknowledging my indebtedness to my eldest daughter Anna. Her sympathy and encouragement lightened the labour. Her discriminating intelligent judgment in selection of salient points of interest to be emphasized—her industry in sifting the enormous mass of "raw material," diaries, letters, manuscripts, addresses and prior published articles—her persuasions and her dissuasions—were alike an invaluable aid.[1]

HENRY HARRIS JESSUP.

Beirut, January 1, 1910.

[1] Acknowledgment is made for photographs and plates to:
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Appeal published when the Foreign Board suffered from a heavy debt

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Tell it not among the Heathen, that the ship is on a reef;
It was freighted with Salvation, our " Captain," Lord and Chief—
But the tide at length receded, and left it high and dry,
The tide of gold and silver, the gifts of low and high;
The eagles and the dollars, the nickels and the dimes,
Flowed off in other channels, from the hardness of the times.

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the train is off the track;
The oil all gone—a heated box—the signal come to slack;
The Foreign Board is side-tracked with its passengers and freight;
Its messengers of mercy, though so eager, all must wait.
The oil was once abundant, and the wheels went smoothly on—
But drop by drop it lessened, and now 'tis wholly gone.

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the stream has ceased to flow,
Down from the lofty mountains in rain and dew and snow.
It flowed in floods and rivers, in rivulets and rills,
It gladdened plains and mountains, the distant lakes and hills.
But now 'tis dry! The thirsty ones, they cannot drink as yet,
For the Foreign Board is threatened with a paralyzing debt!

Tell it not among the Heathen, tell it not among the Jews!
Tell it not among the Moslems, this melancholy news;
Lest sons of Gath deride us, and tell it to our shame
That Churches sworn to true and full allegiance to His Name
No longer do His bidding, no longer heed the cry
Of millions, who in sadness, must now be left to die!

Tell it not among the Heathen, but tell it to your Lord.
Drop on your knees, ye Christians, and speak the truthful word;
" We *thought* we gave our *all* to Thee, but now, with breaking heart,
We see that in our giving, we had kept back a part.
So with complete surrender, we give our *all* to Thee."
Then tell it to the heathen, that the Church of Christ is free,
That the tide of love is rising to float the ship again,
That the oil of Grace is flowing to start the stranded train,
That the rivulets of mercy are rising to a flood,
For a blessing to the nations, and the Glory of our God!

H. H. J.

Fifty-Three Years in Syria

I

The Preparation—The Call to Service—Sailing for Syria—1832-1856

IN preparing my reminiscences of my missionary life of fifty-three years in Syria, I wrote out at some length the account of my boyhood days, the happy recollections of my father's and mother's lives and characters, and the influences that in school, college and seminary shaped my life purpose.

These, however, are of an intimate character, personal in their interest to my children and grandchildren, not wholly appropriate to a history of missionary endeavour.

Suffice it here to preface my history of my life in Syria by a brief sketch.

My father, Hon. William Jessup, LL. D., was born at Southampton, L. I., June 21, 1797, and my mother, Amanda Harris, at North Sea, near Southampton, August 8, 1798.

My father graduated from Yale in 1815, and shortly afterwards emigrated to Montrose in northeastern Pennsylvania, where I was born April 19, 1832, being the sixth of eleven children, ten of whom grew to adult years. Montrose was then a mere "clearing" in the unbroken forest extending from Newburgh on the Hudson to Lake Erie; and my parents went by sloop to Newburgh, thence by wagon. He borrowed $50 to start on, and taught school until he had qualified for admission to the bar.

The Jessup family (also spelled Jessop, Jessoppe and Jesup), emigrated from the vicinity of Sheffield, England. John was the first to come over, and Professor Jesup, of Dartmouth, has written the genealogy of the different branches.

My dear friend Morris K. Jesup was the shining culmination of the Connecticut branch. When, many years ago, he joined the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, he still spelled his name with two s's.

My father was chairman of the platform committee of the Chicago Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and that platform, which he read to that body, was largely the result of his wise and patriotic labours. A fellow delegate wrote to the *New York Mail*, years afterwards, his record of the venerable Judge, in the hotel bedroom they shared, kneeling in prayer the night before the platform was read, and commending it "to the God who would judge of its uprightness and was alone able to give it success."

My father's interest and activity in the work of the Presbyterian Church, his service in the General Assembly, his successful defense of Albert Barnes in 1837, his unswerving adherence to the cause of temperance, his unselfish acquiescence in my determination to become a foreign missionary, are all matters of record elsewhere.

I date my decision to be a foreign missionary in the summer of 1852.

I had conducted the Missionary Concert at the dear church in Montrose. I gave the missionary news and appealed to the people to support the work or to *go in person* to do it.

I then realized the incongruity of asking others to do what I was not yet willing to do myself.

But on the day of prayer for colleges, February 24, 1853, at Union Seminary, my impulse was crystallized into purpose, and in March my chum, Lorenzo Lyons, and I decided to offer ourselves to foreign mission work. I cannot here dwell on the details of that decision, the conference with my dear parents, their sympathy and Christian self-denial. But from that day my choice was made, and my preparations all directed to making myself available and useful. I attended medical lectures in the Crosby Street Medical School; "walked" the New York Hospital with my cousin, Dr. Mulford, for two months, to learn "first aid" to

the sick and wounded; I studied practical dentistry under Drs. Dunning and Dalrymple—engaged in tract distribution for the City Tract Society, experiencing rude rebuffs and learning wisdom thereby, and also finding how welcome the gospel message ever is, even in the most unlikely quarters.

June 16, 1854, at a conference with Dr. Rufus Anderson, at the Missionary House of the American Board, at 33 Pemberton Square, I read a letter signed by Dr. Eli Smith, Dr. William M. Thomson, and Rev. D. M. Wilson, pleading for a reinforcement of five men, to occupy Antioch, Hums and Northern Syria.

The appeal seemed to be the definite voice I had been waiting for. I made my decision and agreed to go to Syria.

[August 12, 1854, my brother Samuel, twenty months my junior, decided to give up his mercantile business and to begin study for the gospel ministry and missionary work. He entered Yale, thence going to Union Seminary, served as chaplain in McClellan's army until the battle of Malvern Hills, and came to Syria with his wife in February, 1863.]

During my course at the seminary I gave myself to home missionary work around my home in Pennsylvania and, in New York City, at Blackwell's Island, the Five Points, the Half-Orphan Asylum, and in Sunday-school work.

On the 23d of December of that year, I became engaged to be married to Miss Caroline Bush, daughter of Wynans Bush, M. D., of Branchport, Yates County, New York. She was an experienced teacher, in perfect sympathy with my life purpose.

On the 27th of October, 1855, I attended the morning missionary prayer-meeting at Union Theological Seminary, and met some of the beloved brethren who were expecting to go abroad: Harding (India), White (Asia Minor), Byington (Bulgaria), and Kalopothakes (Athens).

The next day I spent in Newark, N. J., in the church of that scholarly and saintly man, Rev. J. F. Stearns, D. D. I preached in the church, addressed the Sunday-school, and promised to write to the scholars, if they would first write me. I also proposed to them, that, if they felt inclined on reaching home, they

should write a resolution as follows: "Resolved, that if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary." One little boy, James S. Dennis, did write such a resolution, as I learned thirteen years afterwards, September 23, 1868, when I went to Newark to give the charge at his ordination, and was a guest in his house. Mrs. Dennis told me that in October, 1855, her son Jimmy came home from hearing me speak, went to his room, and soon after brought her a written resolution: "Resolved, that if God will give me grace, I will be a missionary." She said to him, "James, you are too young to know what you will be." "Yes," he said, "I did not say, I *will* be, but, 'if God gives me grace, I will be.'" "And now, to-day, you are to give him his ordination charge as a missionary to Syria!"

Surely, the Lord must have inspired me to make that suggestion when I did, for Dr. Dennis has done more for the cause of foreign missions than almost any other living man. We have always been dear and intimate friends, and in Syria, where he laboured for twenty-three years, he is beloved by all who knew him. His Arabic works, "Christian Theology" (two vols., oct.), "Evidences of Christianity" (one vol., oct.), "Scripture Interpretation" (one vol., oct.), are classics in Arabic theological literature; and his three volumes of "Christian Missions and Social Progress," with his "Centennial Survey," form an epochal work and an acknowledged authority in all Christian lands.

I was ordained November 1, 1855. My chief memory of that occasion is my father's address expressing his joy that a beloved son was called to participate in the trials and self-denials of the "grand enterprise" of the missionary work. One thing he said, that, when he stood before the altar of his God years before, he had consecrated all his children to God; nor would he wish to keep back part of the price, nor take back now aught of what he then had given.

December 12, 1855—"His Word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay" (Jer. 20: 9).

I was in Boston, about to sail. I had parted with the dear

woman who was to be my wife. Her health necessitated the postponement of our marriage, and her immediate companionship in my missionary life. My father and mother were with me to see my departure on the following day, and the precious season of prayer, in the Tremont House, comforted our hearts, and has been in memory a source of solace and strength ever since, particularly when I myself have had to part from my own dear children for years of separation, as from time to time they have had to leave us for their education in the home country.

The sailing bark *Sultana*, three hundred tons, with a cargo of New England rum, sailed for Smyrna the next day in a storm of snow and sleet. There were eight missionaries on board: Rev. Daniel Bliss and his wife, Rev. G. A. Pollard and his wife, Miss Mary E. Tenny and Miss Sarah E. West, Rev. Tillman C. Trowbridge, and myself.

It was a stormy, wretched voyage. My brother Samuel was the first missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to cross the Atlantic comfortably in a steamer.

We reached Smyrna, January 22, 1856, and sailed on the 29th on the French steamer for Beirut, passing Patmos, Rhodes, Adalia, stopping at Mersine, near Tarsus, and at Alexandretta, Latakia and Tripoli, and landed in Beirut Thursday morning, February 7, 1856.

II

The Field in 1856—Its Condition and Problems

"The almond tree shall blossom."—*Eccl. 12 : 5*

ON the 7th of February, 1856, when we landed in Beirut, the almond trees were in bloom; their snow-white domes in full blossom were fragrant and full of promise of abundant fruit:

> "The silvery almond flower
> That blooms on a leafless bough,"

was a token for good. Flowers promise fruit. And now, February, 1909, fifty-three years have passed. The almond snow-white blossoms have now drifted from the trees to the heads of the two youthful missionaries who landed in 1856. We are a pair of hoary heads. We see those flowers all around us and over us. They give promise of fruit—of something better beyond. The inspiration is renewed. God grant that we may "bring forth fruit in old age" (Ps. 92 : 14).

February 7, 1856—Malta, Smyrna, Cilicia, Seleucia, Beirut! Names associated with the voyages and labours of Paul the Apostle, and not less connected with the modern missionary work in the Levant. The first missionaries made Malta their first base of operations, then advanced to Smyrna, and then down the coast to Beirut. We have followed their track and have now begun to "enter into" their labours.

Here I am in Western Asia, land of the patriarchs, prophets and apostles. Yonder to the south are

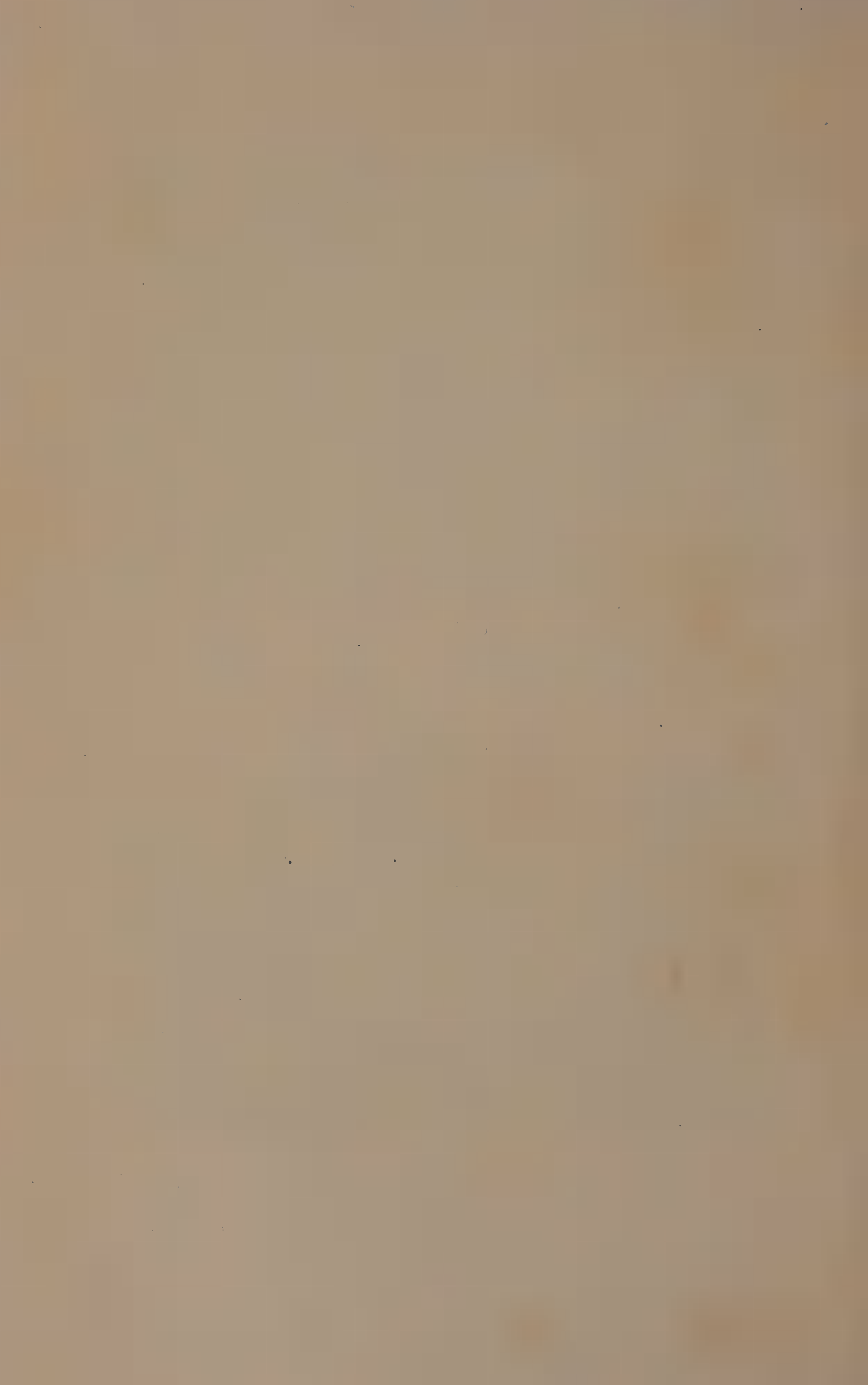
> "Those fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which *eighteen* centuries ago were nailed
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."



OLD BEIRUT

As it looked in 1856, before the historic castle was removed to make way for the railway and the port.

QUAY AND NEW HARBOR AT BEIRUT



That bright sunny spring morning of our landing in Beirut I can never forget. The lofty summits of the Lebanon range, Suñnin and Kaníseh, 8,000 and 6,000 feet high, were covered with snow, shining like burnished silver, while the lower ranges were dotted with villages and the plain green and beautiful with trees and gardens. An Arab poet has said of Jebel Suñnin, that

> "He bears winter upon his head,
> Spring upon his shoulders,
> Autumn in his bosom,
> While summer lies sleeping at his feet."

What a change from the bleak blasts of wintry Boston in December to the balmy breezes of beautiful Beirut in February, with its almond blossoms and wild flowers!

And what a welcome we had! No sooner had our steamer anchored than we heard familiar voices in the saloon, and soon grasped the hands of my old townsman and chum, Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons, who came out a year ago, and then of Rev. E. Aiken, a new missionary, and Mr. Hurter, the mission printer.

As I stepped on the solid earth, and knew that here at length is my missionary field, my future home, the people whom I am to love, the noble missionary band, all of whom are faithful soldiers in their Master's service, and that on these mountain ranges of sunny and snowy Lebanon the Gospel is yet to beam forth with more than its original power and glory; that here are to be witnessed yet greater and greater triumphs of the Cross; my soul thrilled with exultant joy, and I could say in truth, that this was one of the happiest days of my life.

Yet, though nearer my work than ever before, I was stopped on the very threshold by the barrier of the Arabic language, and felt as one dumb; with a message, yet unable to deliver it. But having come to preach in Arabic, I resolved, "Preach in Arabic I will, by the help and grace of God! While I study the language, its hard gutturals and strange idioms, I can study the people and learn their ways, so different from our Western ideas, and they may teach me some things a Westerner needs to know."

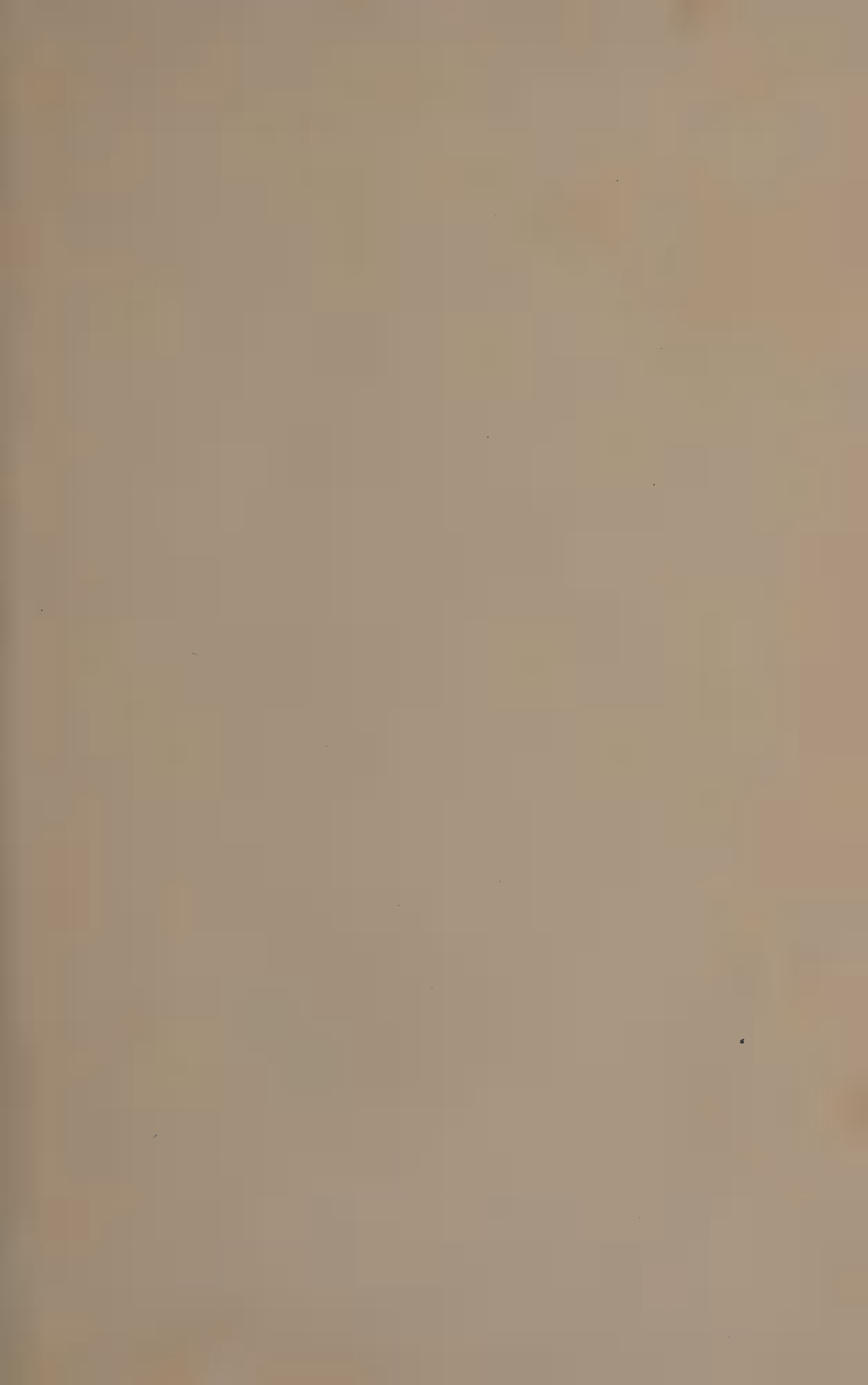
We were soon introduced to the whole missionary circle, and at the annual meeting held not long after, on March 27th, the whole company met in Beirut, in the study of Dr. Eli Smith, below the present buildings of the British Syrian Mission. We five young recruits, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aiken and myself, were welcomed to their ranks.

When I was first appointed to the Syrian Mission, the Board intended that I be stationed in Antioch. Fifty-three years have passed and I have never been in Antioch. There were present Dr. E. Smith, Messrs. J. A. Ford and Hurter of Beirut, Calhoun of Abeih, Dr. Thomson and Van Dyck of Sidon, Messrs. Bird of Deir el Komr, Benton of Bhamdoun, Eddy of Kefr Shima, Wilson of Hums, Lyons of Tripoli, Aiken, a new recruit, and D. Bliss and H. H. Jessup, the latest arrivals. We young men looked with deep interest on the faces of the veterans before us. Dr. William M. Thomson (1833) had been here twenty-three years. He was the picture of ruddy, robust health. When, in 1857, father went with me to the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, New York, to take out a policy on my life, the company demanded an extra climatic risk. I protested and referred them to Dr. Thomson then in New York, as a sample of the effects of the Syrian climate. The company soon removed the climatic risk. He was a man of such geniality and ready wit, so kindly and full of experience that my heart went out to him. For sixteen years, from 1860 to 1876, he was my associate in Beirut and he was both father and brother to me. At that first mission meeting we recognized the helpfulness of his clear head and wise counsels, when difficult questions arose. Next to him sat Dr. Eli Smith, pale, thin and scholarly, precise in language and of broad views of mission policy. He spoke of the Bible translation then in progress and reported that he had, up to that date, printed it as far as the end of Exodus in the Old Testament and Matthew sixteenth in the New Testament. He was evidently struggling with deep-seated disease and was granted a special furlough for a summer trip to Constantinople and Trebizond, whither he went with Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, his old friend and fellow traveller. There was Simeon H.

Calhoun, the "Saint of Lebanon," the principal of the Abeih Academy, and treasurer of the mission, in whose accounts not an error of a para could be found. He reported a memorial letter of the Board with regard to the death in November, 1855, of his colleague and brother beloved, Rev. Geo. B. Whiting, after twenty-five years of labour in Syria. Mr. Calhoun's voice in speaking or reading, and especially in prayer, was peculiarly deep, rich and tender. I knew him for twenty-five years in joy and sorrow, in peace and the horrors of the massacre summer, in his ideal home, in his lovely family, and in business relations, and I never met a wiser, saintlier or more lovable man. Whitfield could draw tears from his hearers by merely pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia." Mr. Calhoun could win hearts by a look. And there were the slender form and classical face of Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck from Sidon, of few words, but of great wisdom, and evidently highly respected and esteemed by all his brethren. I have spoken fully of him in another chapter of this book. We little thought at that meeting that it was Dr. Smith's last meeting, and that in January, 1857, he would be called to a higher sphere, and Dr. Van Dyck be summoned within a year to take on his mantle, and complete his momentous work. And there was J. A. Ford of Beirut, a man of sterling worth, true as steel, a delightful preacher in Arabic, simple in his habits, a hearty, trusty friend, ready for any sacrifice in the service of his Master. He was then acting pastor of the Beirut Church. He had been in Aleppo for seven years. Of strong physical constitution, he seemed destined for a long missionary life, but, alas, fell victim, not to the Syrian climate, but to an Illinois blizzard in April, 1860.

And there was David M. Wilson, a plain, blunt man, and mighty in the Scriptures. He had come from his distant home in Hums, to plead for a colleague, and the mission, after full discussion, appointed Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, new recruits, to go as companions to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and work in that promising field. How the events of those subsequent months rise in sad memory as I write! On April 23d, a little company left Beirut

on the French steamer for Tripoli; Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and child and I going to our new home in Tripoli; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, accompanied by Mr. Calhoun, going on to Hums. Mrs. S. D. Aiken was daughter of Judge John O. Cole of Albany, the perfect picture of health and womanly beauty. Mr. Bliss was stationed in Abeih, as Mrs. Bliss appeared to be extremely delicate in health, and the mission thought it wiser to send the young and robust Mrs. Aiken to be a companion of Mrs. Wilson in Hums, which was four days distant from any physician. But how little we know of our Father's plans for His children! In less than two months, the lovely Mrs. Aiken was in her grave, in the court of a Moslem effendi's house in Hums. There was no Protestant cemetery and the effendi kindly consented to the temporary interment in his house then leased by Mr. Aiken. A year later, I visited that stricken home in Albany, and learned lessons of Christian resignation which I never forgot, and which helped me in my own hour of need, when, forty-four years afterwards, I followed to the grave in Sidon my own lovely daughter, Amy Erdman. The seemingly delicate Mrs. Bliss lives, surrounded by children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Another of that mission band was W. A. Benton, who came from the heights of Lebanon at Bhamdoun, and who was like a patriarch among the villagers. And then Dr. W. W. Eddy, equally at home with his pen in editing and translating, in church building and teaching theology. His handwriting was like steel engraving and his English style in sermon writing chaste and elegant. At that time, after three years in Aleppo, he was living with his family in the village of Kefr Shima, in accordance with Dr. R. Anderson's theory that each missionary should occupy a separate station. This theory the mission soon repudiated, believing that the highest health, efficiency and success of the missionary will be attained, by placing them two and two, to support each other. And it has not been found best to multiply foreign-manned stations. In September, 1857, he removed to Sidon, where he laboured for twenty-one years and then was transferred to Beirut to teach in the theological





THE AMERICAN PRESS

Founded in Malta, 1822; moved to Beirut, 1834. Here is found the first complete copy of the Arabic Bible. The plant and stock are worth $180,000. The Bible, in whole and in parts, is produced in seventy different forms. Eighteen million pages of Scripture were printed here last year. On March 7 and 8, 1904, the day before and the day the "Kurfürst" sailed from New York, 28,900 copies of the Scriptures were ordered from the American Press.

seminary in which he continued until his death, January 26, 1900. The lay missionary, Mr. Geo. C. Hurter, mission printer, was a Swiss by birth, a faithful, self-denying man, hospitable, hearty, devout. He managed the press employees well, and could conduct a prayer-meeting with profit to the ripest Christian and most learned scholar. His memory is blessed.

On the day of our arrival, February 7th, I went down with Mr. Lyons to the mission press (Burj Bird), in the lower room of which was the chapel. We there saw an interesting sight, a convention of Protestant Syrians met to discuss their civil organization. There were Butrus Bistany, Naameh Tabet, Elias Fuaz, Tannus El Haddad, T. Sabunjy, Hanna Shekkoor of Lebanon, Shaheen Barakāt, Nasif er Raiees, Khalil Khuri, and Kozta Mejdelany of Hasbeiya, Abu Faour of Khiyam, Elias Yacob of Rasheiya el Fukkhar, Nasif Michail of Aitath, Saleh Bu Nusr of Abeih, Michaiel Araman, Rev. J. Wortabet, Jebbour Shemaûn, Shaheen Sarkis, Asaad Shidoody, Khalid Tabet, Yusef Najm, Beshara Hashim, Girgius Jimmal and others. I shall speak more particularly of some of these remarkable men —" immortal names, that were not born to die."

Not long after our arrival, I was taken to the American printing-press and the old mission cemetery. There, at the foot of a tall cypress tree, was a little plain, horizontal gravestone of moss-grown sandstone, and set into it a small slab of marble on which is the inscription,

Pliny Fisk,
Died Oct. 23, 1825,
Aged 31 years.

More than thirty years ago was this precious seed sown in the soil of Syria, and a little cypress sapling was planted by his grave. His missionary life was short and he " died without the sight."

Beirut, in Fisk's day, was a little walled town 3,000 feet from north to south, and 1,500 feet from east to west, on the north shore of a cape, extending about five miles from the base of Lebanon into the Mediterranean. It had a population of 8,000, Mohammedans, Greeks, Maronites and a few Druses and Jews.

Within the walls, the streets were narrow, crooked and dirty. There was no harbour, only an open roadstead, and boats landing from ships anchored outside would strike bottom before reaching the beach, and the passengers, men and women, were then borne by brawny boatmen and dumped on the land. There was but one house which had glass windows and that belonged to the British consul, Mr. Abbott. A wheeled vehicle had not been seen since the days when chariots rolled over the Roman roads, eighteen centuries before, nor was there a road on which a wagon could run. The houses had flat roofs of cement, which cracked every summer, and the walls of porous sandstone absorbed the winter rains, which covered the inside with fungus and mould. Outside the town, the narrow lanes, about eight feet wide through the mulberry orchards, were overarched with the prickly pear or "subbire," whose leaves, fringed with long, needle-like spines, threatened the faces and eyes of the passers-by. The entire water-supply was from *wells*, some sweet and some brackish, from which it is supposed the city Beer-ut took its name. Beirut was so unimportant politically, that Saida (Sidon), twenty-five miles to the south, gave name to the province. On the sea-wall were lofty castles to protect the town against Greek pirates, and a fine tower, or Burj, eighty feet high, stood outside the south-east gate to protect it against land attacks. The only roads in the land were the rough, narrow, rocky mule paths, never repaired and often impassable. The interior was little known, for the modern explorations of Edward Robinson, Eli Smith and William M. Thomson had not begun, and Palestine, the land of the Bible, was rarely visited. Steam communication was unknown, and barks and brigs, ships and schooners were the only sea-craft known along these old Phœnician shores.

The only lights known were the ancient earthern lamps like bowls, with olive oil, and the wick hanging over the side. At night, all pedestrians in the cities were obliged to carry lanterns or be arrested.

The terrible massacre of 20,000 of the Greek population of the Island of Scio (Chios) by the Turks had recently taken place in

1822, and the War of Grecian Independence had begun. Syria was in a state of semi-disorder.

Intellectually, the land was in utter stagnation. With the exception of the Koran and its literature among the Moslems, and the ecclesiastical books among the Oriental Christians, there were no books. Many of the Moslems could read, but very few of the other sects could either read or write. The Moslems who have always been devoted to their one book, had little "madrasehs" or schools, attached to the mosques, and the Oriental Christians taught a few boys who were in training for the priesthood. But it was in general true that there were in the land neither books, readers nor schools, as such. There was a little hand-press at a monastery near Shweir in Lebanon, for printing Romish prayer-books, but there were no printing-presses, no newspapers and no desire for them. The Oriental mind seemed asleep. If the "rest cure," which obliges the patient to lie prostrate for weeks in a state of mental vacuity and physical relaxation, often renews the mind and body, then the Syrian race, by their rest cure of ages, should have reached the acme of mental and physical preparation for a new era of vigour and growth.

One of the old missionaries wrote that "the Syrian people are singularly unimpressionable on religious subjects, because they are so eminently religious already. Religious forms and language abound." The salutations, ejaculations and imprecations of the people are full of the name of God, Allah. The most sacred words and expressions are on the lips of all, the learned and the ignorant, men, women and children: nay, of the most vicious and abandoned. Whatever may be the subject, religion in some form or other has its share in it. That which is most sacred becomes as familiar as household words and is as little regarded. As far as words are concerned they have religion enough. But they need to be taught the need of spiritual regeneration, and the reality of personal religious experience.

The state of woman was pitiable in the extreme. The first missionaries could not hear of a woman or girl in the land who could read. Mohammedanism had blighted womanhood, and

driven her behind the veil and into the hareem. Oriental Christian women dared not appear unveiled in the streets for fear of vile abuse and even violence from the lords of the land.

Moslems would not mention the name of woman in conversation without begging pardon from all present, by using the abominable term "ajellak Allah," or may God exalt you above the contamination of so vile a subject. They would use the same term in speaking of a hog or a dog or a filthy shoe! By degrading woman the Moslems had degraded themselves and lowered the whole tone of society. No man calling at a Mohammedan house would ever see the face of a woman, nor would he dare ask after the health of the wife or mother, sister or daughter. A young man never saw the face of his bride until after the marriage ceremony was over. Mutual acquaintance before marriage was not necessary and was impossible.

Polygamy, the upas tree of Islamic society, had corrupted all moral ideas and despoiled the home of everything lovely and of good report. The Koran enjoined wife beating. In Sura IV, verse 38 of the Koran it is said,

> "Virtuous women are obedient. . . .
> But chide those for whose refractoriness
> Ye have cause to fear,—*and scourge them.*"

And this injunction of their Koran they are not slow to obey. They have degraded woman and then scourge her for being degraded. They have kept her in ignorance and then beat her for being ignorant. They have taught her all vileness and then beat her for being vile. The Oriental Christians, having been crushed under the Mohammedan domination for twelve centuries, had lost all hope of rising, and all ambition to better their condition. Numerically inferior, they could not rebel, and no hand from Christian lands was extended to protect or encourage them. The Christian sects were not allowed to ring bells, and in Damascus no Christian could ride on horseback or wear any colour but black. The other sects of the land were no better off. "A deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them."

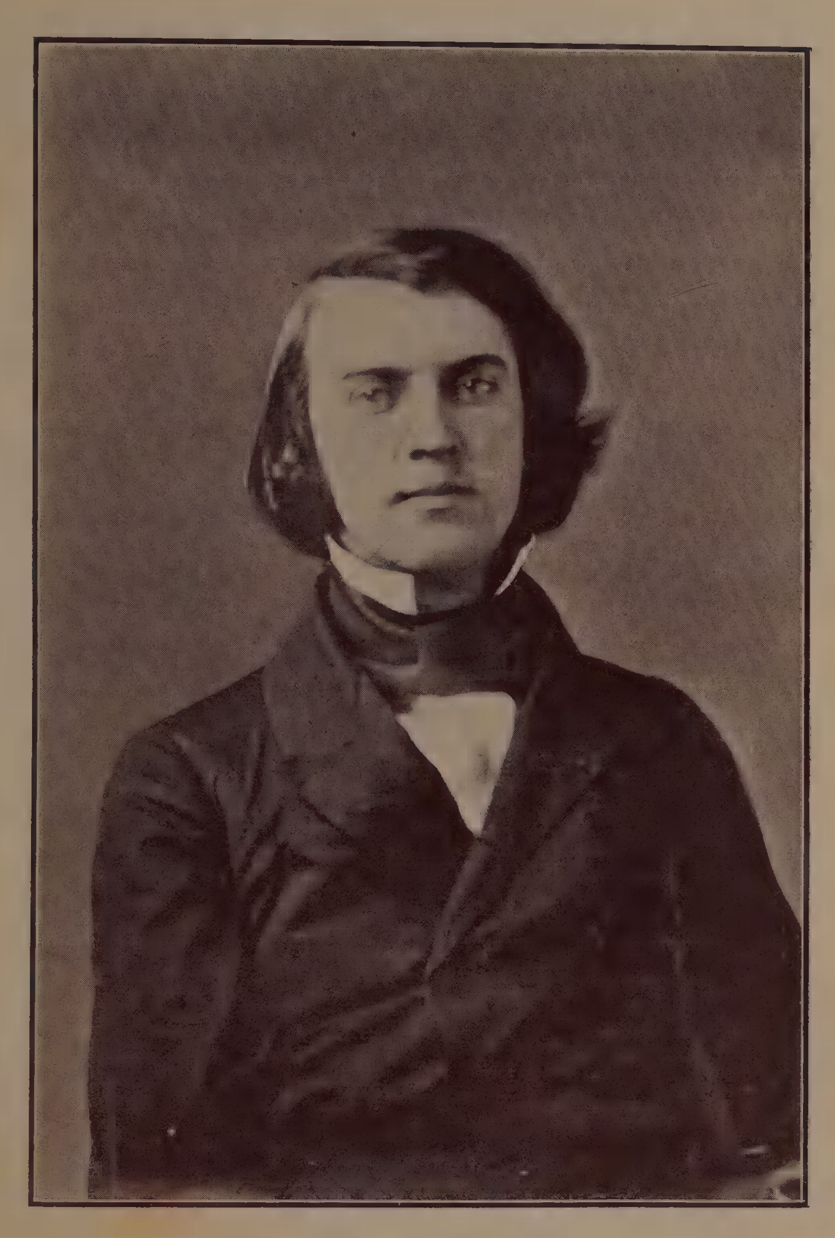
Fisk had lived two years in Syria. He pitched his tent in front of this Gibraltar of false religion, ignorance and superstition, full of faith that one day it would yield: but he died having seen but one convert, Asaad es Shidiak, the martyr of Lebanon, who followed him, in 1829, through the gates of torture and starvation, into the New Jerusalem. Fisk was buried some two hundred yards outside the city wall, beyond the Bab Yakob, in a plot of ground bought by his colleague, Rev. Isaac Bird. It was hardly thought safe at that time to live so far outside the walls.

Isaac Bird, William Goodell and Dr. Jonas King took up the work. It seemed a forlorn hope, an impossible task. For that reason God sent men of faith to begin it. What were they to do? Where to begin? What plan of campaign must they adopt?

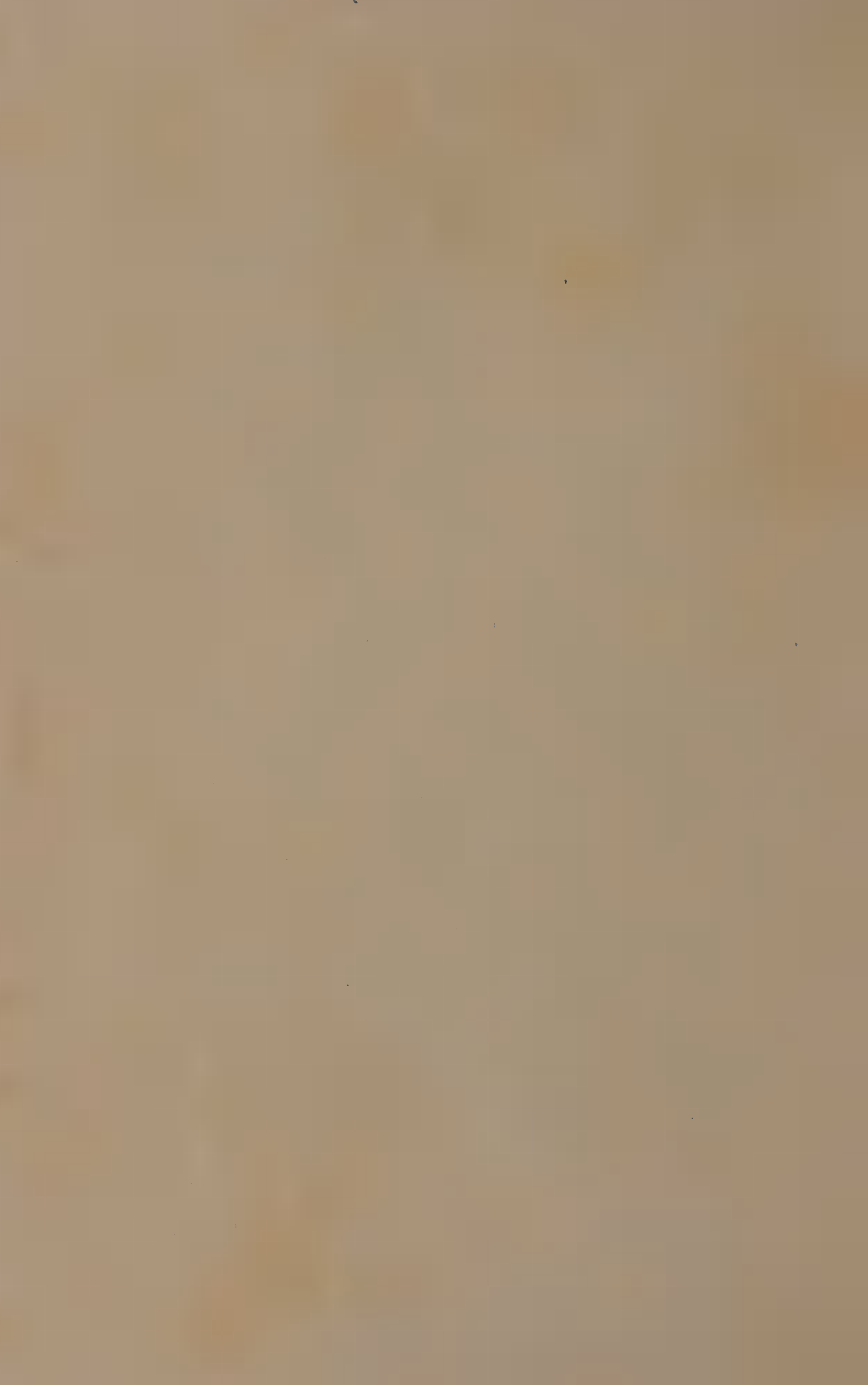
Dr. Worcester, Secretary of the American Board, in his farewell instructions to Parsons and Fisk in November, 1819, said: "From the heights of the Holy Land and from Zion, you will take an extended view of the wide-spread desolations and variegated scenes presenting themselves on every side to Christian sensibility: and will survey with earnest attention the various tribes and classes who dwell in that land, and in the surrounding countries. The two grand inquiries ever present to your minds will be, *What good can be done?* and by what means? What can be done for Jews? What for Mohammedans? What for Christians? What for the people of Palestine? What for those in Egypt, in Syria, in Persia, in Armenia, in other countries to which your inquiries may be extended?" These instructions implied a work of exploration, investigation, analysis and preparation. These being done, what then? How could they give the Bible to a people unable to read? How open schools with neither school-books nor teachers? How preach without a mastery of the Arabic language? How could they expect to commend Christianity to Moslems who regarded Christianity as a picture-worshipping, saint-worshipping and idolatrous system full of Mariolatry and immorality, little better than themselves? The government was hostile. Moslem sheikhs were hostile. Christian ecclesiastics, especially the Maronites and Latins, were

even more hostile against the "Bible men," and cursed and excommunicated them root and branch.

But young American disciples of Christ, who knew, by experience, the length and breadth and height and depth of His love, were not to be deterred by any obstacles. "None of these things moved" them. Those were the days of darkness, but there was "light in the dwellings" and in the hearts of those young men and women, and those who came after them. The mustard seed which they brought with them, had in itself the germ of life and growth and expansive power. They came to lay again the old foundations, or to clear away the débris and rubbish of ages which had covered out of sight and out of mind the Rock, Christ Jesus. How well they and their successors did their work will appear in the pages of this volume.



HENRY H. JESSUP, 1855



III

The Seven Pioneers of Syria Mission Work

THE question has often been asked me during my visits to America, "Were you and Dr. Bliss the first missionaries to Syria?" At times it has been hard to answer such a question with patience. In 1878 a good elder at the synod in Rock Island asked me if I was the son of Dr. Jessup of Syria? "No," said I, "there was none of my name there before me." "Well," said he, "I thought you must be eighty years old, for I have read of you ever since I was a child." I asked him, "How old are *you*?" He said, "About fifty years." I replied, "And I am forty-six!" I can only account for this idea by the fact that in the providence of God I have had to visit the United States seven times during these forty-nine years, and as my health has been uniformly good, I have travelled thousands of miles and by rail visited hundreds of churches and Sunday-schools, and many colleges and theological seminaries, "stirring up the people," and thus, in spite of myself, becoming known to multitudes.

If one asks, Why did not you in your addresses give the people the early history of the Syria Mission? I can only say that the pastors and people always ask for facts as to the *present* state of the work, and when one is allowed half an hour in a pulpit, twenty minutes in a synod and ten minutes at a general assembly, the only course is to give a brief, succinct account of the present state of your work and that of your colleagues. Unembarrassed by moderator's gavel I would fain revive the memory of some of the saints, men and women, who *were* the real pioneers in Syria and whose shoe latchets I am not worthy to unloose.

While I have been introduced in America as "the father and founder of the Syria Mission," "the bishop of the Bible lands," "the president of the Syrian Protestant College," "the manager

of the American printing-press," and as several other persons, yet when introduced thus under false pretenses, I have generally let the minister have his own way, lest he lose caste with his people, for ignorance of missionary history, and hastened to use the brief time allotted in endeavouring to arouse interest in God's work for the Arab people of Syria.

I. Levi Parsons, the Explorer

Parsons was born July 18, 1792, graduated at Middlebury, 1814, sailed November 3, 1819, with Pliny Fisk as "missionaries to Western Asia, with reference to a permanent station at Jerusalem." They sailed in the bark *Sally Ann*, reached Malta December 23d, and remained until January 9, 1820. Rev. Mr. Jowett of the British and Foreign Bible Society gave them some excellent advice: "Learn the modern Greek at Scio,—go in the character of literary gentlemen, make the circulation of the Bible the ostensible object of travelling, exercise in the morning, eat sparingly of fruit at first, dress warm, wear a turban when on the passage to Palestine, appear as much like common travellers as possible."

I have before me Mr. Parsons' journal in his own handwriting and it is full of religious meditation, new resolutions and morbid self-introspection. He was constantly struggling with indigestion, which naturally caused great depression. But his strong faith shines through it all with great beauty and power. They reached Smyrna January 14th, spent five months in Scio until October, studying modern Greek and Italian, and on December 6th, Parsons sailed alone for Jerusalem, Fisk remaining in Smyrna, studying and acting as chaplain to the British Colony. He arrived in Jerusalem, February 17, 1821, the first Protestant missionary who entered that city to found a *permanent mission*. He remained until May 8th, being cordially received by the Greek clergy and especially by Procopius, secretary to the Greek patriarch, who was also the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. While there he sold and gave away "ninety-nine Arabic Psalters, forty-one Greek Testaments, two Persian Testa-

ments, seven Armenian Testaments, one Italian Testament, and twenty-three other books." The demand for Armenian Testaments was very great among the pilgrims. He also distributed 3,000 tracts, chiefly Greek. He gave them to priests, bishops, and pilgrims. He was shocked that his friends among the Greek clergy should take part in the disgraceful farce of the Holy Fire. Yet he cherished the vain hope that the Greek Church "would soon be consecrated entirely to the promotion of true piety among all classes of Christians, have the spirit of Peter on the day of Pentecost, and boldly open and allege the Scriptures and lead thousands by a blessing from above to cry, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' If I am not greatly deceived, I behold even now the dawn of that glorious day!"

He found a wide open door in Jerusalem for *reading the Scriptures* to pilgrims and regarded it as the *most effective* means of doing good at Jerusalem. He also advised the sending of a missionary to the Armenians in Asia Minor.

Leaving Jerusalem May 8, 1821, he sailed to the Greek Islands, spent several months in Samos and Syra, and after many perils from pirate ships, both Greek and Turkish, reached Smyrna December 4th. Here he joined his beloved colleague Fisk, and January 9, 1822, they both sailed for Alexandria by medical advice, arriving there January 14th. Here he found the malady with which he had long contended greatly aggravated. Diarrhœa rapidly reduced his strength. He was carried from the boat in a chair to his room. His journal shows a heavenly spirit, holy aspirations, devout meditations, clear views of Christ.

February 10, 1822, at half-past three A. M., he breathed his last, aged thirty years and five months. The day before, his conversation was redolent of heaven. At evening, Fisk watched by his bed as he slept, and heard him saying in his sleep, "The goodness of God—growth in grace—fulfillment of the promises—so God is all in heaven, and all on earth." At eleven o'clock Fisk bade him a loving good-night, wishing that God might put underneath him the arms of everlasting mercy. He replied, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

These were the last words he spoke on earth. Towards evening, he was buried in the yard of the Greek monastery where the few English residents bury their dead. I wrote recently to Alexandria to ascertain whether there is any trace of his grave in the Greek monastery, but learned that since that time the edifice has been rebuilt and the old cemetery obliterated.

Pliny Fisk conducted the funeral service, which was attended by the entire English Colony, and Maltese merchants, some sixty or seventy in all.

Fisk wrote: "To me the stroke seems almost insupportable. Sometimes my heart rebels: and sometimes I hope it acquiesces in the will of God. I desire your prayers, that I may not faint when the Lord rebukes me."

Dr. R. Anderson says of Parsons: "His character was transparent and lovely. Few of those distinguished for piety leave a name so spotless. His disposition inspired confidence and gave him access to the most cultivated society. He united uncommon zeal with the meekness of wisdom. His consecration to the service of his Divine Master was entire."

His two years of service were years of struggle with disease, incessant study, indefatigable labours in travelling, preaching and reading the New Testament to the people in Greek and Italian. His grave no man knoweth.

II. Pliny Fisk, the Linguist and Preacher

No name is more familiar to missionaries in Syria than that of Pliny Fisk. He was born June 24, 1792, was ordained in Salem, November 4, 1818, and sailed with Parsons from Boston in the bark *Sally Ann*, November 3, 1819. Touching at Malta, December 23d, he reached Smyrna January 15, 1820. His missionary life covered six years. During this time he lived in Smyrna, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Tripoli and Beirut. He distributed 4,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures, and parts of Scriptures, and 20,000 tracts. He travelled with Dr. Jonas King, the eccentric Dr. J. Wolff, the many-sided Goodell, and the studious, hard-working Bird. His teacher was the scholarly poet-martyr,

Asaad es Shidiak, the first convert, and the proto-martyr of modern Syria. He could preach in Italian, Greek, and French, and had just begun a regular Arabic Sabbath service, and had nearly completed an English-Arabic dictionary, when he was called to his rest October 23, 1825, aged thirty-three years.

Fisk was the pioneer missionary of Beirut, and it was a fitting tribute to his memory that one of the largest buildings of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut should be named after him as the "Pliny Fisk Hall."

He was appointed originally to Jerusalem, but never spent more than nine months there. He arrived in Beirut July 10, 1823, where he spent two years and three months before his death, having spent the first three years in Smyrna and Alexandria. He was "in journeyings oft, in perils of robbers, in perils in the sea," and from war and pestilence.

When he reached Jaffa, March 29, 1825, the town was full of rumours as to the object of his labours. He and Dr. Jonas King were reported to pay ten piastres (forty cents) a head for converts, and that these ten piastres were self-perpetuating, and always remained the same however much the convert expended. Others said the missionaries drew pictures of their converts, and if one went back to his old religion, they would shoot the picture, and the renegade would drop dead. A Moslem heard that they hired men to worship the devil, and said he would come and bring a hundred others with him. "What," said his friend, "would you worship the devil?" "Yes," said he, "if I were paid for it."

That idea of foreigners drawing pictures probably came from the habit of travellers to sketch the scenery and costumes of the East. My colleague, Mr. Lyons, of Tripoli, made a tour in August, 1858, and camped in Zgharta, a Maronite village near Tripoli. The men were grossly insolent, entered the tent, sat on his table, sprawled on his bedstead and knocked things around in an ugly style. He said nothing, but, taking out a note-book, began to sketch them. One of them looked over his shoulder and, seeing a face and eyes, shrank back and bolted from the tent,

yelling to the rest to follow him. Soon after, one of them came to the servant and said, "Do entreat the Khowaja not to take our pictures or harm us. We will protect you. Whatever you want we will bring, water, milk, chickens, eggs or barley for the animals." The Khowaja did promise and soon all his wants were supplied.

Mr. Fisk had a strong constitution but was often exposed to drenching rain and chilling winds when travelling. In October, 1825, he was attacked by malignant fever and died October 23d, lamented by all who knew him. He "died *without the sight*." Asaad-es-Shidiak was the only convert to evangelical Christianity in Syria up to that time.

In 1824, the year previous to his death, both he and Mr. Bird were arrested in Jerusalem by Musa Beg, sherif of the governor, and taken before the Kadi and to the governor, on the charge of wearing the white turban, and trading in unlawful books. The judge said, "These books are neither Christian books, nor Mohammedan, nor Jewish, and contain fabulous stories that are profitable for nobody and which nobody of sense will read." The governor remarked, that "The *Latins* had declared that our books were not Christian books." The two brethren were thrown into prison, and kept until the next day. Their rooms were searched and then locked, but finally, the governor finding that they were under English protection, released them, gave back their keys, charging them to sell no books to Moslems.

One of the Greek priests in Jerusalem made to Mr. Fisk the astounding confession that they had in Jerusalem a hundred priests and monks, but among them all, not a single preacher.

In February, 1824, a firman of the Sultan was issued throughout the empire, at papal instigation, strictly forbidding the distribution of the Scriptures, and commanding all who had received copies, to deliver them up to the public authorities to be burned. The copies remaining in the hands of the distributors were to be sequestered until they could be sent back to Europe.

This firman was something new for the Turks. They cared nothing for the Bible, pro or con, but the minions of Rome had

induced them to issue it, and it was never executed with any vigour. Rome is Rome in all ages, in her bitter hostility to the Word of God. Mr. Fisk was an uncommon man. "With a vigorous constitution and great capacity for labour, he possessed a discriminating judgment, an ardent spirit of enterprise, intrepidity, decision, perseverance, entire devotion to the service of his Master, facility in the acquisition of languages, and an equipoise of his faculties, which made it easy to accommodate himself to times, places and companies." He was highly esteemed as a preacher before leaving home for Syria. And "who," said a weeping Arab, on hearing of his death, smiting on his breast, "who will now present the Gospel to us? I have heard no one explain God's Word like him."

As to the results of the labours of Parsons and Fisk, we may say that,

1. They did a remarkable work of exploration.

2. They brought to light the religious condition of these Bible lands.

3. They met the leading men of all sects, Christian, Moslem and Jewish, and preached Christ to them frankly and openly.

4. They distributed great numbers of Scriptures and religious tracts.

5. They studied the climate and prevailing diseases, and urged the sending of medical missionaries.

6. They had no definite plan with regard to organizing a Native Evangelical Church, as there was but one convert, and he soon after suffered martyrdom.

7. They were sent to found a permanent mission in Jerusalem, but the early death of both of them prevented the fulfillment of this plan. Parsons spent only three months there and Fisk nine months in all.

8. The Arabic Bible which they distributed was that printed in London from a translation made by Sarkis er Rizzi, Maronite Bishop of Damascus in 1620, and printed in Rome in 1671. This version was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and circulated for many years by missionaries and Bible

agents. But it was so full of errors, that a new translation became necessary.

9. Fisk decided that Beirut was preferable to Jerusalem as the headquarters of a mission, in view of its climate, the character of the people, the proximity of Mount Lebanon as a summer retreat, its accessibility, its communication with Europe, and the ease with which books could be sent from it to Damascus, and the cities of the coast. This decision to occupy Beirut, then a town of less than 5,000 population, was divinely directed. It has more than fulfilled the highest hopes of him who selected it and whose body rests in the cemetery in Beirut. He rested from his labours and his works do follow him.

10. These pioneer missionaries unmasked the batteries of the Oriental hierarchy. They were at first welcomed by priests and people of all sects, but when it became known that their object was the distribution of the Scriptures, and making God's Word the only guide and rule in religious belief, the Oriental hierarchies stirred up opposition and resorted to excommunication and Bible burning. It was evident that the chief priests and rulers of church, mosque, and synagogue in Bible lands, did not want the Bible.

III. Jonas King, the Apostle of Modern Greece

Jonas King was the third of the remarkable trio who began the work of giving the Bible to Bible lands. He served out his enlistment of three years in the Jerusalem Mission with his dear colleague Fisk, and then, soon after, began his work of forty-one years in Greece.

He was born July 29, 1792, in Hawley, Massachusetts. His father was a Christian farmer. Under his instruction, Jonas read the Bible through once between the ages of four and six, and then once yearly to the age of sixteen. His conversion was at the age of fifteen. Without funds or aid, he determined on an education, learned the English grammar while hoeing corn, read the twelve books of Virgil's "Æneid" in fifty-eight days, and the New Testament, in Greek, in six weeks. He graduated at Will-



DR. JONAS KING
Beirut, 1822-1825.



iams College in 1816, and Andover Seminary in 1819. Wishing to study Arabic with reference to future work in Persia or Arabia, he went to Paris to study with the famous De Sacy. Meantime, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in Amherst College, the trustees approving his studying in Paris. While in Paris, he received a pressing invitation from Pliny Fisk to come to Syria in the place of the lamented Parsons. Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, then in Paris, agreed to pay $100 a year for three years, and the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society made up the balance; and he went to Syria as really the missionary of the Paris Society. He travelled largely with Fisk in Egypt, Palestine and Syria, as far as Aleppo, becoming a good preacher and writer in Arabic. His teacher in Deir el Komr was Asaad es Shidiak, the fine Arabic scholar and martyr. Dr. King was invited by some of the Oriental papal clergy to join the Church of Rome. He replied, in his famous "Farewell Letters," giving his strong reasons for being a Protestant, and rejecting the errors of Rome. This letter contained thirteen objections to accepting the invitation of a Jesuit priest, that he join the Church of Rome. It contained thirteen chapters, of which we give the headings:

1. Because Christ, and not the Pope, is the head of the Church on earth.

2. Because Rome requires celibacy of the clergy, contrary to Scripture.

3. Because Christ is the only Mediator, and Rome has many; the Virgin Mary, saints and angels.

4. The Bible prohibits, and Rome allows, the worship of pictures and images.

5. Purgatory is contrary to the Bible.

6. Prayer to the saints is unscriptural.

7. Rome forbids the communion cup to the laity.

8. Rome uses unknown tongues in worship.

9. Faith in the Pope is unscriptural.

10. We are saved by the merits of Christ alone and not by the merits of saints.

11. Rome authorizes and approves persecution and extermination of

Protestants, as in the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's day, 30,000 in one day.

12. Rome forbids the Bible to the people.

13. With the Bible open in my hands I cannot become a Romanist. I wish you all to become true Christians. The name Protestant I care nothing for.

Young Asaad es Shidiak corrected and polished the Arabic of Dr. King's farewell, entitled "Wedaat Yonas Keen," and became so much interested in it that he determined to write a reply to it.

The result of this was his conversion to the evangelical faith. Then began a series of persecutions against him, incited by the Maronite patriarch, which ended in his being walled up in the convent of Kannobin, near the Cedars of Lebanon. He died from disease induced by the dreadful filth of his narrow cell, and the torments of those who visited the convent. A favourite custom of the passers-by was to jerk on a rope tied to his neck and passed through a hole in the door. Asaad's life, written by Rev. Isaac Bird, was published in 1864 by the American Tract Society.

In 1828 Dr. King went to Greece in charge of a ship-load of clothing and food for the sufferers from Turkish despotism. His distribution of food and clothing opened the way to preach Christ. The people crowded to him, begging for Testaments. The President of Greece favoured his work. In 1829 he married a Greek lady of influence, who became his efficient helper. He preached, opened schools and distributed the Scriptures, under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M. He had a life of trial and strenuous toil, persecuted, misrepresented, imprisoned, through the jealousy of the Greek hierarchy. When arrested and brought before the Areopagus, the highest court in Athens, on a charge of reviling the "mother of God," and the "holy images," the judge asked him if he had anything to say. He replied, "Those things in my book with regard to Mary, transubstantiation, etc., I did not say, but the most brilliant luminaries of the Eastern Church, St. Epiphanius, St. Chrysostom, the great Basil, St. Irenæus, Clement and

Eusebius Pamphylii, say them." He was condemned to be tried before a felon's court in Syra, but the trial never occurred. Fifty men conspired against his life. In 1847 the king advised him to leave as his life was in danger. In March, 1851, he was appointed United States consular agent. He was, even after that, imprisoned, threatened and persecuted.

In 1863 he was anathematized by the Holy Synod of Athens. In his latter days he drew up a plan for the organization of a distinctively Protestant Greek Church, aided by his pupil, and my classmate, Dr. Kalopothakes.

On November 6, 1867, when in Paris, en route for the United States, I called with my dear friend Rev. Edward Porter on Dr. King. The next day he called and brought me an invitation from Count Laborde to speak at a missionary meeting the next day in the Salle Evangelique, Rue Oratoire. We went at the appointed hour, with that saintly lady, Mrs. Walter Baker. The meeting was held by the Paris Evangelical Society to greet Dr. King, their missionary to Palestine forty-two years ago. There were present Pasteurs Grandpierre, Fische, Pressensé, M. de Casalis, Monod and others. After an address of welcome to Dr. King, he spoke in French, giving an account of Syria and Palestine in 1825. I then spoke in English, Pasteur Fische interpreting, of Syria in 1867, and all departments of the work, evangelistic, educational and publication. Dr. King was like a prince and patriarch among those noble French Protestant ministers and laymen. On my return to Syria, after reporting my visit to Paris and meeting Dr. King, and his early connection with the French Protestant Society, the Beirut Church and Sunday-school sent several contributions, as an act of gratitude to the Paris Evangelical Society for use in its work in South Africa through M. Coillard. We sent it as the "Jonas King memorial contribution" for South Africa.

In 1874 a neat evangelical church was erected in Athens. Dr. King passed away May 22, 1869, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a thorough linguist, having studied eleven languages and speaking five fluently. His original works, in Arabic, Greek and

French were ten in number, some of them being widely read and translated into other tongues.

He revised and carried through the press eleven others. He distributed 400,000 copies of Scriptures, Scripture portions, religious books, tracts and school-books in Greece and Turkey. When in Paris in 1826 he bought a font of Armenian type for the Malta Press, and in England a font of Arabic type for the same press.

Dr. Anderson says, "Dr. King has left his impress on the Greek nation. To him preëminently is it owing that the Scriptures, since 1831, have been so extensively used in the schools, and that in Greece the Word of God is not bound: also under God, the visible decline there of prejudice against evangelical truth and religious liberty."

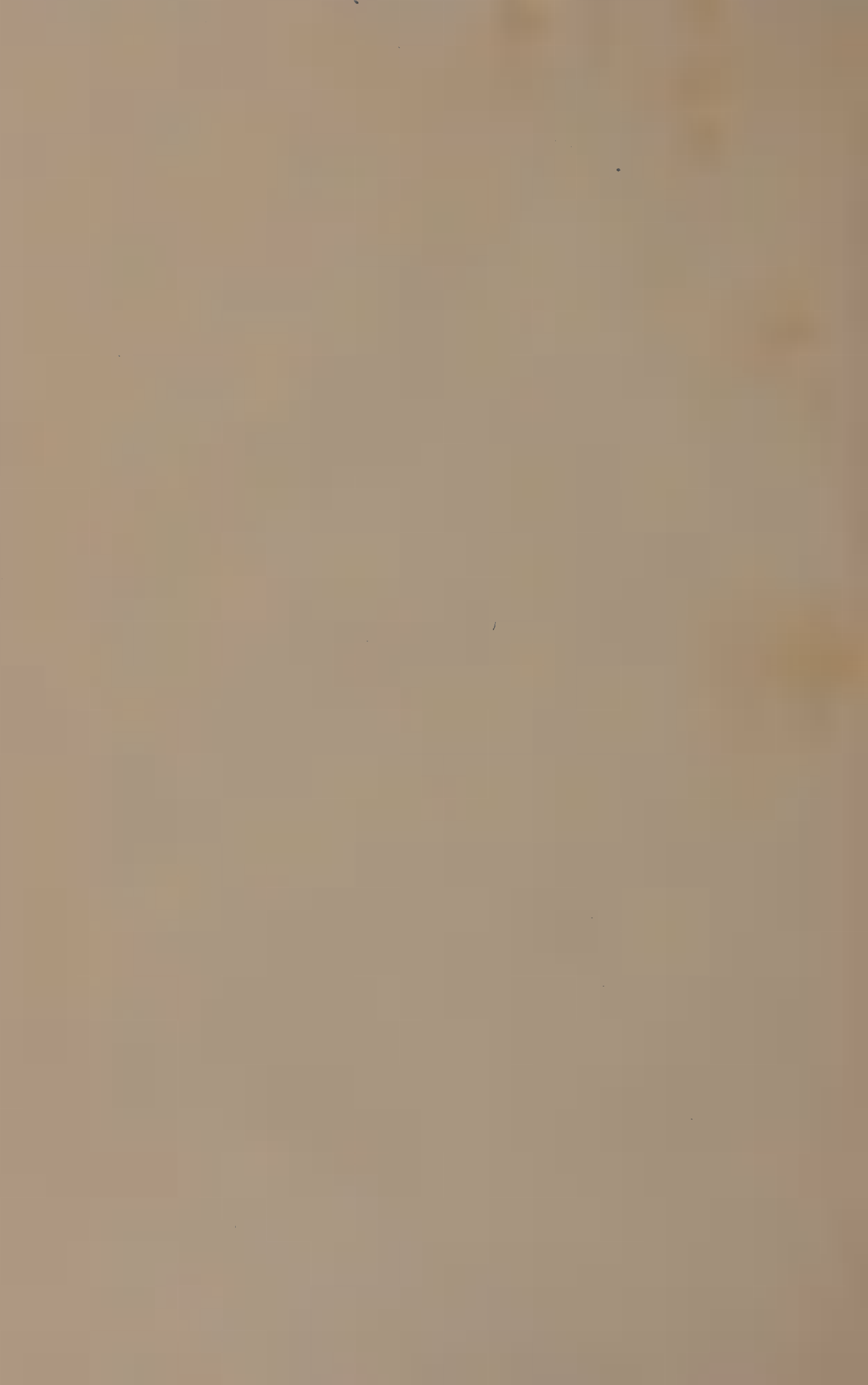
IV. Isaac Bird, the Historian

The early history of the Syria Mission needed a historian. Syria and Palestine were then a "terra incognita," and the American Church needed men of careful observation and facile pens, to report on what they saw and heard in the East. The journals of Parsons, Fisk, King and Bird drew attention to the spiritual and intellectual needs of this people. Mr. Bird was a man of great powers of observation, a ready and accurate writer, and of methodical turn of mind. He left on record a history of "Bible Work in Bible Lands," which is the best account of those early days.

Associated with Fisk, King and Goodell, he made numerous journeys, exploring Syria and Palestine. And when the whole missionary company retired to Malta on account of the Greek war in 1829, he visited the Barbary States of North Africa. In his journal published in the *Missionary Herald*, 1830, he gives an account of a tour in the Island of Jerba off the southern coast of Tunis, where, after a battle on the 12th of May, 1560, in which eighteen thousand Spanish soldiers were slain, their bones were gathered by the Moslems and built up with mortar into this grim trophy of their victory. He also gives descriptions of the



BURJ BIRD, THE OLD MISSION HOUSE
Built in 1833 by Rev. Isaac Bird. Photo taken in 1863.



grand reservoir of ancient Carthage, consisting of seventeen cisterns side by side with vaulted roofs, and covering a space of four hundred and twenty feet by fifty-four, with a depth of twenty feet, which were filled by an aqueduct fifty miles in length from Mount Zguan. He had previously described the ruins of the ancient subterranean corn magazines of Tripoli mentioned by classic writers.

Returning to Syria May 1, 1830, he resumed his visits among the people. He had interviews with all classes, Moslems, Greeks, Maronites, Druses and Jews. He called on the higher ecclesiastics and tried to persuade them to reform their Churches and thus remove the stumbling-block of Mariolatry and creature worship which repelled the Moslems from Christianity. But, as he says, he found "Ephraim joined to his idols." They rejected all ideas of reform and began to denounce him as a "Biblianus" and a "Rabshoon" (lord of the infernal world), terms which they had applied to Asaad es Shidiak, the martyr of Lebanon.

Curse followed curse and excommunication followed threatening, until it became difficult for any American to hire a house or buy the necessaries of life outside of Beirut. The Maronite patriarch and the Maronite Emir Bushir ruled Lebanon with a rod of iron, and orders came from Rome to persecute, drive out and exterminate the accursed Angliz or English as all Protestants were called.

Mr. Bird and his colleagues saw from the very outset that these idolatrous Oriental Churches were the great obstacle to giving the Gospel to the Mohammedans. The Moslems whom they met taunted them with worshipping pictures and images, and were greatly delighted to find out that they did not. Then they charged Christians with having three Gods, and the subject of the Trinity proved a real difficulty in the minds of men who insisted that they would not believe what they could not understand. Early in Mr. Bird's career he met the papal legate, Monsignor Gandolfi of Antoora. He was seventy-four years old and had lived in the country thirty-nine years. He had suffered greatly, had been assaulted and stabbed by Druses,

deceived by Maronites and Catholics, and had lost all confidence in the people. His salary had not been enough to save him from poverty. He told Mr. Bird that he had always enjoyed the calls of English and American travellers, but, said he, "This terra sancta, this land of holiness, has become a *land of devils*. It is no longer the blessed but the accursed land. I have had transactions with princes and people of various grades, with patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks and laymen, but not one man of integrity have I found among them all!" This was a damaging indictment from the Pope's nuncio in Syria, and he evidently had come in contact with the class of men known throughout the East as masters of political intrigue and hypocrisy, viz., the Oriental ecclesiastics. Yet there can be no doubt that the Oriental Christians in general have been sadly demoralized by the confessional and priestly absolution. Ignatius Peter, Syrian Patriarch of Antioch, living in the Convent of Mar Efram in Lebanon, declared the Pope to be not merely Bishop of Rome, but "General Director and Head of the whole habitable world"! In 1825 Mr. Bird had a school with eighty-five pupils, all Arabs, and all boys but two. Three of the boys were Mohammedans. Three ecclesiastics of high standing in the Armenian Church at this time abandoned their errors and took a noble stand as reformers.

In 1827 Mr. Bird took his family to Ehden near the Cedars of Lebanon, by advice of a foreign physician, on account of the illness of a child. They leased the house of Lattoof el Ashshi, a Maronite friend. This was too much for the patriarch, and he issued a "curse" against him and all his family. The language of the curse reminds one of the Spanish Inquisition. "They are accursed, let the curse envelop them as a robe and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel: let the evil angel rule over them by day and by night . . . let no one visit them or employ them or give them a salutation . . . but let them be avoided as a putrid member and as hellish dragons." The result of this was a riot in the village, an attack by the mob on Sheikh Lattoof and his

family, and Mr. Bird's removal to another village, B'Whyta, under Mohammedan rule, where he had peace.

On the return of the missionaries from Malta, in May, 1830, the entire Protestant community in the Turkish Empire came out in a shore boat to meet them. It consisted of three persons. That was indeed " a day of small things."

On his return from Malta in 1830, Mr. Bird with Mr. Goodell, purchased the plot of ground in Beirut now occupied by the church, press, Sunday-school, girls' boarding-school and cemetery. He also built a mission house, which was called Burj Bird. It was, at the time, the largest building outside the city walls, and the pasha, fearing he was building a fort, demanded explanations. Being satisfied, he let the work go on.

In 1833, Mr. Bird wrote his famous "Thirteen Letters" in reply to the Maronite Bishop Butrus. They were printed in Arabic at the American Press in Malta, which was removed to Beirut in April of that year.

The bishop had replied in print to Dr. King's "Farewell Letters," and as no rejoinder appeared, the Romish party gave out that the Protestants could not reply to it.

This occasioned Mr. Bird's "Thirteen Letters," on the following subjects:

1. Baptism.
2. Papal Supremacy.
3. Clerical Celibacy.
4. Intercessors.
5. Image Worship.
6. Purgatory.
7. Worship of Saints and Angels.
8. Transubstantiation and the Mass.
9. Use of Unknown Tongues.
10. Faith in the Pope.
11. Indulgences.
12. Persecution.
13. Tradition and the Scriptures.
14. Letter to Peter Paluchet, the Jesuit.

These letters were reprinted in Beirut in a neat volume and have been kept on hand up to this day. The book is based on the Bible and the testimony of the early fathers against the innovations of the papacy. It shows great research and is written in a candid and courteous spirit, and has been the means of enlightening multitudes. The original in English is in the mission library in Beirut written in a beautiful hand, and ranks with Kirwan's Letters and Gavazzi's Lectures. It should be published in the English language.

In 1835 Mr. Bird left for Smyrna on account of the health of Mrs. Bird and reached Boston October 15, 1836.

He was afterwards professor in the theological seminary at Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Removing to Hartford, Connecticut, he taught a high school for many years. His son William, afterwards a missionary in Syria from 1853 to 1902, taught in this school, and had among his pupils Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Bird died in Hartford in 1876, aged eighty-three years. His name will never be forgotten in Syria. He fought a good fight with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Two of his children and a granddaughter entered the missionary work: Mrs. Emily Van Lennep, Rev. William Bird, the beloved evangelist of Lebanon, and Miss Emily G. Bird.

V. William Goodell, the Scholarly Saint

Syria can claim William Goodell as one of her pioneers and benefactors. He spent five years and sixteen days in Syria. He was appointed to Jerusalem but never saw Jerusalem. He came to an Arabic-speaking land, but studied chiefly the Armenian and Turkish languages with Armenian ecclesiastics who had become Protestants, and thus prepared for his great work of translating the Bible into the Armeno-Turkish, *i. e.*, the Turkish language with Armenian characters. He arrived in Beirut November 16, 1823, left for Malta May 2, 1828, and reached Constantinople, the scene of his life-work, June 9, 1831, having been transferred to that post on account of his proficiency in the Turkish and Armenian languages.

In many respects his character was unique. He seemed saturated with the Bible and Bible phraseology, so that it flowed naturally from his tongue and pen. His letter, entitled "The Missionary's Father," is a gem of pure English and devout expression, and has been perpetuated in tract form. His sense of humour was refreshing, bubbling over on all occasions, and sparkling even in the darkest hour of persecution and tribulation.

His chum and loved colleague, Daniel Temple of Smyrna, was of a grave and serious temperament, looking on the dark side, while Goodell's buoyant spirits were always rejoicing in the sunlight. One day at Andover, while they were sitting in their room together Temple said to Goodell with a heavy sigh (*ab imo pectore*), "Ah me! I don't see how I shall ever get through the world!" "Why," replied Goodell, "did you ever hear of anybody who stuck fast by the way?"

Just before they went abroad as missionaries, they were visiting together at the home of a hospitable lady in Salem, Mass., who said, after welcoming them, "Mr. Temple, take the rocking-chair." "No, madam, if you please," said Mr. Temple, "I will take another. Missionaries must learn to do without the luxuries of life." "Well," said the lady, turning to Mr. Goodell, "you will take it." "Oh, certainly," he replied; "missionaries must learn to sit anywhere!"

Dr. Hamlin says of Mr. Goodell that he had substantially Puritan theology, Puritan saintliness and Puritan patriotism, and this saintliness was adorned with the most sparkling cheerfulness. His wit and mirthfulness made perpetual sunshine. When his colleague, Father Temple, reproved him, saying, "Brother Goodell, do you expect to enter heaven laughing?" "I don't expect to go there crying," was his quick reply. His sagacity and judgment were remarkable, and it was owing largely to his good judgment, with that of his associates, Riggs, Schauffler, Dwight and Hamlin, that the Earl of Shaftesbury said in 1869, "I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we

can find anything equal to the wisdom, the goodness and the pure evangelical truth, of the body of men who constitute the mission."

When in Beirut in 1826, during the Greco-Turkish war, Greek vessels of war cruised along the coast and attacked Beirut, the Pasha of Acre sent to Beirut a large detachment of Albanians and Bedawin to protect the city. As the Greeks who landed had evacuated the city, these troops began to plunder. A party of seven Bedawin attacked Mr. Goodell's house which was a quarter of a mile east of the city wall. They knocked at the street door at the foot of the stairs. Mr. Goodell opened the second story window at the head of the stairs, told them he was a European and warned them to desist. But they cut down the door with their hatchets and rushed up-stairs. Some city Moslems rushed up after them and took their station at Mrs. Goodell's door, not allowing a Bedawy to enter. As they passed with the plunder, Mr. Goodell and these friendly Moslems snatched from them all they could and threw it into the "hareem" of Mrs. Goodell, which they dared not enter. At length Mr. Goodell reproached them severely and told them he had already sent word to the pasha, and that Mrs. Goodell's condition prevented their going to the mountains. The villains prayed that God would bless Mrs. Goodell and make her exceeding fruitful! Some of the rogues came a few days afterwards to inquire after her health and one came to ask for some tobacco in a pouch, which he said Mr. Goodell had stolen from him when he called the other day! A Greek artist made a painting of the house and pictured the Bedawin (according to Mr. Goodell's sketches at the time) in their striped ahbas. This picture was shown to the pasha by the British consul, Abbott, and he at once recognized the men and ordered them to be bastinadoed and full indemnification ($230) to be paid at once.

In January, 1827, Dr. Goodell wrote of a delightful communion season. It was the day of the monthly concert of prayer, and the ingathering of the first-fruits: Dionysius Carabet, formerly Archbishop of Jerusalem, Gregory Wortabet, an Armenian priest

(whose distinguished and learned son, Rev. John Wortabet, M.D., died in a ripe old age in Beirut, 1908), and Mrs. Maria Abbott, wife of the English consul, born in Italy and formerly a Roman Catholic.[1]

At the communion above mentioned, prayer was offered for "our beloved Asaad es Shidiak, who would have been with us were he not in bonds for the testimony of Jesus." Dr. Goodell wrote, "Oh, that this mission might henceforth be like 'the tree of life' bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month!"

In 1862 Dr. and Mrs. Goodell visited Beirut, and remained two weeks. He preached twice in English and visited old friends. I went with him to the house in which the Bedawin attacked him, and we found the aged couple, who owned the house in 1826, still living in it, and they were rejoiced to see Dr. Goodell. He says in alluding to the visit, "One of our first visits was to the Protestant cemetery, a retired and pleasant spot, which I myself purchased of the sons of Heth for a possession of a burying-place thirty-seven years ago, in 1825. Here we stood by the graves of the well-known and beloved brethren, Fisk (who died at my house in Beirut), Smith and Whiting, whose memories are as fragrant as ever and whose works still follow them. The changes that have taken place in Beirut are great, and those that have taken place on Mount Lebanon are still greater. The pride of Lebanon is broken, those high looks are brought low, and that terrible power which trampled upon all who thirsted for God or desired a knowledge of His ways, is cast down." Dr.

[1] Being afterwards left a widow, she married, August 3, 1835, Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." One of her daughters, Eliza, married Mr. James Black, an English merchant, whose sterling integrity, high business principles and unflinching veracity gave him an influence for righteousness in Syria never surpassed The Mohammedans, when wishing to use an oath stronger than the oath "by the beard of Mohammed," would swear "by the word of Khowaja Black, the Englishman." Another daughter, Julia, married Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, translator of the Bible into Arabic. Another daughter, Miss Emilia Thomson, is the senior teacher in the Beirut Girls' School.

Goodell refers to the prostration of the Maronite hierarchical power in the civil war and massacres of 1860.

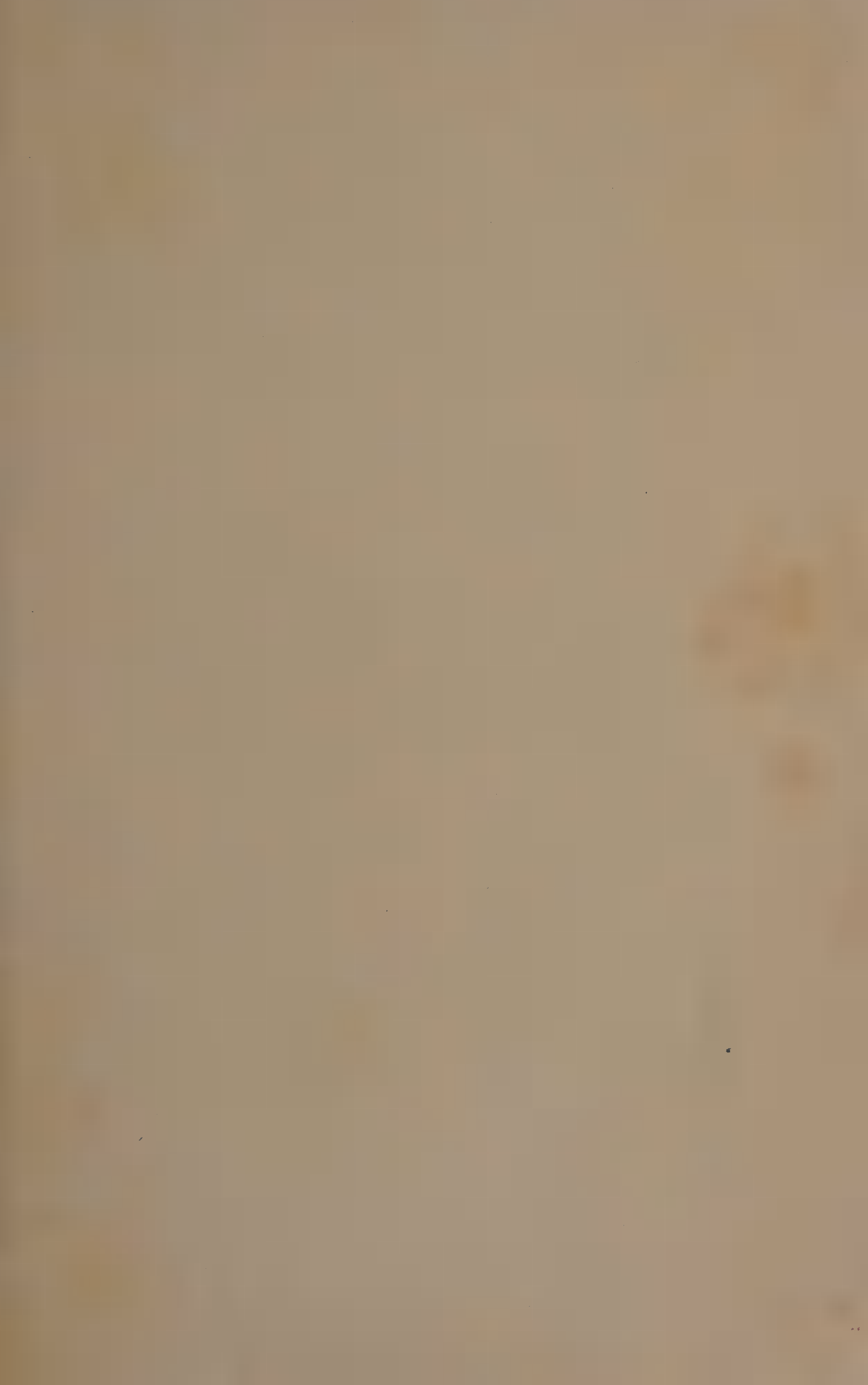
He then says, "I was amazed at the amount of influence and confidence possessed by the missionaries. Their character is now known and respected, and their names, which were once odious to a proverb, are now held in honour."

In 1863 his labours in the work of translating and revising the Holy Scriptures came to a close, in the completion of the final revision of the entire Bible in the Armeno-Turkish language. This work will now remain a monument to his accurate scholarship, his sound critical judgment, his lifelong perseverance and his Scriptural piety. Before leaving Constantinople he published forty-eight of his sermons in Turkish which he had preached to the people. They were afterwards translated into Bulgarian and Armenian.

Dr. Edward Prime, in his life of Goodell,[1] says, "The trials of childhood and youth, his struggles into the work to which he was called; perils by land and sea; plundered by Arabs; his life attempted by poison among the Turks; living in the midst of the plague that killed a thousand and more daily, and fires that swept off every house but eight, where he dwelt: such is an outline of the life he has led, yet he is the same genial, pleasant, cheerful man that he was when he took the rocking-chair in Salem nearly a half century since." When he came to Beirut in 1862 he had strong hopes of being able to visit Jerusalem, but the movements of steamers prevented, and he said to me, "I came from America in 1823, appointed to Jerusalem, but I never got there, and now I am disappointed again. It must be that the Board meant that I was bound for the *heavenly* Jerusalem, which I am sure of reaching in the Lord's good time."

When he finished the final revision of the Armeno-Turkish Bible, he wrote to Dr. John Adams, his teacher at Andover, "Thus have I been permitted to dig a well in this distant land at which millions may drink, or, as good Brother Temple would say, 'to throw wide open the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem to

[1] "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," Carters, New York, 1876.





EARLY MISSIONARIES

1. Rev. and Mrs. J. Edwards Ford. 2. Mrs. George E. Post. 3. Rev. and Mrs. William Bird. 4. Rev. and Mrs. Eli Smith. 5. Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Lyons. 6. Rev. and Mrs. D. Bliss. 7. Dr. and Mrs. H. A. De Forest.

this immense population.'" In 1851 he visited his native land, where, in two years, he travelled 25,000 miles, addressing more than 400 congregations in aid of foreign missions, besides meeting students of colleges, theological seminaries, and Sabbath and select schools. In 1853 he returned to Constantinople, having published his volume, "The Old and the New." Here he laboured until 1865, when at the age of seventy-three he requested a release from the Board and returned to the United States. He continued to preach until his death in 1867, at the age of seventy-five, at the residence of his son in Philadelphia. "He was rarely gifted, full of genial humour, sanguine, simple, courageous, modest, above all, holy. He won hearts and moulded lives."

My father heard him address the New School General Assembly in Washington, D. C., in May, 1852. I was teaching in the academy in Montrose at the time, and father came home full of missionary enthusiasm and admiration of the eloquence, the saintliness and fascinating humour of this veteran missionary. The following winter, I heard him several times in the churches in New York and felt the same fascination. And now, at the age of seventy-seven, I am glad to pen this brief record of the works and the worth of this American pioneer in Syria.

VI. Eli Smith, D. D., the Linguist and Translator of the Sacred Scriptures

When God has a great work to be done, He raises up great men to do it. Western Asia needed the Bible in the languages of the people; Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Modern Greek, Bulgarian, Persian and Kurdish, and the Lord raised up and thrust forth into the field those brilliant scholars and remarkable linguists: Eli Smith, Elias Riggs, William Goodell, Justin Perkins, W. T. Schauffler and Cornelius Van Dyck, who have prepared the Scriptures for more than 100,000,000 of men. One of these belonged to Persia, two to Syria, two to Constantinople, and one, Dr. Goodell, to both.

I remember well my first interview with Dr. Eli Smith in the Susa house in Beirut. It was in February, 1856, the day after my

arrival. As I passed up the narrow stone staircase I saw in a niche in the wall a box of waste paper, which I learned consisted of proof-sheets of the Arabic Genesis. These were a curiosity to me, and he told me to take all I wanted. I did so, and sent them to my friends in America. He had just begun to print Genesis, after labouring eight years on Bible translation. He spoke very modestly about his work, and gave me some excellent advice about studying Arabic. He inquired warmly about his old class-mate and fellow explorer of Palestine, and my seminary professor, Dr. Edward Robinson, and was much amused when I told him that on account of Dr. Robinson's frequent allusions to the valleys of Sinai and Palestine as wadys, the seminary students called him Dr. Waddy! He asked me if I had seen in the papers Dr. Prime's account of his (Dr. P.'s) ride to the Dog River on a white, blooded Arab steed with curved neck, flowing mane, flashing eye and distended nostrils! "And would you believe it, that was my old Whitey?"

A few days after my arrival Mrs. Smith invited me to lunch, and at 2 P. M. Dr. Smith asked me if I would not like to take a walk. I gladly accepted, and we went out, I on foot and he on horseback. We soon entered on the great sand-dunes west of Beirut and I went wading and struggling through the light, deep, drifting sands about a mile to the Raushi or Pigeon Islands overlooking the sea, and then south another mile through still deeper sands to the sea beach, then up again over sand-hills and sandstone quarries, in the hot sun, and I reached home, after nearly two hours, drenched with perspiration and ready to give up exhausted. As we neared home, Dr. Smith told me that I could see that walking in Syria is not so easy as it seems. He then explained that some years ago Dr. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., visited Syria. He told the brethren one day that good Christians in New England disapproved of missionaries keeping horses, and, said he, "I think you had better make your tours on foot." They acquiesced, and the next day proposed a visit to a mountain village some nine miles away. They all set off boldly on foot, but after climbing stone ledges, and along

dizzy precipices, the Syrian sun pouring down upon their heads, they sat down to rest. They then set out again, over even a harder part of the road. Dr. Anderson was about exhausted, and at length said, "Brethren, I should say on the whole, for such a journey as *this*, you would be justified in riding horses." They said, "Exactly so, and we thought of it before we started, and we shall find horses awaiting our whole party just around the next turn in the road." The result was that the American Board after that time enjoined the Syrian missionaries to own horses and use them. The missionary had to buy his own horse, but the Board supplied the barley to feed him.

Dr. Smith put me through that pedestrian ordeal in order to prevent my attempting to repeat it on a large scale in the future. And I have many times thanked him for it. I have known several stalwart evangelists come to Syria, full of enthusiasm and desire to "endure hardness," and by exposure to the blazing sun in walking over mountains induce brain fever, and die after a few days in delirium.

Dr. Smith had a delicate physical frame, was pale and highly intellectual in appearance, courteous and hospitable. It was evident that he was struggling with some occult form of disease. The following summer he visited Trebizond, on the Black Sea, with his old companion of 1829, Dr. Dwight, but fatal disease had fastened upon him and he died of cancer of the pylorus, after much suffering, on January 11, 1857.

Eli Smith was born in Northford, Connecticut, September 13, 1801, graduated at Yale College in 1821 and after teaching two years in Georgia, graduated at Andover in 1826. He was ordained and sailed for Malta to take charge of the mission press May 23, 1826. In 1827 he came to Beirut to study Arabic, and in 1828, during the terrors of the Greco-Turkish War, left with Messrs. Bird, Goodell and their families for Malta. March, 1829, he travelled through Greece with Rev. Dr. Anderson, and then with Rev. H. G. O. Dwight explored Armenia, Persia and Georgia, thus opening the way for the establishment of the Nestorian Mission at Oroomiah. Returning to America in 1832, he published "Missionary Researches in Armenia" (2 vols., Boston, 1833) and a small

volume of "Missionary Sermons and Addresses." In December, 1833, he embarked for Beirut with Mrs. Smith (née Sarah Lanman Huntington), whose bright missionary career was terminated by her death at Smyrna, September 30, 1836. Mrs. Smith commenced, in 1834, soon after her arrival, a school for girls in Beirut, which was the first regular girls' school in Syria, and under her auspices was erected the first edifice ever built in the Turkish Empire for the education of girls. A memorial column in the churchyard in Beirut marks the site of that edifice, which was removed when the church was built in 1869. Dr. Smith visited Constantinople, in quest of the best models of Arabic calligraphy in preparation for his new font of Arabic type. He then proceeded to Egypt by authority of the Board of Missions, and accompanied Dr. Edward Robinson in his celebrated tour of research to Sinai, Palestine and Syria. "By his experience as an Oriental traveller, and his intimate knowledge of Arabic, he contributed largely to the accuracy, variety and value of the discoveries of Biblical geography, recorded in "Robinson's Biblical Researches." Dr. Robinson fully recognizes this in his volumes. Dr. Smith was worth more to him than a score of Oriental dragomen, many of whom are only too ready to show travellers what the travellers want to see. A famous *savant* of Europe, when at the Dead Sea, asked his dragoman, "Is this place Sodom?" "Certainly," said the dragoman, anxious to please, and the discovery was recorded in the savant's note-book. But Dr. Smith, who was eyes, ears and tongue to Dr. Robinson, on reaching a supposed Scripture site, called the village sheikhs and shepherds, and said, "Will you please give me the names of all the hills, valleys, ruins, streams and rocks in this region?" They then began, and Dr. Smith wrote them down in Arabic, and in this way many lost sites were discovered. One day north of Nazareth, a shepherd, in reply to a question as to the name of a low hill covered with pottery, came out with the word "Kana el Jalil" or Cana of Galilee, which satisfied both Dr. Robinson, Dr. Smith and afterwards Dr. Thomson, that Kefr Kenna is *not* the site of Cana of Galilee.

After this tour he went to Europe, and in Leipsic superintended the casting by Tauchnitz of the most beautiful font of Arabic type the world had ever seen. In the mechanical preparations for this noble achievement, he was greatly indebted to Mr. Homan Hallock, the missionary printer in Smyrna, whose ingenuity and inventive genius enabled him to cut the punches and matrices for the new, so-called, "American Arabic Type." The original written models of Arabic calligraphy, gathered from the best Moslem penmen in Cairo, Damascus and Aleppo, were lost in his shipwreck, but he afterwards replaced them at Constantinople to the number of two hundred: so varied, that the punches formed from them would make not far from a thousand matrices.

An ordinary font of English type contains not more than one hundred separate types. A font of Arabic vowelled Arabic type contains about 1,800 separate types. Each letter has three forms, initial, medial and final, and each letter may have several different vowel points above or below it, and the types of the letters are grooved on the sides to admit of the insertion of the fine needle-like types of the minute vowels.

After a visit to America, Dr. Smith returned to Beirut in June, 1841, having married Miss Maria W. Chapin, of Rochester, New York, who died in about one year, July 27, 1842, leaving a son, Charles, now (1907) professor in Yale College, the alma mater of his father. After five years spent in preaching, travelling and close study of the Semitic languages, he revisited the United States and returned January 12, 1847, having married Miss Henrietta S. Butler, sister of Dr. Butler, of Hartford, Connecticut. In his new reconstituted home in Beirut he now devoted his energies to the preparation of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. He collected a library of the best critical books on the Semitic languages, and on the text of the Scriptures, in English, French and German, and laboured for eight years incessantly, aided by the famous Arabic scholar and poet, Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, and Mr. Butrus el Bistany, a learned convert from the Maronite faith. He obtained from Dr. Mashaka, of Damascus, a

treatise on Arab music, which he translated into English. It was published by the American Oriental Society in 1850.

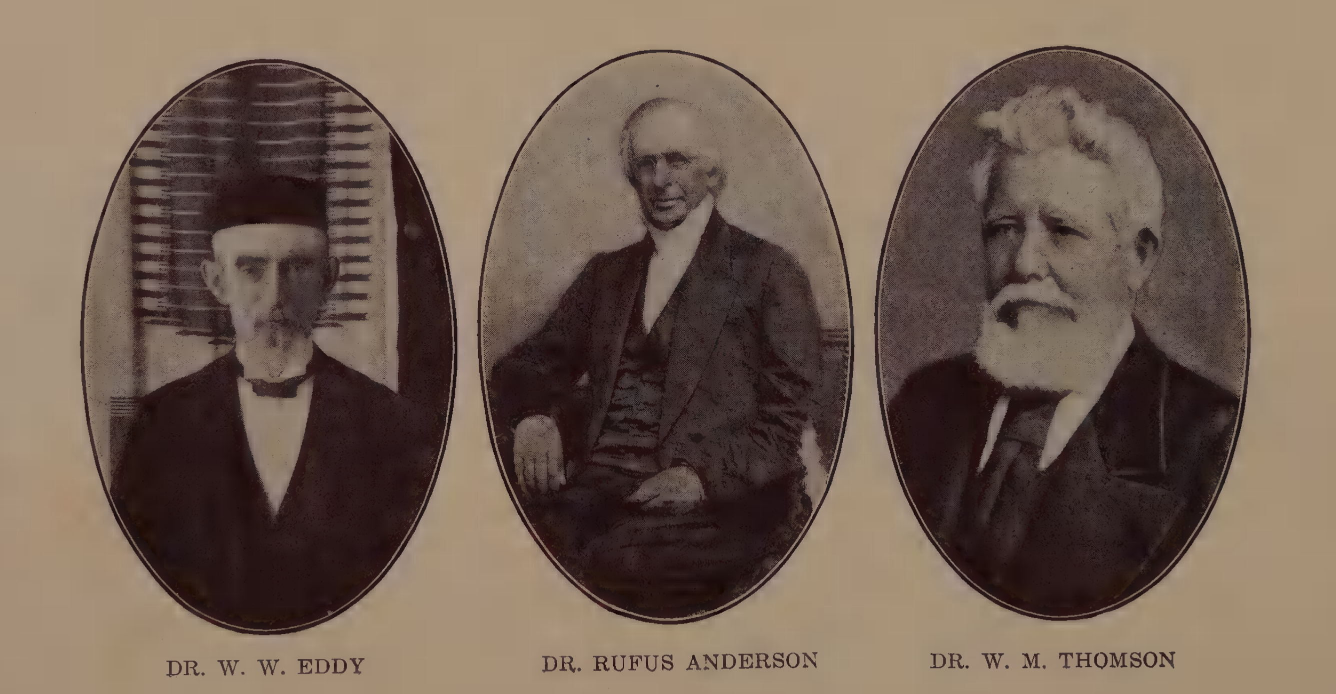
Dr. Smith was a man of great business capacity, giving attention to the minutest details. For many years he read the proof-sheets of nearly every work that was printed at the mission press, and he bestowed much thought and labour upon the mechanical apparatus of that establishment. To him every pursuit was subsidiary to a faithful translation of the Word of God into the Arabic language. Yet he did not neglect the regular preaching of the Gospel, which he regarded as the first duty of every missionary, and having early become a fluent speaker in the Arabic, this was ever his delight. It was said of him when I came to Syria, February, 1856, that Dr. Smith could not only read Arabic poetry, but could preach in such " buseet " or simple Arabic that the women of the Lebanon villages could understand him. Yet he was disposed to question the practicability of translating children's hymns into simple and yet classical Arabic. We have, however, proved by experience that our most beautiful children's hymns *have* been put into beautiful and simple Arabic, quite intelligible to the children in the common schools. Dr. Smith published in Arabic a book on the " Office and Work of the Holy Spirit," " El Bab el Maftuah," which was a revelation to all speaking the Arabic language.

In 1850 he had received the merited degree of D. D. from Williams College.

Dr. Smith was familiar with the ancient classics, and with French, Italian, German, Turkish and Arabic. His ideal of perfection was so high that it was difficult for him ever to be satisfied with his work.

In April, 1890, I took my old Yale friend, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, through our mission premises, and as we entered that little upper room in the female seminary building, formerly the mission house, or " Burj Bird," where the Bible was translated into Arabic by Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyck, he said, " Dr. Smith was a Yale man and we are Yale men. Why not put up a memorial tablet on the wall of this room





DR. W. W. EDDY DR. RUFUS ANDERSON DR. W. M. THOMSON

commemorative of the great work of Bible translation done here?" I replied, "The only objection is the want of funds to do it." "I will pay the expense," was the ready reply, and this tablet was prepared and set in the wall.

VII. William M. Thomson, D. D., Explorer and Author of "The Land and the Book"

As God raised up men in the West to give back the Bible to the East, so He chose among these men those who should illustrate the Bible to the West. And there was divine wisdom in sending Thomson, Robinson and Eli Smith to explore the Holy Land, while still in its primitive state, before the irruption of Western customs, implements, dress and means of communication. Dr. Thomson was a born traveller. He loved the saddle and the tent, the open air exercise, the evening talks at the tent door with Arab sheikhs and villagers, the glorious sunrise and sunset effects of the Syrian sky, the wild flowers and sweet odours of the fragrant herbs on the moors, the lofty mountains and dark ravines, the waving grain of early spring, the early and latter rains, the long rainless summer and the thunder and lightning of winter when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars, yea the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon."

Of a high poetical nature and brilliant descriptive powers, he seemed called of God to picture to the Christian world of the West the unchanged and unchanging witness of the land to the verity and veracity of the Book.

Dr. William M. Thomson was born of godly ancestry in Springdale, Ohio, December 31, 1806, son of Rev. John Thomson, a Presbyterian minister. He graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1829, and at Princeton Theological Seminary, under Dr. Alexander, in 1832. He arrived in Beirut, Syria, February 24, 1833, and thus was the eighth American missionary in Syria, two having died, and two removed from Syria before his arrival.

In April, 1834, he removed with his wife to Jerusalem. One month later, after seeing his family settled in his new home, he

went to Jaffa to attend to the forwarding of his goods. Civil war then broke out in Palestine. The fellahin, from Hebron to Nazareth, rebelled against Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, and besieged Jerusalem. For two months a reign of terror prevailed in Jerusalem; siege, war, several violent earthquakes, plague in Jaffa, pillage and murder in Jerusalem. Dr. Thomson was detained in Jaffa and was unaware that an infant son (now Prof. W. H. Thomson, M. D., of New York) had been born to his wife. She was in circumstances indescribably terrifying, amidst the roar of cannon, falling walls, the shrieks of the neighbours, the terror of servants and constant expectation of massacre by the enraged mob of fellahin besiegers. After two months, Ali Mohammed having reached Jaffa with 12,000 troops, and marched on Jerusalem, Dr. Thomson followed the army and hastened to his wife. He found Mrs. Thomson nearly blind from ophthalmia, accompanied with a high inflammatory fever, and twelve days after his arrival, exhausted by the trials of the previous sixty days, she fell asleep in Jesus and was at rest. Her own letters written during the days of agony and suspense are a beautiful illustration of the sustaining power of Christian faith. Dr. Thomson removed to Beirut, in August, 1834, with his infant son. He was afterwards married to Mrs. Maria Abbott, widow of H. B. M. Consul Abbott.

In December, 1835, he opened a boys' boarding-school in Beirut. Rev. Story Hebard joined him in this work in 1836 and continued it until 1840–41. On New Year's Day, 1837, a terrific earthquake devastated Syria and Palestine, especially the town of Tiberias, where 700 of a population of 2,500 perished, and Safed, where from 5,000 to 6,000 perished out of a population of 10,000. Dr. Thomson and Mr. Calman, English missionary to the Jews, were sent as a deputation by the people of Beirut to carry relief to the sufferers: and his reports as published, giving a graphic account of the dreadful and heartrending scenes at Safed, the horrible wounds, the mangled bodies of the dead, the groans of the hundreds of victims still alive and half buried under the ruins, sent a thrill throughout the Christian world. They built a

temporary hospital, distributed money and food, and relieved the suffering Jews, Moslems and Greeks as far as it was possible to do. The survivors seemed paralyzed. One Jew refused to aid in extricating his wounded brother from under a pile of stones, unless paid for it! Spiritual comfort seemed out of the question, for it was the testimony of Dr. Thomson on this as on other similar occasions, that great overwhelming calamities seem to harden rather than soften the hearts of men. Dr. Thomson wrote, "There is no flesh in the stony heart of man. No man would work to help us, except for enormous wages. Not a Jew, Christian or Turk lifted a hand to help us except for high wages."

In 1835, the same year in which the first building erected for female education in Syria was built, at the expense of Mrs. Todd (an English lady from Alexandria), in Beirut for Mrs. Eli Smith, on the lot in front of the present church, a seminary for boys was commenced in Beirut, by Dr. Thomson, in which work he was afterwards assisted by Mr. Hebard. English was taught, and some of their pupils have since been prominent men in Syria.

In May, 1840, in company with Mr. Beadle and Dr. Van Dyck he made an exploration of Northern Syria. In one of his letters his description of a sunrise in the desert is a masterpiece of brilliant imaginative writing. This description was printed in the *Missionary Herald* and reached the Sandwich Islands, where one of the missionaries cut up the whole passage into elegant Miltonian blank verse, without altering a word. Indeed his journals printed at length in the *Missionary Herald* were eagerly read and universally admired.

On the 14th of August, 1841, the English fleet under Sir Charles Napier arrived in Beirut harbour to drive Ibrahim Pasha out of Syria. The combined English (twenty-one vessels), Austrian (six) and Turkish fleets (twenty-four Turkish transports) anchored off Beirut, being in all a fleet of fifty-one sail. The United States corvette, *Cyane*, Captain Latimer, took on board all the missionaries and landed them safely in Larnaca, Cyprus. The bombardment began and continued while the *Cyane* was still at anchor, and kept on for a month when Soleyman Pasha

evacuated the city. In October, the missionaries returned, expecting to find the mission house in ruins. But on the contrary, although the ground on the mission premises was ploughed by cannon-balls, and two bombs had burst in the yard, the house and printing-press were uninjured! The library, the costly apparatus for the boys' seminary, the invaluable manuscripts and books, and the large folio volumes of the Christian fathers, remained safe just as when the missionaries left them.

Soon after, Ibrahim Pasha was driven back to Egypt, and Syria and Palestine were restored to Turkish rule. But for the interference of England, the Egyptian dynasty would have subdued the whole Turkish Empire. While Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria there was universal security and a better government than had been known for centuries. On his departure, things returned to their old course. Again in the Crimean War, England saved the Turkish Empire from destruction. It did the same at the close of the Bulgarian War, after the treaty of St. Stephano. And it may be said that in 1861, by insisting on the evacuation of Syria by the French army of occupation, it again saved Syria to the Turk. And yet the Turks do not love the English!

In 1841, war broke out between the Druses and the Maronites. Many refugees were fed and clothed by the missionaries.

In 1843, Dr. Thomson and Dr. Van Dyck removed to the village of Abeih in Mount Lebanon, and carried on the boys' seminary, now transferred from Beirut. They continued teaching and preaching until they were stationed in Sidon in 1851.

July 18, 1843, Dr. Thomson went to Hasbeiya where 150 men had declared themselves Protestants, and on August 1st, the entire body left for Abeih to escape attack by armed men from Zahleh and the region of Hermon, but they returned in the fall, the fury of their foes being exhausted.

One day Dr. Thomson and two deacons went up the side of Hermon to the solitary lodge of a poor vine-dresser, who was deeply interested in spiritual things. He wrote of this visit, "It was good to be there on that mountainside, in the lodge beneath that olive tree, among those clustering vines, with that old man

of humble mien and tearful eye, the voice of prayer ascending from full hearts to the canopy of heaven above our heads. Yes, it was good to be there. I crept forth from this humble lodge with eyes bedimmed with tears."

In April, 1845, civil war broke out again in Lebanon, and a battle took place in Abeih. Dr. Thomson bore a white flag to the Druses' camp, and through his prompt action in securing the interference of the British consul-general in Beirut, a truce was agreed on and a general massacre of the unfortunate Maronites was prevented.

Whereupon the Greek and Maronite bishops of Beirut ordered their people to protect the American missionaries. In September the missionaries were ordered down from Abeih by Chekib Effendi, the Turkish commissioner, and returned again in December.

From this time on, during his residence in Abeih and Sidon (to which place he removed in 1851) until 1857, Dr. Thomson was engaged in making extended missionary tours in Syria and Palestine. It was my privilege to accompany him, on his invitation, in February, 1857, through Palestine, when he was engaged in elaborating his great literary work "The Land and the Book."

That journey, made one year after my arrival here, and with such a guide and companion, marked an epoch in my life. It "established my goings" in Bible study and gave me a familiarity with Bible scenes and localities which has been to me of priceless value. On reaching camp at night, when we younger men were well-nigh exhausted by long stages, through miry roads and swollen streams, he would sit up to a late hour writing up his notes of travel with the greatest care, apparently as fresh as in the morning. His buoyant spirits, his thorough understanding of men, his facility in settling difficulties, his marvellous knowledge of Scriptural scenes and sites, his hearty good nature, willingness to impart useful information about the sacred localities, and his devout and reverent spirit, made him a most charming and invaluable travelling companion. Every mountain and hill, every stream and valley, every rock and castle and cavern, every village

and hamlet, were familiar to his practiced eye. His trusty horse, which had borne him often through the " Land," seemed to know every road and by-path.

Dr. Thomson was an enthusiastic geologist, and in this we both heartily sympathized. He discovered the greater part of the fossil localities of Mount Lebanon and directed me to them. I never travel, or visit these localities, without recalling his valuable information.

He felt deeply that the Bible could only be fully and clearly understood by remembering its Oriental origin, and that it was important to study and record, with scrupulous exactness, the manners and customs, the language and salutations, the usages and peculiarities of the modern inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, before the influx of European ideas and habits should have swept away their distinctive features as illustrative of the language and thoughts of Bible characters.

His studious habits, his ready pen, his almost microscopic powers of observation, and his habit of recording conscientiously every new discovery and impression, enabled him to accumulate, during his missionary life, a mass of material such as no one had ever been able to secure. And he felt that he could not do a better service to the Church and the world, than to turn the search-light of the land upon the pages of the Book.

He was well fitted for the task and he did it well. He did it as missionary work in the broadest sense, and how well he did it, can be learned by seeing his volumes in the libraries of universities, colleges and theological schools, in the homes of pastors and teachers, in Sunday-schools and public schools: quoted by scholars, preachers and teachers, in commentaries, books of travel, and encyclopedias. Nearly, if not quite 200,000 copies of " The Land and the Book " have been sold.

When in the troublous war crises of 1841 and 1845 a number of men left the mission for America and urged the abandonment of the field, Dr. Thomson with Mr. Calhoun, and Drs. Van Dyck, Eli Smith, De Forest and Mr. Whiting resisted the suggestion, and stood to their posts, and saved the work from destruction.

In June 23, 1859, on his return from a two years' visit to the United States, he was stationed in Beirut, where he remained for seventeen years, until his final departure for the United States, August 7, 1876. I laboured as his colleague during those seventeen years and learned to love and admire him and trust in his judgment.

In the fall of 1859, the population of Lebanon was in a state of agitation and preparation for a renewal of the old war between the Maronites and the Druses.

In the spring of 1860 the war-cloud burst, and for sixty days, civil war, the burning of villages, outrage and massacres devastated Southern Lebanon, the Bookaa, the Anti-Lebanon and Damascus. Thousands of refugees, men, women and children, widows and orphans, crowded into Beirut. Dr. Thomson was most active in the practical management of the distribution, by a committee, of nearly £30,000, in money, food and clothing to the wretched sufferers. He had the special charge of the clothing department, and distributed the material for 100,000 garments.

When Lord Dufferin, and his successor, Colonel Frazier, wished judicious counsel in matters pertaining to the reorganization of the Mount Lebanon government, they consulted first of all the two veterans in missionary experience and knowledge, Dr. Thomson and Mr. Calhoun of Abeih.

Lord Dufferin, in an official report sent to England at the time, in speaking of the part borne by the Syrian missionaries in the work of relieving the refugees, states that "without their indefatigable exertions, the supplies sent from Christendom could never have been properly distributed, nor the starvation of thousands of the needy been prevented."

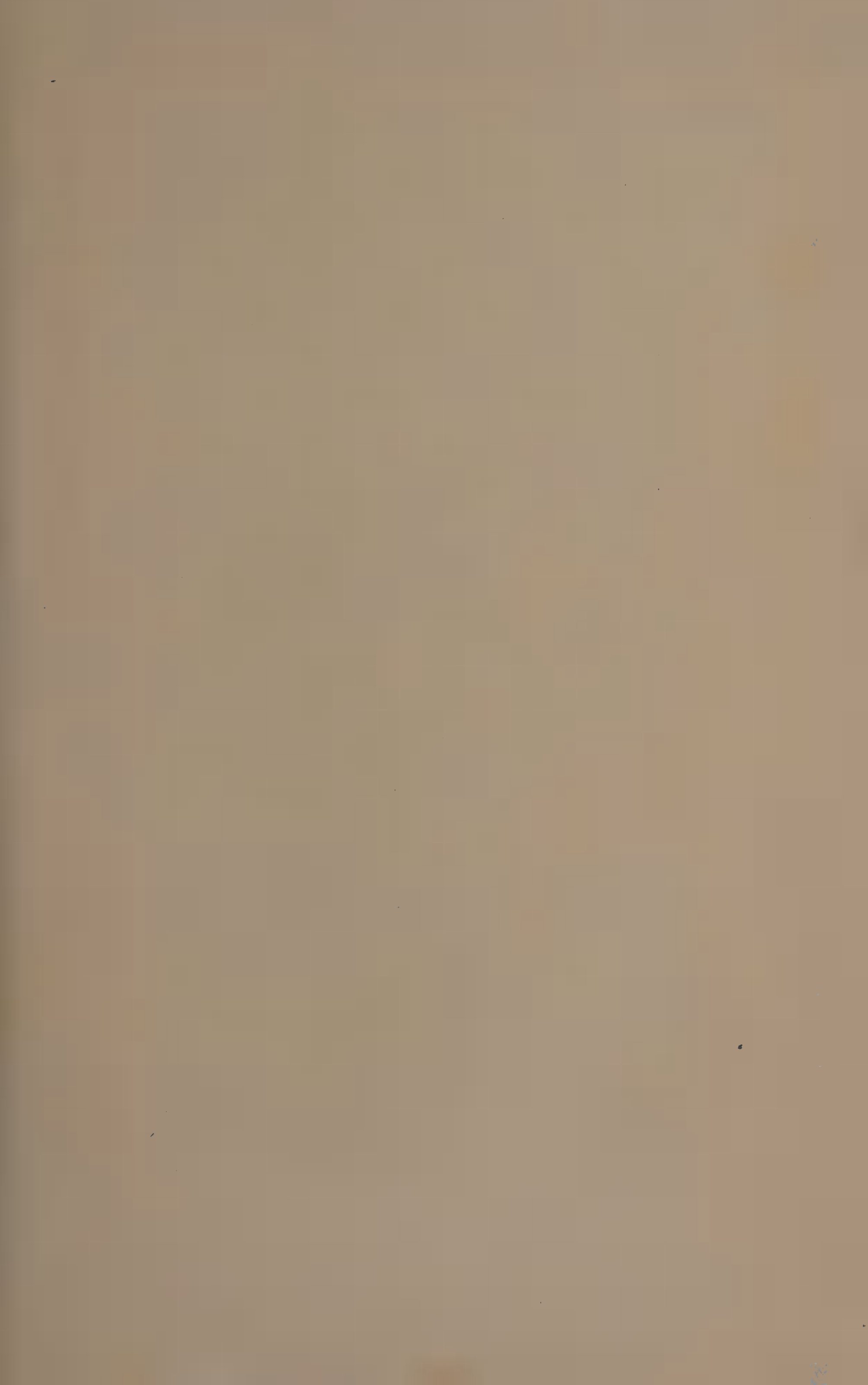
On the 29th of April, 1873, his devoted wife, Mrs. Maria Thomson, after more than forty years of a lovely and consistent Christian life in this community, passed to her heavenly reward, universally beloved and respected by people of all nationalities.

On reaching the United States in 1877, he resided in New

York for several years, and then removed to Denver, Colorado, where he enjoyed the clear skies and the towering mountains, which he said reminded him so vividly of his beloved Syria. In that city, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walker, and with the faithful ministrations of his unmarried daughter Emilia, he remained until April 8, 1894, when he was summoned to the heavenly Canaan, the unfading and unclouded "Land of Promise," by the great inspirer of the "Book" he had so faithfully laboured to illustrate and exalt before the minds of his fellow men.

His actual connection with the mission in Syria covered a period of forty-three years and five months. His sojourn in America lasted seventeen years and eight months. His latter days were serene and happy; enjoying the full possession of all his faculties, he retained his interest in all that pertains to the kingdom of Christ. His life and work were a blessing to Syria, in laying the foundations of the work now going on in all parts of the land. In the annual meetings of the mission, when grave questions were under discussion, he would rise to his feet, walk to and fro, and give utterance to his views in terms so clear, concise and convincing, that they generally settled the question.

His life is an illustration of the fact that in the foreign mission service there is scope for every kind of talent and acquisition. Dr. Eli Smith could not have written "The Land and the Book," and Dr. Thomson could not have translated the Bible. Dr. Thomson found in Syria and Palestine a vast unexplored field of Scriptural illustration. The land of the Bible, its topography and customs, were well-nigh unknown among the great Christian nations of the West. With unequalled facilities for travelling in the land and studying the people, he used the talents God had given him in illustrating the Word of God. Others engaged more especially in translating that book into the Arabic language, in founding schools and seminaries, in preparing a Christian literature, and in preaching the Gospel from the pulpit or in the homes of the people. While he did what he could in





REV. ISAAC BIRD



THE REV. DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM GOODELL



MRS. ISAAC BIRD

several of these departments of labour, he gave more especial attention to that for which God had prepared him by special gifts and graces. His works do follow him. His name will be remembered, with those of Eli Smith and Edward Robinson, as one of the three Americans who were the pioneers of exploration of the Bible lands, as a means of illustrating the Word of God.

IV

The Arabic Bible—Its Translation and the Translators (1848–1865)

"And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—*Revelation 22 : 2*

"*Hic labor, hoc opus est*"

FOREIGN missionaries have moved mountains. Grain by grain, rock by rock, by steady work, year after year, toiling, delving, tunnelling, the giant mountain obstacles have been gradually melted away. After years of silent, unseen, prayerful, agonizing work, suddenly a new version of the sacred Scriptures is announced, and millions find the door of knowledge and salvation suddenly opened to them. It is easy to read in a Bible society report that the Bible has been translated into Mandingo for eight millions, into Panjabi for fourteen millions, into Marathi for seventeen millions, into Cantonese for twenty millions, into Japanese for fifty millions, into Bengali for thirty-nine millions, into Arabic for fifty millions, into Hindi for eighty-two millions, and into Mandarin Chinese for two hundred millions. But who can comprehend what it all means? To those who claim that missionaries are, or should be, only men who are failures at home, who are unable to fill home pulpits, but are good enough for Asiatic or African mission work, such a statement must be an unsolved and unsolvable riddle.

Translation is an art, a science, one of the most difficult of all literary undertakings. To translate an ordinary newspaper editorial from English into French, German or Italian, would cost most scholars many hours of work. It is easier to compose in a foreign tongue than to translate into it, adhering conscientiously to the meaning, yet casting it so perfectly into the native idiom as to conceal the fact of its foreign origin. Few natives of Asia can translate from English into their own tongue

without revealing the stiff foreign unoriental source from which the material was taken.

Dr. Thomas Laurie in his able work "Missions and Science," p. 245, says, "If any wonder why so much pains should be taken to make a version not only accurate but idiomatic, let him read the following words of Luther in 1530:—'In translating, I have striven to give pure and clear German, and it has verily happened that we have sought, a fortnight, three or four weeks, for a single word, and yet it was not always found. In Job we so laboured, Philip Melanchthon, Aurogallus and I, that in four days we sometimes barely finished three lines.' Again he writes, 'We must not ask the Latinizers how to speak German, but we must ask the mother in the house, the children in the lanes, the common man in the market-place and read in their mouths how they speak, and translate accordingly.'"

If it was thus difficult for the learned Luther to translate from the Hebrew and Greek into his own mother German, how much more to translate from them into an Oriental tongue like the Arabic! And few foreign missionaries can translate ordinary tracts and books into the vernacular of their adopted country. Men must have a peculiar mental bent and devote years to studying and practicing the vulgar talk of the populace, and the pure classical language of the local literature, if there be a literature, and if not, to identify himself with those who are to read what he writes, before he can translate with success. But when you add to all this the work of translating a book of 960 pages from the ancient Hebrew, the Old Testament, and another of 270 pages from the ancient Greek, the New Testament, so as to give your readers the exact literal idea of the original, and this into a language utterly different in spirit, ideals and idioms not only from the Hebrew and Greek, but also from your own tongue, and remember that this is the Word of God in which error is inadmissible and might be fatal; knowing that the eyes of scores of missionaries, and hundreds of native scholars in the future, as well as savants in philology and linguistic science in Europe and America will scan and criticize your work, and you might well exclaim,

"Who is sufficient for these things?" The true translator "*nascitur, non fit.*" It is born in him, and without this native genius and preparation he cannot succeed.

Translators of the Scriptures are "called of God, as was Aaron." Missionary boards send out young men to foreign lands, not knowing to what special work God may call them. It may be exploring, as Livingston; or healing, as Dr. Parker, "who opened China to the Gospel at the point of the lancet"; or teaching, as Duff, Hamlin and Calhoun; or preaching, as Titus Coan of Hilo, Sandwich Islands; or it may be translating, as Morrison, Hepburn, Riggs, Goodell, Eli Smith and Van Dyck.

In 1847 a committee of which Dr. Eli Smith was chairman, and Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck were members, sent to the United States an appeal in behalf of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, in which, after speaking of the comparatively evanescent character of translations of the Bible into the languages of tribes evidently hastening to extinction, the appeal rises to high and almost prophetic eloquence in speaking of the future of the Arabic Bible:

"The Arab translator is interpreting the lively oracles for the forty millions of an undying race whose successive and ever augmenting generations shall fail only with the final termination of all earthly things. Can we exaggerate on such a theme? Is it easy to overestimate the importance of that mighty power that shall send the healing leaves of salvation down the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Niger; that shall open living fountains in the plains of Syria, the deserts of Arabia and the sands of Africa; that shall gild with the light of life the craggy summits of goodly Lebanon and sacred Sinai and giant Atlas? We think not. These and kindred thoughts are not the thoughtless and fitful scintillations of imagination, the baseless dreams of a wild enthusiasm. To give the Word of God to forty millions of perishing sinners, to write their commentaries, their concordances, their theology, their sermons, their tracts, their school-books and their religious journals: in short, to give them a Christian literature, or that germinating commencement of one, which can perpetuate its

life and expand into full grown maturity, are great gigantic verities taking fast hold on the salvation of myriads which no man can number, of the present and all future generations."

On the 21st of February, 1885, Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., then a member and librarian of the Syria Mission in Beirut, wrote to Dr. Van Dyck requesting him to prepare a careful sketch of the history of the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. The following account to p. 76 summarizes the facts given in Dr. Van Dyck's reply:

"*An account of the Arabic Version of the Scriptures made under the auspices of the Syria Mission and the American Bible Society.*

"At the general meeting of the mission held in Beirut, February, 1848, under the date of February 11th, we find the following vote:

"'Resolved, that at the end of the present term of the seminary (Abeih) Butrus el Bistany be transferred to the Beirut station with a view to his being employed in the translation of the Scriptures, under the direction of Dr. Eli Smith.' (Mr. Bistany had been associated with Dr. Van Dyck in the Boys' Seminary of Abeih, from the time of its opening.)"

Under same date, February 11, 1848, we have the following resolution:

"Resolved, that Dr. Smith be authorized to correspond with the secretaries of the American Bible Society in relation to the contemplated new translation of the Scriptures into Arabic."

Under date of April 4, 1849, we find the following:

"Dr. Smith reported progress in the work of translating the Scriptures, and laid before the mission the first ten chapters of Genesis for examination, and Messrs. Whiting, Thomson, Van Dyck, Hurter, De Forest and Ford were appointed a committee to examine what had been done and report to this meeting. This committee reported April 7th, stating 'that they find the new translation' faithful to the original, and a decided improvement upon the version we now circulate, and recommend that the work be prosecuted to its completion upon the same general principles which appear to have guided the translator hitherto. They

also commended the translator and those associated with him to the fervent prayers of all the members of the mission, that they may be guided by divine wisdom in the prosecution of this all important work."

It is plain from the above that Dr. Smith began to work on the translation in 1848, assisted by Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, and Mr. Butrus el Bistany. First, Mr. Bistany made a translation into Arabic from the Hebrew or Greek with the aid of the Syriac. Then Sheikh Nasif, who knew no language but Arabic, rewrote what had been translated, carefully sifting out all foreign idioms. Then Dr. Smith revised Sheikh Nasif's manuscript by himself, and made his own corrections and emendations. Then he and Sheikh Nasif went over the work in company, and Dr. Smith was careful not to let the meaning be sacrificed for a question of Arabic grammar or rhetoric.

Under date of April 9th, the mission records state that " Dr. Smith submitted a copy of the new translation of the Book of Genesis, with some remarks and explanations, and it was voted that 100 copies of the new translation of Genesis be printed at the expense of the mission."

As each form was struck off, a copy was sent to each member of the mission, and the Arabic scholars outside the mission, especially to the missionaries of other societies, and by special vote in March 29, 1851, all the members of the mission were urged to give special attention to the new translation and to render Dr. Smith all the assistance in their power to carry it forward to its completion.

In 1852, during the visit of Dr. Edward Robinson, of Union Seminary, Dr. Smith laid on the table the translation of the Pentateuch up to the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Thomson, Whiting, Robinson, Calhoun, Marsh of Mosul and Ford, examined the translation and approved it, whereupon the translator was directed to finish the Pentateuch and then take up the New Testament. March 23, 1853, Dr. Smith laid upon the table the remainder of Deuteronomy, Matthew, Mark, and to the twelfth chapter of Luke.

March 3, 1854, Dr. Smith had completed during the year from the twelfth chapter of Luke to 1 Corinthians.

April 3, 1855, Dr. Smith reported that the New Testament had been completed, and also Jonah, Joel and Amos, and the printing of the Pentateuch had reached the sixth chapter of Exodus.

April 1, 1856, Dr. Smith made his last report, that in the Old Testament after finishing Nahum he had taken up Isaiah, and had reached the fifty-third chapter, and that in printing, the Pentateuch had advanced to the end of Exodus, and the New Testament to the sixteenth chapter of Matthew.

At the time of his death he had devoted nine years to this work, or rather eight years of actual labour. A day or two before his death Rev. D. M. Wilson asked him if he had anything to say about the translation. He replied, "I will be responsible only for what has been printed. If the work should be carried on, I hope that what I have done will be found of some value."

Before narrating the work of Dr. Van Dyck in completing the translation, let us see what "helps" these learned scholars had at hand as a "translation apparatus," connected with the Old Testament. This list will deeply interest those who regard missionaries as unscholarly and behind the times.

1. Of Hebrew Grammars, they had Gesenius' Lehrgebaude (1817), his smaller grammar edited by Rodiger (1851), a gift from the editor; Ewald's Lehrbuch (1844) and Nordheimer's Grammar.

2. Of Lexicons: Gesenius' Hebrew Thesaurus, now completed by Rodiger (who kindly sent Dr. Smith the last part as soon as it left the press); and also Robinson's Gesenius, a gift from the translator. He had also Furst's Concordance and his School Dictionary, also Noldin's Concordance of the Hebrew particles.

3. Of Commentaries: Rosenmuller on the Pentateuch, and Tuch and Delitzch and Knobel on Genesis. Also the Glossa Ordinaria, a voluminous digest from the Fathers, and Pool's Synopsis, with other more common commentaries in English.

4. Of non-Arabic versions of critical value: the London Polyglot (a gift of Mrs. Fisher Howe, of Brooklyn, New York), with Buxtorf's Chaldee, and Castel's Syriac Lexicon, and Schleusner's Greek Lexicon

of the Septuagint, besides the lexicons which compose the seventh volume of the Polyglot. Also Tischendorf's Septuagint, containing the readings of four ancient manuscripts; and, for a general Greek lexicon, Liddell and Scott. Among modern versions Dr. Smith made constant reference to that of De Wette's.

5. Of Arabic versions: Dr. Smith had besides that of Saadias Gaon in the Polyglot, the Ebreo-Mauritanian version, edited by Erpenius, and three copies of the version of Abu Sa'd, the Samaritan; two of these copies he had made from manuscripts some five hundred years old, and the other edited by Kuenen, with the readings and notes of three manuscripts; also a distinct version in manuscript apparently made from the Peshito written nearly five hundred years ago. The above are ancient. Of more modern versions, I have the Romish edition reprinted by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which we now circulate, and which is conformed to the Vulgate with frequent accommodations to the Peshito. Also the lessons read in the Greek and Greek Catholic Churches printed at Shuwair and translated from the Septuagint but following after other readings than those of the Polyglot; and the Karshuny lessons read in the Maronite Churches, printed at Koshaiya and translated from the Peshito. This version of the Maronites, if reference be had both to conformity with the Hebrew and acceptableness of style to modern readers, is the best of all, but it contains, as well as the lessons of the Greeks, only a small portion of the Old Testament.

6. Of other helps, Dr. Smith had Winer's Realworterbuch (last edition), De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, and Hävernick's Introduction to the Pentateuch; also Sherif-ed-Din-et-Tifasy on precious stones, and the Arabic Materia Medica called Ma-la-yisa: both useful in explaining terms connected with natural history and kindred subjects. The Hebrew text used was that of Michaelis, whose notes and especial references are often valuable; and also Dr. Rossi's various readings, and Bahrdt's remains of the Hexapla of Origen.

7. This catalogue would not be complete without mentioning the more important helps to a full understanding and proper use of the Arabic language. Grammars: The Commentary of Ashmuny, on the Alefiyeh of Ibn Malik; the Commentary of Demanuny on the Teshîl of the same author, and Millu Jamy of Ibn el Hajéb, also Mughny el Labib of Ibn Hashim, invaluable for its definitions of the particles. Of

rhetoric, the Mukhtasr and Muttowwal of Teftazany. Of dictionaries, I have two copies of Feiruzabady, and one of Jauhari, as well as the dictionary Feiyumy, and the Constantinople edition of Feiruzabady with definitions in Turkish. Of European works: the dictionary of Freytag and the Arabic-Turco-Persian dictionary of Meninski. Also the Tarifát of Jorjámy, and the Kulliyat of Abu el Buka, which latter when furnished with a proper index will help to many definitions of great value.

After the death of Dr. Eli Smith many thought that the work of translation must cease. Dr. Smith was so learned, so accurate and conscientious, and so singularly prepared for this great work, that it seemed as though no one could fill his place. But though the worker falls the work goes on. The mantle of Eli fell on Cornelius. God had been preparing for seventeen years the man who was to complete the great work of giving the Bible to forty millions of men. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck, M. D., came to Syria, April 2, 1840, aged twenty-one years and four months, the youngest American ever sent to Syria. He came as a medical missionary, had never studied theology, but in seventeen years in Syria he had mastered the Arabic language, the Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian and German. He was of Hollandic origin, born at Kinderhook in 1818. He had a genius for languages, a phenomenal memory, a clear intellect, and excelled in medicine, astronomy, the higher mathematics and linguistic science. His knowledge of Arabic, both classical and vulgar, was a wonder to both natives and foreigners, as will be seen in the chapter on his life and work. He had been ordained January 14, 1846, and afterwards received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D., and later that of L. H. D., from Edinburgh.

At the next annual meeting of the mission after Dr. Smith's death (April 3, 1857), a committee was appointed to examine and report on the state of the translation of the Scriptures as left by Dr. Smith. This committee consisted of Messrs. Calhoun, Van Dyck, Ford, Eddy and Wilson, and reported that Genesis and Exodus had been printed with the exception of the last of Exodus which was in type but not edited. That the books of the Bible yet

untouched are Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Ezekiel, Daniel, Habakkuk, Zechariah, Zephaniah, Haggai and Malachi. The Historical Books from Joshua to Esther inclusive, and the books of Jeremiah and Lamentations, had been put into Arabic by Mr. Bistany, the assistant translator, but not revised by Dr. Smith.

It was found that in the translation of the New Testament, the Greek text followed had been that of Hahn, but in the first thirteen chapters of Matthew there are some variations from that text according to the text of Tregelles and others.

The committee were unanimously of opinion that the translation of the New Testament had been made with great care and fidelity, and that it could, with comparatively little labour, be prepared for the press, and they accordingly recommended to the mission to prosecute and complete its publication as soon as possible.

The mission then appointed Dr. Van Dyck to the work. He was then living in Sidon, and removed to Beirut in November, 1857, and went on with the work as directed. As the American Bible Society required a strict adherence to the Textus Receptus of Hahn's Greek Testament, Dr. Van Dyck revised every verse in the New Testament, taking up the work as if new. The basis left by Dr. Smith was found *invaluable*, and but for it the work would have been protracted very much beyond what it really was. The form adopted was the second font Reference New Testament. Thirty proofs were struck from each form as soon as set up in type and these proofs were distributed to all missionaries in the Arabic-speaking field, and to native scholars, and to Arabic scholars in Germany, viz.: Professor Fleischer of Leipsic, Professor Rodiger of Halle, afterwards of Berlin, Professor Flügel of Dresden and Dr. Behrnauer, librarian of the Imperial Library, Vienna. Some letters and proofs from some of these gentlemen and others have survived, and have been placed in the standard copy of the Old Testament, deposited in the library of the mission. The proofs distributed were returned to the translator with the criticisms of those to whom they had been sent, all of which were carefully examined and decided upon.

In 1862, Dr. Van Dyck wrote to the American Bible Society with regard to the labour involved in the translation of the Old Testament: "In the first place, it must be carefully made from the Hebrew, then compared with the Syriac version of the Maronites, and the Septuagint of the Greeks; the various readings given, and in difficult places the Chaldee Targums must be consulted, and hosts of German commentators, so that the eye is constantly glancing from one set of characters to another: then after the sheet is in type, thirty copies are struck off and sent to scholars in Syria, Egypt and even Germany. These all come back with notes and suggestions, every one of which must be well weighed. Thus a critic, by one dash of his pen, may cause me a day's labour, and not till all is set right, can the sheet be printed."

In regard to the style of Arabic adopted, it was the same as had been adopted by Dr. Smith after long and frequent consultations with the mission and with native scholars. Some would have preferred the style "Koranic," *i. e.*, Islamic, adopting idioms and expressions peculiar to Mohammedans. *All native Christian scholars* decidedly objected to this. It was agreed to adopt a simple but pure Arabic, free from foreign idioms, but never to sacrifice the sense to a grammatical quirk or a rhetorical quibble, or a fanciful tinkling of words. As a matter of fact, it will be seen that in the historical and didactic parts, the style is pure and simple, but in the poetical parts the style necessarily takes on the higher standard of the original, *e. g.*, Job, Psalms and parts of the prophets. The work of the translation of the New Testament was finished March 9, 1860, and a complete copy was laid upon the table at the annual meeting, March 28th, and that same copy is now preserved in the mission library.

Dr. Van Dyck was assisted by a Mohammedan scholar of high repute, Sheikh Yusef el Asír, a graduate of the Azhar University of Cairo, whose purely Arabic tastes and training fitted him to pronounce on all questions of grammar, rhetoric and vowelling, subject to the revision and final judgment of Dr. Van Dyck.

In April, 1860, the mission directed Dr. Van Dyck to carry on

the translation of the Old Testament commencing with Leviticus. The last chapter of Exodus was edited by Dr. Van Dyck immediately after Dr. Smith's death, and printed, so that the whole of Genesis and Exodus might be before the mission.

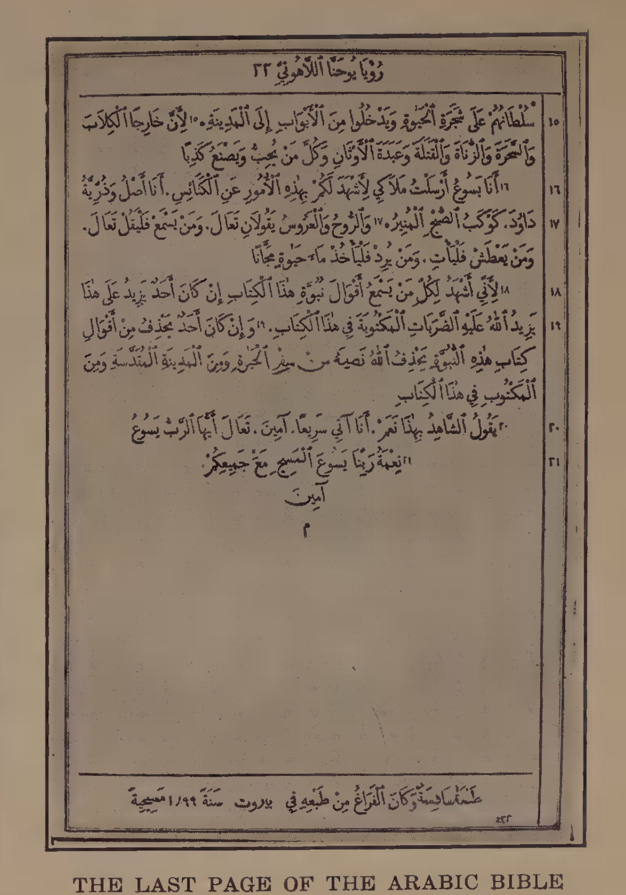
In 1864, an edition of the vowelled Psalms in parallelisms was issued 16mo, and on August 22, 1864, Dr. Van Dyck reported the completion of the translation of the Old Testament. Friday, March 10, 1865, a celebration took place at the American Press, in honour of the printing of the Old Testament, thus completing the new Arabic translation of the Bible.

In the upper room, where Dr. Smith had laboured on the translation eight years, and Dr. Van Dyck eight years more, the assembled missionaries gave thanks to God for the completion of this arduous work. Just then, the sound of many voices arose from below, and on throwing open the door, we heard a large company of native young men, labourers at the press and members of the Protestant community, singing to the tune of Hebron, a new song, "Even praise to our God," composed for the occasion by Mr. Ibrahim Sarkis, chief compositor, in the Arabic language. Surely not for centuries have the angels in heaven heard a sweeter sound arising from Syria than the voices of this band of pious young men, singing a hymn composed by one of themselves, ascribing glory and praise to God, that now, for the first time, the Word of God is given to their nation in its purity.

I translated this hymn into English, and on Sunday evening, March 12th, a public meeting was held in the old church in commemoration of this great event, and addresses were made by Rev. James Robertson, Scotch Chaplain, Mr. Butrus Bistany and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. The hymn was sung in Arabic and English.

The English is as follows:

Hail day, thrice blessed of our God!
Rejoice, let all men bear a part.
Complete at length Thy printed word;
Lord, print its truths on every heart!



التكوين

الأصحاح الأول

١ في البدء خلق الله السموات والأرض. ٢ وكانت الأرض خربة وخالية وعلى وجه الغمر ظلمة وروح الله يرف على وجه المياه. ٣ وقال الله ليكن نور فكان نور. ٤ ورأى الله النور أنه حسن. وفصل الله بين النور والظلمة. ٥ ودعا الله النور نهارا والظلمة دعاها ليلا. وكان مساء وكان صباح يوما واحدا

٦ وقال الله ليكن جلد في وسط المياه. وليكن فاصلا بين مياه ومياه. ٧ فعمل الله الجلد وفصل بين المياه التي تحت الجلد والمياه التي فوق الجلد. وكان كذلك. ٨ ودعا الله الجلد سماء. وكان مساء وكان صباح يوما ثانيا

٩ وقال الله لتجتمع المياه تحت السماء إلى مكان واحد ولتظهر اليابسة. وكان كذلك. ١٠ ودعا الله اليابسة أرضا. ومجتمع المياه دعاه بحارا. ورأى الله ذلك أنه حسن. ١١ وقال الله لتنبت الأرض عشبا وبقلا يبزر بزرا وشجرا ذا ثمر يعمل ثمرا كجنسه بزره فيه على الأرض. وكان كذلك. ١٢ فأخرجت الأرض عشبا وبقلا يبزر بزرا كجنسه وشجرا يعمل ثمرا بزره فيه كجنسه. ورأى الله ذلك أنه حسن. ١٣ وكان مساء وكان صباح يوما ثالثا

١٤ وقال الله لتكن أنوار في جلد السماء لتفصل بين النهار والليل. وتكون لآيات وأوقات وأيام وسنين. ١٥ وتكون أنوارا في جلد السماء لتنير على الأرض. وكان كذلك. ١٦ فعمل الله النورين العظيمين. النور الأكبر لحكم النهار والنور الأصغر

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ARABIC BIBLE

سلطانهم على شجرة الحياة ويدخلوا من الأبواب إلى المدينة. ١٥ لأن خارجا الكلاب والسحرة والزناة والقتلة وعبدة الأوثان وكل من يحب ويصنع كذبا

١٦ أنا يسوع أرسلت ملاكي لأشهد لكم بهذه الأمور عن الكنائس. أنا أصل وذرية داود. كوكب الصبح المنير. ١٧ والروح والعروس يقولان تعال. ومن يسمع فليقل تعال. ومن يعطش فليأت. ومن يرد فليأخذ ماء حياة مجانا

١٨ لأني أشهد لكل من يسمع أقوال نبوة هذا الكتاب إن كان أحد يزيد على هذا يزيد الله عليه الضربات المكتوبة في هذا الكتاب. ١٩ وإن كان أحد يحذف من أقوال كتاب هذه النبوة يحذف الله نصيبه من سفر الحياة ومن المدينة المقدسة ومن المكتوب في هذا الكتاب

٢٠ يقول الشاهد بهذا نعم. أنا آتي سريعا. آمين. تعال أيها الرب يسوع

٢١ نعمة ربنا يسوع المسيح مع جميعكم.

آمين

طبعة سادسة وكان الفراغ من طبعه في بيروت سنة ١٨٩٩ مسيحية

THE LAST PAGE OF THE ARABIC BIBLE



To Him who gave His gracious word,
Arise, and with glad praises sing:
Exalt and magnify our Lord,
Our Maker and our glorious King!

Lord, spare Thy servant through whose toil,
Thou gav'st us this of books the best,
Bless all who shared the arduous task
From Eastern land or distant West.

Amen! Amen! lift up the voice:
Praise God whose mercy's e'er the same:
His goodness all our song employs,
Thanksgiving then to His Great Name!

June 3, 1865, Dr. Van Dyck proceeded to New York, in accordance with arrangements made with the American Bible Society, and superintended the making of a set of electrotype plates of the entire Arabic Bible in large type 8vo, and of the vowelled New Testament. Two years later he returned to Beirut with Mr. Samuel Hallock, an electrotyper, and superintended electrotyping the vowelled Old Testament 8vo, and editions of the entire Bible and of the New Testament. The American Bible Society furnished the British and Foreign Bible Society with a duplicate set of plates of the Bible and New Testament made in New York and also of the vowelled Old Testament made in Beirut.

Thus was the Arabic Bible completed. In a short time ten editions, containing forty thousand copies, had been printed. The accuracy of its renderings, the idiomatic excellence of the style, and even the beauty of the type, which Dr. Smith had prepared especially for it, and which surpassed all that had gone before as much as the translation excelled all previous effort, made it popular among all classes, so that even the Moslem was forced to commend the Bible of the Christian. No literary work of the century exceeds it in importance and it is acknowledged to be one of the best translations of the Bible ever made.

Since that day, not less than thirty-two editions of the Arabic Bible and parts of the same have been printed, comprising about

nine hundred thousand copies, and on the title page of every copy is the imperial permit and sanction of the government of the Turkish Sultan. These books have been sent, and are still being sent, by tens of thousands of copies, to the whole Arabic reading Mohammedan world, from Mogador and Sierra Leone on the Atlantic to Peking on the East: to Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Sudan, Arabia, Zanzibar, Aden, Muscat, Bussorah, Bagdad, India, the East Indies, Northern China, Persia, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Palestine, Syria and to the new colonies of Syrian emigrants in the United States, Brazil and Australia.

The best selling book in Syria and Egypt to-day is the Arabic Bible. It is the loving gift of the one hundred and forty millions of Protestant Christians to the two hundred millions of Mohammedans of whom sixty millions speak the Arabic language, while the rest use the Arabic Koran as their sacred book, and are scattered all the way from the Canary Islands through North Africa and Southern Asia to Peking in China.

As Mr. Calhoun has beautifully said in one of his letters, "Just as Syria, once lighted up with the oil made from her own olives, is now illuminated by oil transported from America, so the light of revelation that once burned brightly there, lighting up the whole earth with its radiance long suffered to go out in darkness, has been rekindled by missionaries from America, in the translation of her own Scriptures into the spoken language of her present inhabitants." Priest Ghubreen Jebara, a learned Greek ecclesiastic in Beirut, said in a public address, in 1865, "But for the American missionaries, the Word of God had well-nigh perished out of the language: but now, through the labours of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck, they have given us a translation so pure, so exact, so clear, and so classical, as to be acceptable to all classes and all sects."

V

Organization of a Native Evangelical Church (1848)

The Oriental Churches—Their sects and peculiar beliefs—Their reform hopeless—The native demand for organization—Wisdom of the step—Protest of the Anglican Church—The Greek Church and baptism—Ikons.

THE Oriental Churches may be divided into six great classes, comprising fourteen different sects:

1. The Monophysite, Eutychian or anti-Chalcedonian sects, who reject the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon held in 541. These are four; the Armenians, Jacobites (or Syrians), Copts and Abyssinians. They all have their own distinct ritual and calendar, are hostile to each other and all other Christian sects, have a married parish clergy and reject the primacy of the Pope.

2. The anti-Ephesian, who reject the Council of Ephesus in 431. These are the Nestorians or Chaldeans. These have a married clergy and a high reverence for the Scriptures, and but little picture worship.

3. The Orthodox Greek, who accept the seven General Councils. The Greek Church is Rome decapitated, a priestly system without a pontifex, an exclusive traditional church, which allows the Bible to the people. In the Turkish Empire, its patriarch and the most of its bishops are foreigners, speaking only Greek and ignorant of the wants and customs of the people, though of late the Syrians of the Greek Church have obtained bishops of the Arab race. The parish clergy are married and generally most illiterate. The present Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, Dr. Blyth, remarked to a traveller in 1890, that " no one but those who lived in the East could be aware of the gross

ignorance and immorality of the Greek priests." Ordinarily, the practice in appointing priests is that of Jeroboam, who "made priests of the lowest of the people."

4. The Maronites, a papal sect, the ancient Monothelites, who accepted the papacy 1182 A. D., during the Crusades. They get their name from John Marōn, monk, priest and patriarch, who died 707 A. D. They adhere to the Oriental rite, conducting service in the Syriac, a language not understood by the people. The only sin unpardonable by the priests is reading the Bible. The people are chiefly peasants, in Northern Lebanon, an illiterate people, and an educated priesthood, sworn to allegiance to Rome and yet like all the above, having a married parish clergy. Their head is the Patriarch of Antioch, living in Lebanon, and regarded by the people as hardly inferior to the Pope.

In the days of Bird and King, the patriarch vented his wrath on the family of Lattoof el Asshy of Ehden for having leased his house to Mr. Bird in 1827. "They are therefore accursed, cut off from all Christian communion: and let the curse envelop them as a robe and spread through all their members like oil, break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like the fig tree cursed by the mouth of the Lord Himself: let the evil angel rule over them by day and by night, asleep or awake. We permit no one to visit them or employ them or do them a favour, or give them a salutation or converse with them in any form or manner, but let them be avoided as a putrid member and as hellish dragons."

5. The SIX ORIENTAL PAPAL SECTS, who are converts from six of the above sects to the Church of Rome. They are: the Papal Greek, Papal Armenian, Papal Nestorian, Papal Coptic, Papal Syrian, Papal Abyssinian. They maintain their own calendars and saint's days, the marriage of the parish clergy, and various ancient prerogatives, which the papal legates are now striving most assiduously to abolish.

6. The Latins, a small community, composed chiefly of attachés of the French and Italian monasteries, and foreign European

residents, who have conformed in all respects to the Church of Rome.

These sects all agree sufficiently both in the common truth and the common error which they hold to be classed as one—one in their need of reformation, one in being an obstacle to the Christianization of the Mohammedan world. They all hold the doctrines of transubstantiation, of baptismal regeneration, priestly absolution, Mariolatry and saint worship, image and picture worship, auricular confession and prayers for the dead. Their patriarchs and bishops are celibate, chosen from the monastic orders, but the parish clergy are allowed to marry once. Instruction in the Scriptures is virtually unknown. The members of these sects in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Persia, not including Russia and Greece, are as follows:

Orthodox Greeks	1,000,000
Maronites	300,000
Nestorians	140,000
Armenians	3,000,000
Copts	200,000
Abyssinians	4,500,000
Nestorian Catholics	20,000
Greek Catholics	50,000
Jacobite Syrians	30,000
Other papal sects	300,000
Nestorians in India	116,000
Total	9,656,000

Thus we have about ten millions of nominal Christians scattered throughout the great centres and seats of Mohammedan power. These Christian sects have never felt the impulse of such an awakening as shook all Europe in the days of the Reformation. About thirty years after the death of Luther, the German Protestant divines opened correspondence with the Patriarch of Constantinople, but he rejected their overtures with contempt. The Greek Church "knew not the day of its visitation." For three hundred years after that time, with the exception of the sending

of papal legates, hardly a movement was made in Europe towards modifying the state of the Eastern Churches.

It was not the intention of the early missionary pioneers, nor was it the policy of the Board of Missions, to set up a new church organization in the East. It was hoped that the heads of the Oriental Churches might be induced to *reform* their churches. To this end, Fisk, Parsons, King and Bird visited the patriarchs, bishops, abbots and priests in their houses and convents and at first were received cordially. But as soon as they began to distribute the Scriptures and preach, "to the law and to the testimony," and that salvation is through faith in Christ alone, the whole power of ecclesiastical persecution was turned against them. They were excommunicated, cursed, reviled. The people were warned against them. Bonfires were made of Bibles and tracts. All were forbidden to harbour them, sell to them or buy from them. The Maronite patriarch, being virtually lord of the Lebanon, compelled emirs, begs and sheikhs to persecute these Bible men or be themselves deprived of office and excluded from heaven. The Jesuits obtained, through political intrigue, a firman from the Sultan, forbidding the import or sale of the Scriptures and all other books and ordering all existing copies to be destroyed.

But the light had begun to shine. The leaven was working in many minds. One after another joined themselves to the missionaries openly or secretly, and attended the preaching services, Yet when they asked for the administration of the sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper, they were referred to their old traditional churches. But they would not confess to a priest nor accept the idolatrous ceremonies growing out of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Maronites taught that inasmuch as the priest in the mass converts the bread into the perfect divinity and humanity of Christ, therefore he creates God, and as he "who creates is greater than him who is created, therefore the priest is greater than God." Yet the missionaries had been instructed "not to interfere with the Oriental Churches, but to visit the ecclesiastics and persuade them, if possible, to abandon their errors, which are repugnant to the Word of God."

The missionaries accordingly gave themselves to the work of education, Bible distribution and the press. But in 1832 the Greek bishops in Latakia, Tripoli, Damascus and other places, gathered the Arabic Bibles (printed in London from the version of the Roman Propaganda) and burned them in the courtyards of the churches. In 1829 the Maronite patriarch put to death Asaad es Shidiak for reading the Bible and rejecting the errors of Rome.

In September, 1835, Rev. Drs. Eli Smith and William M. Thomson and other missionaries, in reply to the request of a papal Greek priest from Acre to profess the Protestant faith, adopted the following minutes: "(1) It is not an object with us to draw individuals from other native Christian sects and thereby increase our own denomination. (2) Yet according to the principles of the churches which have sent us hither, when a member of any native sect, giving satisfactory evidence of piety, desires the sacraments of us, we cannot refuse his request, however it may interfere with his previous ecclesiastical relations.' On this basis, *individuals* of the various Oriental Churches, including bishops, priests and others, were received to the Lord's table, together with baptized converts from the Druses. But the number of enlightened men and women increased in various parts of the land and they demanded the right to be organized into a distinct Evangelical Protestant Church of their own. This request was finally acceded to, and the first Protestant Native Syrian Church was organized in 1848. Since that time twenty-eight other churches have been organized in this mission, with about 2,600 communicants (4,364 since the beginning) from among the Moslems, Jews, Druses, Greeks, Maronites, Nusairiyeh and Bedawin Arabs.

In India, the Christian Church is the only organization which gathers men of all the warring castes into one harmonious body. And here, the Evangelical Church is the only place where converts from all these warring sects sit together as brethren. The whole number of Protestant Churches in the empire is now about 200, with 20,000 communicants and nearly 100,000 adherents.

The wisdom of thus erecting a separate Evangelical Church has been demonstrated. It is an object-lesson to all the Christian and non-Christian sects, and an exhibition of the Christian faith in its simplicity and New Testament purity. An honest attempt to reform the Oriental Churches was made and failed.

This powerful, intelligent, well educated and upright element in the population is a living rebuke to ignorance, superstition and ecclesiastical assumption. It has weakened the tyrannical power of the priesthood, and in fact to-day shields tens of thousands of adherents of the old Churches from extortion and oppression, through fear lest they break away entirely and join the Protestant ranks. An old Maronite priest once complained to me, "You Protestant missionaries have ruined us. Our people will not pay for masses as they once did, and if we threaten them with excommunication, they laugh at us and threaten to become Protestants."

The majority of the Protestant communities are from the Oriental Churches, just as the apostles made the most converts at first among the Jewish synagogues. But the question arises now, Are we justified in keeping up the work of evangelization among these Oriental Churches? The consensus of the non-Episcopal Churches in Europe and the United States would, no doubt, answer in the affirmative. But the high ecclesiastical party in the Anglican Church protests that this whole movement is a mistake. It is denounced as proselytism, as an attempt to build up one Christian Church at the expense of another. It is said that these Greeks and Maronites and others have the "creeds of Christendom," and we have no right to receive their followers into our churches. We might reply to this charge by the "et tu Brute" countercharge, that these same high sacerdotalists do not hesitate in England and America to receive scores of Methodists and Baptists, Congregationalists and Friends to their own church without feeling that they have committed the heinous sin of proselytism. The work of missions in the East can be justified without such an "*argumentum ad hominem.*"

Let us consider the whole question calmly in the light of God's Word and Providence.

The chief and ultimate object of missionary work in Western Asia is the conversion of the Mohammedans to the Christian faith. They number 200,000,000 in Asia and Africa, and constitute one of the great influential factors in the future religious history of the race. The Gospel is to be given to them. All the Christian Churches which have any missionary zeal admit this. Thus far, they are almost unaffected by the great missionary movements of the nineteenth century. They believe in one God and in the divine origin of the Old and New Testaments (et Tourah w'el Injeel) but regard the Scriptures as corrupted, deny the divinity of Christ, His crucifixion and resurrection, ignore the spirituality of religion, and look upon Christians as their inferiors and hereditary enemies. Having seen only the Oriental type of Christianity, they despise its immorality and idolatry and protest against the creature worship and image worship of both the Greek and Latin Churches. Images and pictures are the abomination of the Mohammedan world.

The pagans of the second century objected to Christianity that it had neither altars nor images: the Moslem of the twentieth century objects to Christianity that it has only images and altars. The Christian missionary to-day urges a Mohammedan to accept Christianity. He is met with the derisive reply, "Thank God we are not idol-worshippers as are you Christians, and, God willing, we never will be. We have lived among Christians twelve hundred years, and we want none of your creature worship. There is no God but God." The missionary may protest and explain, but until he can show the Moslem a pure Christianity in life and doctrine, and illustrate by living examples the Bible ideal of a Christian Church, his appeals and argument will be in vain.

This state of things confronted all Christian missionaries in Oriental lands eighty years ago, and it confronts them to-day. These Oriental Churches are among the greatest obstacles to the conversion of their Mohammedan neighbours.

Protestants will generally admit this with regard to the Church of Rome, and at the same time there are those who contend that the Greek Church is purer, and hence should be entrusted with the work of evangelizing the Moslems and Jews in Western Asia. As this question is now a "burning" one in the Anglican Church, let us ask, What is the teaching and practice of the Greek Church in Western Asia to-day?

The Nineteenth Article of Faith of the Church of England declares that "as the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred, so the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." And in Article Twenty-two, "The Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration as well of Images as of Reliques and also Invocation of Saints, is repugnant to the Word of God."

The Greek Church teaches in its Catechism and Synnaxar the following doctrines:

1. That salvation is merited by good works.

2. That baptism, the holy chrism and communion, are indispensable to salvation.

In 1886, I wrote to Rev. Dr. Schaff as follows:

Beirut, Syria, Jan. 4, 1886.

PROF. P. SCHAFF, D. D.,

Dear Brother :—I have at length secured the facts and information with regard to the mode of baptism among the various Christian sects in Syria, for which you ask in your letter of September 14, 1885. The "statement of Dr. Hitchcock, based upon the authority of Dr. Van Dyck" as to the word "*amamud*," is evidently a misunderstanding. I sent the letter to Dr. Van Dyck, and he replies:

"There is no such Syriac word as *amamud*. It is evidently mistaken for the Arabic word *ma'mud*. The passive participle of Syriac '*amad* (Arabic '*amada*) is '*amid*. The Arabic word *ma'mud* has been mistaken for a Syriac word. But that does not at all affect the argument. *Immersion*, in whole or in part, supplemented by pouring if necessary, is the Oriental mode of baptism. A Greek priest in Hasbeiya re-

baptized a Copt by immerson in the river of Shiba, *i. e.*, in one of its pools formed among the rocks."

In addition to what Dr. Van Dyck here states, it is well known that the Orthodox Greek Church insists upon trine immersion as essential to salvation, whether in the case of infants or adults. Yet sometimes, in case of necessity, they baptize by pouring water three times upon the head.

An adult woman, born a Druse, and baptized by Mr. Calhoun when a young girl, was rebaptized by a Greek priest near Tripoli, on being married to a Greek. The priest's wife took her to a pool of stagnant water, stripped off her clothes, the priest standing with averted face. The priest then walked backward into the water, and immersed her three times, turning his head the other way. The father, a native preacher, was so outraged in his feelings by the act, that he left the Protestant sect, on the erroneous idea that the Protestants could have prevented it.

A Greek priest in Munsif, in Mount Lebanon, had a child eight months old brought to him for baptism. It was too large for the stone baptismal font, so he held it on his left arm, and poured the water three times over its head.

In a village near Tripoli, a mother took her child to the abbot of a Greek monastery to be baptized. The abbot baptized it by holding it on his left arm and pouring the water three times over its head. The mother protested that this was not baptism, and complained to the Greek bishop. He rebuked her, telling her that the baptism was perfectly legitimate and sufficient.

A Maronite teacher has given me a statement about the mode of baptism among the Jacobites or Syrians.

The priest strips the child to the waist, holds him under his left arm, uses neither salt nor oil; then *pours* water *three times*, with his right hand, on the head, in the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

In the Syrian-Catholic Church (Jacobite Catholic) the baptism is similar to that of the Maronites. The priest takes the child from the hand of the godfather and godmother in the door of the church and carries him into the church, lays the child on a white veil on the floor, then prays over a handful of salt, puts salt into the child's mouth. Then he pinches the child's nostrils, saying: "Open, ye nostrils, and

inhale the heavenly odours." Then he takes the child to the font, and hands him to the godfather, who repeats the creed. Then the priest asks him: "Do you repudiate the devil and all his works?" Ans. "Yes." "Do you believe in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?" Ans. "Yes." "Do you believe in the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ, and in the articles of faith of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church?" Ans. "Yes."

He then asks the name of the child, and does he wish to be baptized? "Yes." Then he prays over the water in the font. Then he drops three drops of melted wax from the lighted taper into the water, for the three persons of the Trinity. Then he makes the sign of the cross with the candle in the water, saying: "God commanded four rivers to water the four quarters of the globe. Thus God blessed you, O waters of the wedding in Cana of Galilee," etc. Then the priest puts his hand into the water three times, then drops three drops of oil into the water. Then he repeats the question: "Do you wish to be baptized?" "Yes. I wish to be baptized according to the baptism of the Catholic Apostolic Petrine Church, and unite my intentions (purposes) with yours."

The priest then takes the child under his left arm, and holds his head over the font and pours three handfuls of water on his head, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He then raises up the child, wipes his head with a towel, and hands him to the godfather. The priest washes his hands and wipes them. He then brings the holy oil of Mairon, bares the breast of the child, and anoints with oil, in the form of a cross, his breast and two shoulders. He then wipes off the oil with cotton, then washes off the oil with soap and water, then drains off the water from the font, burns the cotton in the font, and washes out its ashes.

Then the priest gives the godfather a white towel (given by the family), saying: "Take a pure white towel to meet your Lord in purity."

Then they walk around the church, carrying the child and singing: "Blessed be thou, now baptized with the baptism of the Spirit." I do not feel called upon to draw inferences from these statements; but some things are plain.

1. Trine immersion is the baptism of the Greek Church, yet they allow pouring when immersion is not convenient.

2. The Jacobites baptize by *pouring* three times.

3. The Maronites and Papal Jacobites by pouring three times.

The fonts in the Greek Churches are always small, and in case of

large children or adults they must either pour or resort to pools or rivers.

The word *'amad* in Arabic means to stand upright; *at amad* means to resolve, to purpose; *'amŭd* means a pillar; *ma'mudiyet* means baptism; *ma'mud* means one baptized, as do *māt amad* and *m'ammad.*

Whether the meaning "upright" and "standing" attached to this word has anything to do with the *posture* of the one baptized, it is not easy to decide.

The Lord grant us all, and especially these dead Christian sects of the East, the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Yours affectionately,

Henry H. Jessup.

3. Penances are appointed to "cleanse the conscience and give peace of mind."

4. The communion is a sacrificial mass. In the liturgy of the mass, hardly a vestige of the original institution of the Lord's Supper is preserved. It is a sacrifice "for the believers who are dead, for the primitive parents, for the fathers, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, martyrs, confessors, hermits and teachers, and for the soul of every just man who died in the faith." During the service of the mass, persons enter the inner temple where the priest is sacrificing, and lay down money to pay for masses for their dead.

5. They believe in a "limbus" where the souls of the departed are received and kept until the Day of Judgment.

6. It teaches and requires the worship of "ikons" or holy pictures. They repudiate carved images, but devoutly pray to pictures, light candles and burn incense before them.

In the Synnaxar for the first Sunday in Lent is the abominable expression, "As to the impious infidels who are not willing to honour the holy images (ikons), we excommunicate and curse them saying, Anathema." And in the Horologion, Beirut edition, 1849, page 696, is the following curse: "May the lips of the impious hypocrites (-el-munafikeen) become dumb, who worship not thy revered likeness, O Mary, which was painted by Luke, the most holy evangelist, and by which we have been led to the faith!" In the Greek Churches, the worshippers burn incense,

light tapers, bow before the filthy painted boards and devoutly kiss them!

7. The Mariolatry of the Greek Church is also a grievous error and a stumbling-block in the way of Mohammedans. The following prayers are from the Horologion (Prayer-Book) page 678: "We are lost through our many sins, turn us not away disappointed, for *thou alone* art *our only hope*." "We take refuge in thee." "O thou who alone art the hope of Christians." "Save from future punishment those who put their trust in thee. Alleluia."

This last is a plain deification of the Virgin Mary, and led the Mohammedans to charge, as they do to this day, that "the Trinity is a blasphemous elevation of a woman to a place in the Godhead." Space will not allow our giving details as to the worship of relics, the prayers offered to the reputed wood of the cross and the brutal deception of the "Holy Fire" at Easter, annually sanctioned and promoted by the patriarch bishops and priests of Jerusalem as a proof of the orthodoxy of the Greek Church.

It brings a blush to the cheek of every true Christian visiting Jerusalem to know that these ecclesiastics light a torch with a lucifer match and then thrust it through a hole in the wall of the Holy Sepulchre, telling the surging thousands of ignorant pilgrims that this is a miraculous flame lighted from heaven; while Mohammedan military officers and guards, placed there to keep the mob of crazed fanatics from trampling each other to death, look on with disgust and contempt at such a fraud enacted in the name of Jesus Christ!

The high Anglicans demand that we leave these ecclesiastics to evangelize the Mohammedans, and get us out of the country! How, then, shall the Gospel in its purity be given to the Oriental Churches? With such doctrines and practices, there is no hope of a union between Protestants and the Greek Church, until Protestants submit to trine immersion at the hands of a Greek priest.

Again, there is no hope of reforming the higher ecclesiastics and through them the people. The twelve labours of Hercules

were slight compared with such a task. The patriarchs and bishops of the East are, as a class, wealthy, avaricious, masters of political intrigue, unscrupulous, and trained to hierarchical tyranny over the consciences of men, and will probably be the last class in the East to accept the Gospel in its simplicity. No change in liturgies, prayers, doctrines and usages would be possible without a council of the four patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria, and the Holy Synod of Russia, and such a council for such an object is about as likely as a council at Rome to abolish the papacy or a council at Mecca to abolish Islam.

High offices are bought and sold. In August, 1891, an intrigue was carried on by a high Greek ecclesiastic in Jerusalem to purchase the patriarchal chair of Antioch (in Damascus and Beirut) by the payment of £10,000 and the endowment of the chair with nearly £90,000 on his death!

A third plan has been to preach the Gospel and give the Bible to the people, leaving them in their own ecclesiastical relations, in the hope of *reforming the Church from within.* This plan has been patiently tried, as we have stated above, in Syria, Asia Minor and Egypt, without success. For no sooner do men read the Bible and become enlightened, than they make haste to "come out and be separate." Enlightened New Testament students will not pray to a creature or worship a painted board.

The result has been that the people themselves have demanded and compelled the organization of a new Oriental Evangelical Church in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor. It has vindicated the claims of Christianity to be a pure non-idolatrous religion. Mohammedans can see the Bible acted out in life in the teaching and practice of the Protestant Churches.

In 1850, in the agreement between Baron Bunsen and Archbishop Sumner with regard to the Jerusalem bishopric, it is said, "Duty requires a calm exposition of Scriptural truth and a quiet exposition of Scriptural discipline: . . . and where it has pleased God to give His blessing to it, and the mind has become emancipated from the fetters of a corrupt faith, there we have no

right to turn our backs upon the *liberated captive* and bid him return to his slavery or seek aid elsewhere."

This is high authority, and the 20,000 communicants in the Protestant Churches in the Turkish Empire are simply "liberated captives." The recent exhibition of iconolatry in Russia, when a whole carload of holy "ikons" or pictures of saints was sent with General Kuropatkin on his departure from St. Petersburg for the war, to insure him victory, was received among the Mohammedans of the Turkish Empire with derision and contempt. They said, "Do the Russians expect that painted boards are going to conquer the armies of Japan?" The fact that the Greek Church allows its people to read the Bible is full of promise, but as long as it makes tradition of equal authority with the Bible, it will hold on to Mariolatry and picture worship.

To place ourselves on a vantage-ground with the Mohammedans, we must let it be thoroughly understood that we are distinct and separate from the idolatrous Oriental Churches. The Moslems look on these "Christians" as creature worshippers. They are now beginning to understand that the Protestants hold to a purer faith. Sheikh Mohammed Smair, of the Anazy Arabs, on entering our simple church in Beirut, stood by my side in the pulpit, and placing his hand on the open Arabic Bible, said, "Truly this is the house of God. There is no image or idol here, only the house of God, and the Book of God."

The Greek Church in the last twelve hundred years has written its own condemnation. Where is the list of its converts from Islam during this long period? If it be replied in apology that the Greeks have during this time been politically *subject* to Islam and could do no proselyting work, we reply by pointing to the Ottoman Tartar conquest of the Arabs, when the conquerors embraced the religion of the conquered.

Alas, it is too true that the Greek Church in Syria and Palestine has lost all missionary zeal, and has ceased to honour the Holy Spirit while nominally holding to His divinity.

We as Protestants must present the Gospel to Islam in its

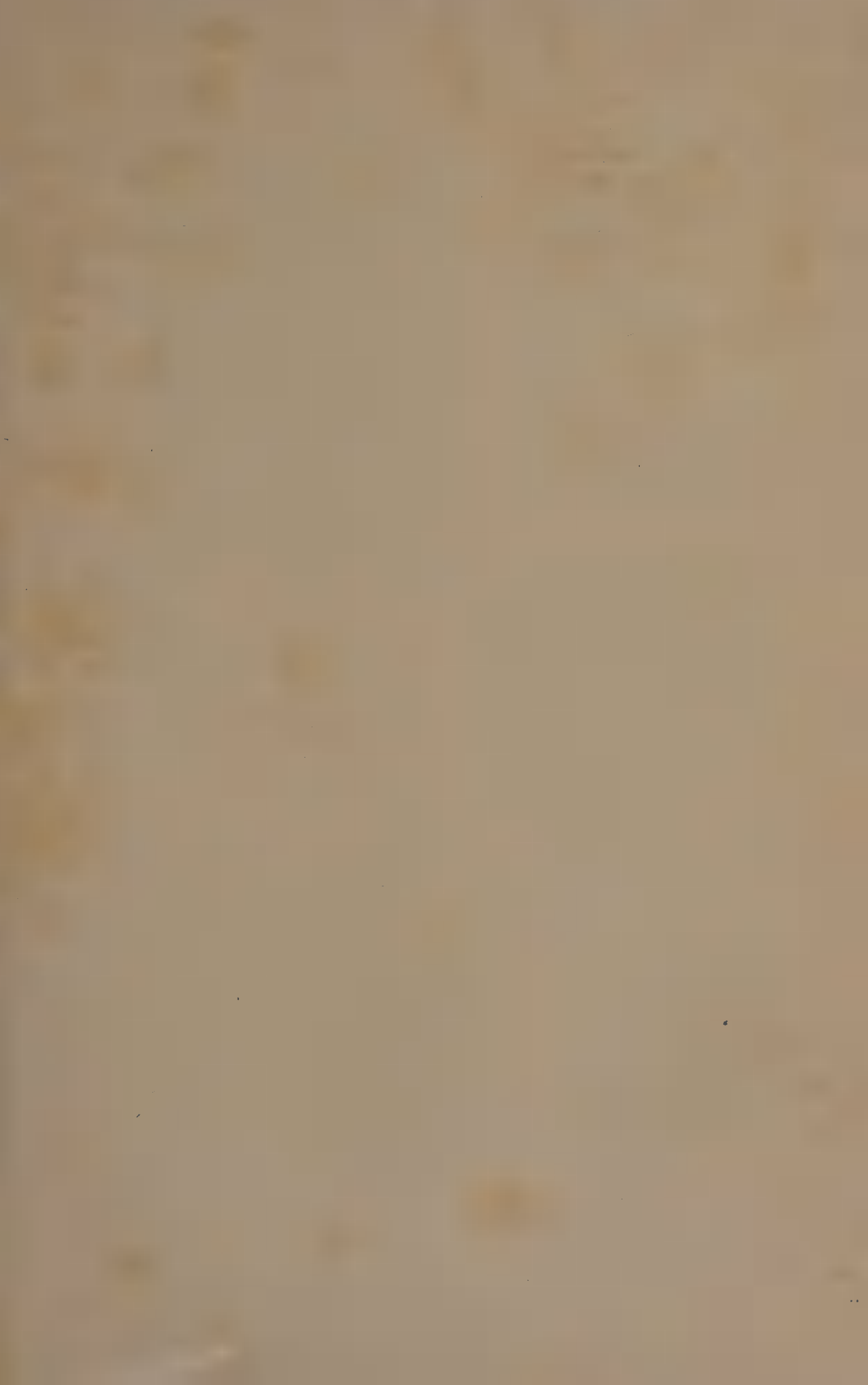
pristine purity and simplicity. Let us repudiate all alliances with human traditions and anti-Christian idolatries.

The Oriental Churches have lost the spirit which might enable them to evangelize Islam. They care not to do it. They cannot do it. They will not do it. This " kingdom " of privilege and service "shall be taken from them and given to another," even to the Churches of the Reformation.

The Evangelical Native Churches in Syria are all Presbyterian in polity and doctrine; those in Palestine, Episcopal in polity and doctrine, but truly evangelical, and not in sympathy with high Anglican assumptions; those in Egypt, chiefly Presbyterian of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States of America; those in Asia Minor and European Turkey almost all Congregational. In connection with the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria are three presbyteries; that of Mount Lebanon and Beirut; that of Sidon and dependencies, and that of Tripoli and Hums. Their organization is regular but simple, and the annual meetings are largely occupied with religious conference with a view to the promotion of the spiritual life. The Syrian pastors and elders have shown themselves able to conduct deliberative bodies in a grave and orderly manner, and to yield gracefully to the voice of the majority. Thus far, the American missionaries retain their connection with their home presbyteries in the United States, and at the same time, by consent and request of the Syrian brethren, are regular members of the Syrian presbyteries, and will probably continue so until the native churches are fully self-supporting. There are twenty-eight churches with 2,600 members, and the average congregations are 5,600.

Self-support is making good progress, but its great hindrance is the phenomenal emigration of Syrians to the United States, South America, Australia and the Transvaal. They have been emigrating for twenty years, and tens of thousands of the strong and enterprising young men have left their native land. Many of the churches are depleted and crippled, like the country churches in New England. Should the tide ever turn, and these emigrants return, the churches would soon feel the impulse and

enter on a new era of growth and self-support. It is an encouraging fact that five of the educated native preachers who emigrated to North and South America have returned to Syria, more than ever contented to remain here and full of enthusiasm for the cause of the Gospel.





CHURCHES AND SCENES

1. Hums Church. 2. The two lone cedars in the B'sherreh Grove, called "The Sentinels."
3. Zahleh Church. 4. The Historic Abeih Boys' Seminary Building, 1845-1871.

VI

Educational Foundation Stones

Abeih, 1846—Dr. De Forest's school for girls, 1847—Simeon H. Calhoun, "The Saint of Lebanon"—Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck.

TWO institutions were begun during this period, the Abeih Seminary for boys under Dr. Van Dyck, November 4, 1846, and Dr. De Forest's family boarding-school for girls, in Beirut. The Abeih Seminary passed under the care of Rev. Simeon Calhoun, in 1849, and continued to flourish as the highest literary institution in Syria, until the Syrian Protestant College was opened in 1865.

Dr. H. A. De Forest

The family boarding-school for girls in the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. De Forest began in 1847 and continued until Dr. De Forest returned to America in 1854. He and Mrs. De Forest had proved the capacity of Syrian girls to pursue a liberal course of education. Their cultivated graduates became wives and mothers, whose homes were distinguished in Syria for piety and high culture. Dr. De Forest insisted on teaching the English language to the young women, in order to open up to them the rich treasures of English literature. For years one could pick out the girls taught by Dr. and Mrs. De Forest, and some of them became eminent as teachers.

In 1854 Dr. De Forest was obliged by failing health to relinquish his work, and return to the United States. A nobler man never lived. Tall of stature, courteous and genial, with a voice of great depth and sweetness, a natural orator and a skillful physician, he was universally beloved and admired. During my first interview with him, in 1854, he gave me wholesome advice with regard to caring for health. He said, "Beware of exposure

to the Syrian sun. It is your enemy. Protect your head and the back of your neck. I went to Syria with an iron constitution. I was wont to walk long distances at home without fear of sun or storm. I thought I could do it in Syria. As a foreign doctor I was in great demand, and walked through the narrow lanes in the suburbs of Beirut, in the deep sand and under a blazing sun with a small black hat and no umbrella. One day after a long, hot walk, I felt a strange sensation in the back of my head, and soon found I had a sunstroke. From that dreadful stroke I never recovered. For twelve years I have studied and taught and preached and practiced medicine, and never a week, without that agonizing pain in my head. Even now I cannot converse or read long without a return of the agony. I warn you never to trust the Syrian sun." I have now for fifty-three years acted on that advice, and have always carried an umbrella, and in summer worn also a pith helmet hat. I have tried to pass on Dr. De Forest's advice to successive generations of young men who have come to Syria from America and Europe. In three cases the advice was indignantly rejected. "I am not afraid of the sun. I have always been accustomed to walk in sun and rain with only a small cap on my head," etc. These three men all died in a very short time of sunstroke and brain fever.[1] The direct rays of the Syrian sun on the back of the head of a European seem to act like the X-rays or radium.

Dr. De Forest and his accomplished wife were admirably fitted to train young women in piety, intellectual knowledge and a beautiful domestic life. The lovely Christian families in Syria, whose mothers were trained by them, will be their monuments for generations to come. In 1850, a report of Beirut station said, "Unhappily, only one of our native brethren is blessed with a pious wife." At the present time there are nearly 1,300 women who are church-members in the bounds of the Syria Mission, and the girls of all sects are being taught in all the cities and many of the villages of Syria. All honour to the men and women

[1] These were volunteer English missionaries. One died at Bagdad, and two in the Lebanon.

who gave the first impulse to female education in Syria. Their labours have aided as much if not more than any others in the elevation and enlightenment of Syrian society. Dr. De Forest died in the United States in November, 1858, greatly beloved and regretted.

Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun, "The Saint of Lebanon"

Mr. Calhoun was born in Boston, of Scotch-Irish parents, August 15, 1804, and graduated at Williams College in 1829. While in college he was a sceptic and indifferent to religion, but the prayers of a godly mother, who had consecrated him to Christ and to the missionary work at his birth, followed him, and in 1831 he was converted. While engaged as tutor in college he was noted for the peculiar simplicity and ardour of his piety, and for the great influence he exerted on the students. "His delight in the Scriptures was exceptional, and his remarks on the truths therein revealed were uncommonly suggestive and stimulating." He did not enter a regular theological seminary, but studied theology with those two giants, Drs. Griffin and Mark Hopkins, who constituted a theological faculty rarely equalled. In 1836 he was ordained, and left the United States in November as an agent of the American Bible Society for the Levant. In 1843 he was appointed a missionary of the American Board. During the eight years of his work in Smyrna, Constantinople, Asia Minor, the Greek Islands and Greece, he coöperated with the missionary bodies, preaching in English and modern Greek, and was indefatigable in teaching, touring, and distributing the Word of God.

On reaching Syria, in 1844, although forty years old and having passed the age when men can readily master a foreign language, his familiarity with the modern Greek aided him in studying the difficult Arabic language; difficult on account of its guttural sounds and peculiar idioms.

Dr. Van Dyck, in his "Reminiscences," states that "When the American Board deputation (Dr. R. Anderson and Dr. Joel Hawes) reached Smyrna, they found Mr. Calhoun quite ready to relinquish the work of Bible agent, and persuaded him to join the Syria Mis-

sion. He came to Syria with them on a tour of inspection. They recommended the opening of a seminary to be managed by Mr. Calhoun when he should join the mission, and after he had learned the Arabic. Mr. Calhoun took up his residence in Bhamdoun, and so steadfastly and perseveringly applied himself to the study of Arabic, that although somewhat advanced, he was, in a little over two years, able to teach and preach in Arabic." His teacher was Abu Selim, Yusef el Haddad of Tripoli, who knew nothing of Arabic grammar, but was a fine penman and full of anecdote and a great talker. If the deputation did nothing more than secure Mr. Calhoun for Syria it was worth all the expense involved.

During the civil war of 1845 between the Druses and Maronites, Mr. Calhoun summered in Bhamdoun, and used to ascend the high mountain ridge above the village and from under a walnut tree count the villages in flames. That jowz tree became known as "Jowz Calhoun," just as a conical marl hill, east of the village, where Mr. Beadle discovered a famous locality of fossil Ammonites, was known as Bustan Beadle, or "Beadle's Garden."

In 1846 he visited the United States, and at Braintree, Massachusetts, was married to Miss Emily Reynolds, a niece of Dr. Storrs. This estimable lady was the worthy companion of so noble, godly and consecrated a man, and made his home in Abeih a fountain of blessed influence for thirty years. She recently, November 4, 1908, died, in Natal, South Africa, where, with her daughter, Mrs. Ransom, she was labouring to lead souls to Christ.

In 1849 he was called to succeed Dr. Van Dyck as principal of the high school or seminary in Abeih. To this work he gave the best years of his life. In the summer of 1864 he visited England, but did not return to the United States until June 10, 1875. His lecture-room in Abeih was the centre of a mighty influence which is still felt all through Syria and the East. He was clear in statement, gentle in manner, dignified, yet in sympathy with the poorest and most ignorant lad, patient and perse-

vering. He was a scholar. His attainments were high as a classical scholar and as a mathematician.

He was a theologian. He was a "Doctor in Divinity," whether made thus by the universities or not. When this degree was conferred on him, he hesitated about receiving it, and finally wrote declining it, stating as a reason that it was at variance with the *parity* of the Christian ministry. His letter declining it was published, but by a typographical error, he was made to say that it "was at variance with the 'purity' of the Christian ministry." This error caused him great distress, and he said to me, "Brother Jessup, perhaps I had better have kept silence than to seem to make such a charge as that against my brethren."

His depth and breadth of views on the great doctrines of Christian theology have been attained by few, and *can* be attained only by those who, like him, draw from the fountain-head of the sacred Scriptures, and are taught by the illuminating Spirit. He often startled us with his fresh thoughts on old familiar subjects. Yet he had nothing about him of the dogmatic theologian. His own wide views of the many phases of truth kept him far from any approach to bigotry. On essentials he was firm as a rock and uncompromising; in non-essentials his was the largest charity and the full liberty of the New Testament.

He was an effective preacher. His commanding presence, his pleasant voice and his earnestness of manner, were all calculated to give force to his words: but there was something in his preaching beyond presence, or voice, or earnestness. The simplest truths, enunciated in the simplest way, seemed to fall from his lips with power.

The same things said by another would have made little if any impression. This has been remarked by comparative strangers, as well as by those who knew wherein lay the secret of his great strength. Christ seemed to be in him and to be seen through him.

He was a great teacher. In America or England he would have been a Mark Hopkins or Dr. Arnold. Whether the subject was algebra or astronomy or Greek or the Bible, he taught his

pupils. They grew under his teaching. His object in teaching was, first, to make wise unto salvation, and then to fit for usefulness. And he succeeded, as is proved by the large number of native labourers now in the field.

He was a loving, sympathizing friend and brother, and the sorrowing and troubled, whether foreign missionaries or native Christians, looked to him for comfort in the day of trouble.

He was a wise and prudent counsellor in our mission affairs. With excellent business capacities, executive power and natural shrewdness, he could foresee with acuteness, advise with wisdom and conduct with decision. He was mission treasurer for many years, and used to say that he was not aware that there had ever been a discrepancy of *five paras* (half a cent) in his annual accounts.

After the massacres of 1860, when Colonel Frazier was British commissioner in settling the new régime of government in Lebanon, he made Mr. Calhoun literally the man of his counsel. And when Daood Pasha, the first Christian governor of Lebanon, entered on his duties, he often visited Mr. Calhoun in his house, to consult him on questions pertaining to the Druse nation.

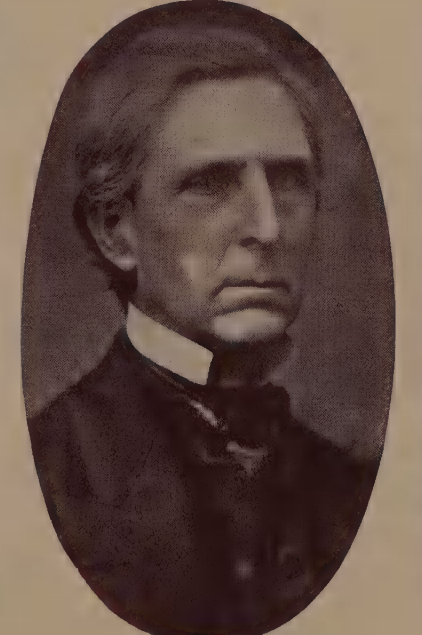
And the Druses, that brave, hardy, warlike, courteous yet mysterious people, trusted Mr. Calhoun implicitly, asked his advice, and sent their sons to him for education. During the summer of 1871, when I was in Abeih teaching in the theological class with Dr. Eddy and Mr. Calhoun, a young Druse sheikh was killed by falling from a roof. A stately funeral was given him. Hundreds of white turbaned Druse sheikhs from villages miles away came to condole with the family. I went with Mr. Calhoun to express our sympathy. That great multitude were seated in concentric circles under a great oak tree. As we approached, they all arose and stood until we were seated. Then they all saluted us over and over again, "Allah grant us your life instead of the deceased." "Allah spare to you *your* children." "The will of Allah be done," etc.

No people can be more effusive in courteous and elaborate salutation than the Druses. When they were all seated, there was a great silence and all eyes turned to Mr. Calhoun. At





REV. J. EDWARDS FORD



REV. SIMEON H. CALHOUN



REV. J. L. LYONS

length he spoke, "Whenever I see the dead body of a brother man, I am filled with indignation, yes, I may say *hatred*." All seemed startled at this unusual remark from a man noted for calmness and self-control. "Yes," he continued, "with hatred of sin, which brought death into the world and is the cause of all our sorrows, troubles and woes. Why should we not hate sin, and love Him who knew no sin, but tasted death for every man?" Then there was silence. At length a venerable sheikh began to discourse on the duty of patience and resignation, and the duty of entire submission to the will of Allah, in eloquent and beautiful Arabic, reminding one of Job or Moses or Abraham.

When the war of 1860 began, I was a guest in Mr. Calhoun's house in Abeih, and the Greek Catholic, Maronite and Protestant men all fled to Beirut. The women and children remained and brought all their valuables, money, jewelry and silks tied in bundles and threw them at the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun. They asked no receipt and did not even seal the packages and we took them and piled them in a closet. Two months later when the French army came up into Lebanon the Druses fell into a panic and brought all *their* treasures to Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun in the same confiding way, until all the treasures of Abeih were in "safe deposit" in their humble, unprotected house. During all those days of war and pillage, burning and desolation, I never, up to the time of my leaving for Beirut, saw Mr. Calhoun perturbed or anxious. His placid face showed no sign of fear. The very peace of God filled his soul and the light of God shone in his face though "he wist not that his face shone."

On one occasion later on, his face did betray real agony. Twenty-two hundred men had just been massacred through Turkish treachery, by the Druse army at Deir el Komr. The only men left alive were thirty Protestants of Ain Zehalteh who had taken refuge in Rev. William Bird's house. Mr. Bird, much against his will, had been compelled by the United States consul to come away to Abeih with his family. The next day, Thursday, June 21st, was the massacre. That night the Druse begs in Abeih came to Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird and said, "Deir el

University of Southern California

Komr is gone—the men all slain. None remain but those in Mr. Bird's house. You must go at once and bring them away. We will go with you, and hasten, lest the Hauran Druses, knowing that Mr. Bird's house is full of Christian treasure, should break in and kill your Protestants." Long before light they set out. It was an agonizing three hours' ride to both these brethren, and more agonizing when they entered the town and rode over the corpses of Mr. Bird's old neighbours and friends. They arrived just in time. Those wild Druses of the Leja had brought a huge beam and were ramming the door. But the Druse commander, Bushir Beg, and his men drove them off, and Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird entered and found the thirty men alive. The Druses then took all of Mr. Bird's furniture and all the deposits and carried them to the Druse Khulweh or assembly house and guarded them securely. Then the two missionaries headed the procession, and with a Druse guard, conducted these rescued men over to Abeih. The next day, Saturday, Mr. Calhoun alone, with a Druse guard, took these thirty brethren to Beirut. He came to my house, and as he opened the door, with a look of weariness and pain such as I never before saw in his face, exclaimed, "Brother Jessup, what does all this mean? Truly God is speaking to us." He returned at once to Abeih and with Mr. Bird made daily trips to Deir el Komr bringing away on mules Mr. Bird's furniture and library and such women and children as had not been conveyed by the Druses to the seashore whence English gunboats carried them to Beirut. On the 26th, Mr. Calhoun wrote me, "I am weary."

Years afterwards, Ali Beg Hamady, one of the leaders of the Druse attack on Deir el Komr, told me why Mr. Bird's house was spared on that dreadful day of wrath. Ali Beg was a haughty warrior. He led a regiment of rough-riders to the Crimean War and had the rank of colonel in the Turkish army. Twenty-five years after the massacre of Deir el Komr, in 1885, I called on Ali Beg in Baklin, his home. He was a tall, stately man, with a white turban, a long beard, flowing robes, and received us with that beautiful courtesy for which the Druses are so famous. A

young man of the family was then in the college in Beirut. He asked me, "Do you know why Mr. Bird's house was not attacked during the massacre of 1860? It was because of the character of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird. I saved that house and set guards to protect it."

Years afterwards in Beirut a Druse called at my house one day before sunset, and said he brought a message from Ali Beg who was ill and wished to see me. The messenger said, "Bring your New Testament (Injeel) with you." I hastened to the house with my Arabic Testament. He was lying on a bed on the floor, bolstered up with cushions. Fixing his piercing eagle eye on me he said, "I am a dying man. I honoured and loved Mr. Calhoun, and he loved the Injeel. Read to me the passages he loved." I read to him the sweetest of the gospel invitations and promises. He listened like one hungering and thirsting. "Read more," said he, "read more. Is there pardon for a great sinner like me?" I was deeply affected, and pointed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. I led in prayer, asking God for Christ's sake to forgive him, and he repeated the words after me. After a long interview, at his request, I left the New Testament with him, promising to call in the morning, and earnestly praying that the Saviour would reveal Himself to this dying warrior. The next day I went down to call on him, and met a long procession in the street. "What is this?" I asked. "The funeral of Ali Beg." Mr. Calhoun had been dead for nearly fifteen years, but I doubt not he welcomed to glory this aged man of war and blood, ransomed through their common Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Calhoun went to the United States in 1875 on furlough. He spoke with great power at the General Assembly in Brooklyn, May, 1876. He had always expressed the hope that he might rest on Mount Lebanon, but he fell asleep in Buffalo, December 14, 1876. A return to Syria was fully expected, but disease developed, and his fond desire of sleeping his long last sleep beneath the shade of the Lebanon cypresses was not granted. The return in the culminating years of his life to his native land

and the Christian Church of America was not, we are sure, without meaning in the plan of an unerring Providence. Mr. Calhoun was able before his health seriously failed to travel to a considerable degree in the United States, to make many visits, and to address a number of the large and important assemblies of the Church of Christ at home. He thus gave the rich garnerings of his long and fruitful experience and the benefit of his profound wisdom to the Christian public in his native land, and cast the impress of his Christlike personality upon multitudes who listened to his words and looked upon his benign countenance. It has seemed to us that the sphere of his life's usefulness was widened in this summing up of his career by his personal presence in the home land at its close.

Had he died in Lebanon the Druses and perhaps others would have made his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage, so greatly was he revered.

He was called "The Saint of Lebanon," and "The Cedar of Lebanon" from his holy life and noble, commanding figure. God called him to bear the cross and labour in the earthly Canaan, and then called him to wear the crown in the heavenly

Dr. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck

No American name is more revered and loved in Syria and the Arabic-speaking lands to-day than that of Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck.

He was born in Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, August 13, 1818, studied medicine at Jefferson College in Philadelphia, and sailed for Syria as a lay medical missionary in February, 1840, when twenty-one and a half years of age. A Christian woman in Hornellsville, New York, remarked to Dr. Harris in 1903, that when she was a young girl in Kinderhook, she heard a friend say one Sunday, "It is discouraging that at our communion services to-day, only two persons were received, one a negro woman and the other a young man named Van Dyck." Yet this young man was one day to reflect greater

honour on his native church and town than even the famous Martin Van Buren of Kinderhook, and will be remembered and revered when the most of his Kinderhook cotemporaries are forgotten.

He was of Dutch descent, and owing to his father's financial misfortunes, was left to gain his education largely through his own efforts. When young he was a lover of nature, and prepared an herbarium of all the plants of his native country. At eighteen he lectured on chemistry to a school for girls.

He sailed from Boston, January 12, 1840, in the bark *Emma Isodora*, of 200 tons. The vessel was ice-bound in Boston harbour for three days. There were nine missionaries, three married men and Dr. Van Dyck, a bachelor of twenty-one and a half years, and three other passengers. "There were no decent accommodations for passengers. The cabin was about ten by thirteen feet. Small pens called staterooms had been 'knocked up' in the after hold, and five married couples were crowded into this 'Black Hole.' The doctor slept in the deck house over the companionway. The table was over the stairs, resting on the railing, so as to shut off what little air could get down below that way. On a previous voyage to the West Indies, coffee had been spilled in the hold, and decayed, and produced a bilge, the smell of which was simply indescribable. There is nothing vile enough to compare with it. The agent of the Boston mission house had bought as his sleeping outfit a small blanket, too short at both ends, and as thin as a lady's veil, and a thin cotton spread, and this for a winter voyage. But for a buffalo robe he brought with him from home and a thick overcoat, he might have suffered. He was young and in robust health and did not mind matters at all. But the case was different with those five poor ladies, who were shut up below, and compelled to endure the smell of the bilge. A strong current of air drew down from the foresail into the forecastle, whence it drew through the hold to the cabin, taking the whole abominable compound of stinks, and keeping it up, on those poor creatures below, whence it came up through the companion-

way under the dining table in the deck house. You may imagine the result!

"They reached Smyrna February 26, 1840, in forty-five days from Boston, and were received into the families of Messrs. Temple and Riggs. Mr. Adger was absent. Mr. S. H. Calhoun was stationed at Smyrna as agent for the American Bible Society. He was absent on duty in Athens. Some time in March they took Austrian steamer for Beirut, calling at Larnaca, Cyprus, where they met Messrs. Ladd and J. Thomson and also Mr. Hebard, who was en route for Constantinople.

"On the 2d of April they anchored off Beirut and were met by Messrs. William M. Thomson and E. R. Beadle, who came alongside. Though they had a clean bill of health, they were landed with all their goods and boxes (which in his case consisted of a small box of books and a trunk) in the quarantine, and kept fourteen days in durance vile in a leaky house. Then at the end of the fortnight some of them were taken into Dr. Thomson's family and some into Mr. Beadle's. Dr. Eli Smith was then in the United States, Mr. Hebard in Constantinople, and Messrs. Lanneau and Sherman in Jerusalem. Miss Tilden was teaching with Mr. Beadle in the Beirut Boys' Seminary." [1]

Arriving in Syria April 2, 1840, he began at once the study of Arabic which he kept up all his life, with remarkable success. In May, 1840, he made an extensive tour in Northern Syria with Dr. Thomson, and in July proceeded to Jerusalem to have the medical care of the missionary families. Returning to Beirut in January, 1841, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Butrus Bistany, a recent convert to the Protestant faith from the Maronite sect. These two young men formed a warm attachment. Bistany was a scholar and an industrious student, and their congeniality of taste bound them together their whole lives. At Mr. Bistany's funeral, in 1883, he was requested to make an address, but was so overcome that he was only able to say with deep emotion, "Oh, friend of my youth!"

Dr. Van Dyck studied Arabic with Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, the poet, and Sheikh Yusef el Asír, a Mohammedan Mufti, graduate

[1] Quoted from Dr. Van Dyck's "Reminiscences."

of the Azhar University in Cairo. The former was Dr. Eli Smith's Arabic assistant in Bible translation for eight years, and the latter assisted Dr. Van Dyck also for eight years in the same great work. He soon mastered the best productions of Arabic poetry and literature, and by his wonderful memory could quote from the poetry, proverbs, history and science of the Arabs in a way which completely fascinated the Syrian people. They said, "He is one of us." He had no peer among foreigners in his knowledge of the Arabic language and literature. This taste for language was natural to him, and was a divine gift and a divine preparation for the great work of Bible translation to which in due season God called him.

On the 23d of December, 1842, he was married to Miss Julia Abbott, whose mother, the widow of the British Consul-General Abbott, had married in August, 1835, Rev. William M. Thomson.

In June, 1843, he removed with Dr. Thomson and Mr. Butrus Bistany to Abeih in Lebanon, fifteen miles southeast of Beirut, where he founded the Abeih High School, which was afterwards known as the famous Abeih Seminary, and which was under the care of Rev. S. H. Calhoun for twenty-six years, from 1849 to 1875. During his six years' stay in Abeih, he prepared in Arabic school-books on geography, algebra, geometry, logarithms, plane and spherical trigonometry, navigation and natural philosophy. These books, afterwards revised by himself, continue to be standard works in the Arabic language.

His geography of Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, is a thesaurus of graphic description, and full of apt quotations in poetry and prose from the old Arab geographers and travellers. The people delight in it and quote it with admiration. I found it to be one of the best possible reading books in acquiring a knowledge of the Arabic vocabulary.

In 1847 he was a member of a committee with Drs. Eli Smith and G. B. Whiting to prepare the appeal in behalf of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, which we have already quoted in the chapter on Bible translation. From this time until 1857 he lived in Sidon in a house "on the wall," with

his father-in-law, Dr. Thomson. Their field extended to Tyre and Tiberias and to Mount Hermon and even Damascus. And they made extended tours, preaching and healing the sick. Their house in Sidon was open to all, and their evening Bible classes were thronged with young men.

When he removed from Abeih to Sidon, he expressed great joy at the prospect of giving himself more completely to the work of preaching. But his linguistic tastes led him more and more to lay up great stores of Arabic learning.

Dr. Eli Smith died January 11, 1857, having laboured eight years in the translation of the Scriptures. In the chapter on Bible translation we have given a full account of Dr. Van Dyck's success in finishing it. It was indeed *finished*. But few errors, and those of secondary importance, have ever been found in this wonderfully accurate translation. It is the enduring monument of the scholarship, taste and sound judgment of the two eminent men whom God raised up for the work.

In 1865 he went to New York to superintend the electrotyping of the whole Bible, to save the enormous expense of setting up the type whenever an edition was printed. While in America he gave instruction in the Hebrew language in Union Theological Seminary in New York, and was offered a permanent professorship, which he declined, saying, "I have left my heart in Syria and thither I must return." He returned to Beirut in September, 1867, and in addition to his regular duties as editor of the press and of the weekly journal, the *Neshrah*, he accepted the professorship of pathology in the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College, and continued in this office until 1883, when he resigned. During the sixteen years of his connection with the college, he published a large Arabic volume on pathology, another on astronomy, and a work on chemistry. He aided in the foundation of the observatory, and brought out a telescope which he afterwards sold to the college. Together with Drs. Post, Wortabet and Lewis, he conducted regular clinics in the St. John's Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Berlin.

After his resignation from the Syrian Protestant College, he

accepted an invitation from the Greek Hospital of St. George in Beirut and continued to attend its clinics for ten years, and aided largely not only in raising its character, but in inducing the wealthy Syrian Greeks to contribute to its enlargement and its higher efficiency. In 1891, the year of his jubilee of fifty years in Syria, the Greek citizens placed a white marble bust of Dr. Van Dyck in the open court in the midst of the hospital as a proof of their appreciation and gratitude. It was the first memorial bust erected in Syria in modern times, and the Greek Society have shown great liberality and sincere gratitude by setting it up to commemorate the labours and life of an American Protestant missionary physician. Several eloquent addresses were made, and Greeks, Mohammedans, Maronites, Protestants, Catholics and Jews united in the celebration.

During the latter years of his life he published in Arabic eight volumes of science primers and a fine volume, "Beauties of the Starry Heavens." His last Arabic work was the translation of "Ben Hur," which was published after his death by two of his pupils at the "Muktataf" Press in Cairo.

Dr. Sarroof states in a brief Arabic memoir, that Dr. Van Dyck was most sensitive with regard to the honour due to Dr. Eli Smith, and would never allow the translation of the Bible to be spoken of as his alone. When Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, called upon him in 1877 he complimented him on his translation of the Bible. Dr. Van Dyck at once replied, "Perhaps Your Majesty has not been informed that I am not the only translator. The work was begun by Dr. Eli Smith, and after his death I completed it." He scorned flattery and once on receiving a visit from a deputation of learned sheikhs and Ulema from Damascus, the leading sheikh, a noted scholar, began to praise the doctor in efflorescent Oriental style, and asked, "What gifts and talents must a man have to attain such learning as you have?" The doctor curtly replied, "The humblest may attain to it by industry. He who strives wins."

On April 2, 1890, his jubilee was celebrated by his friends, native and foreign. Committees had been formed in Syria and

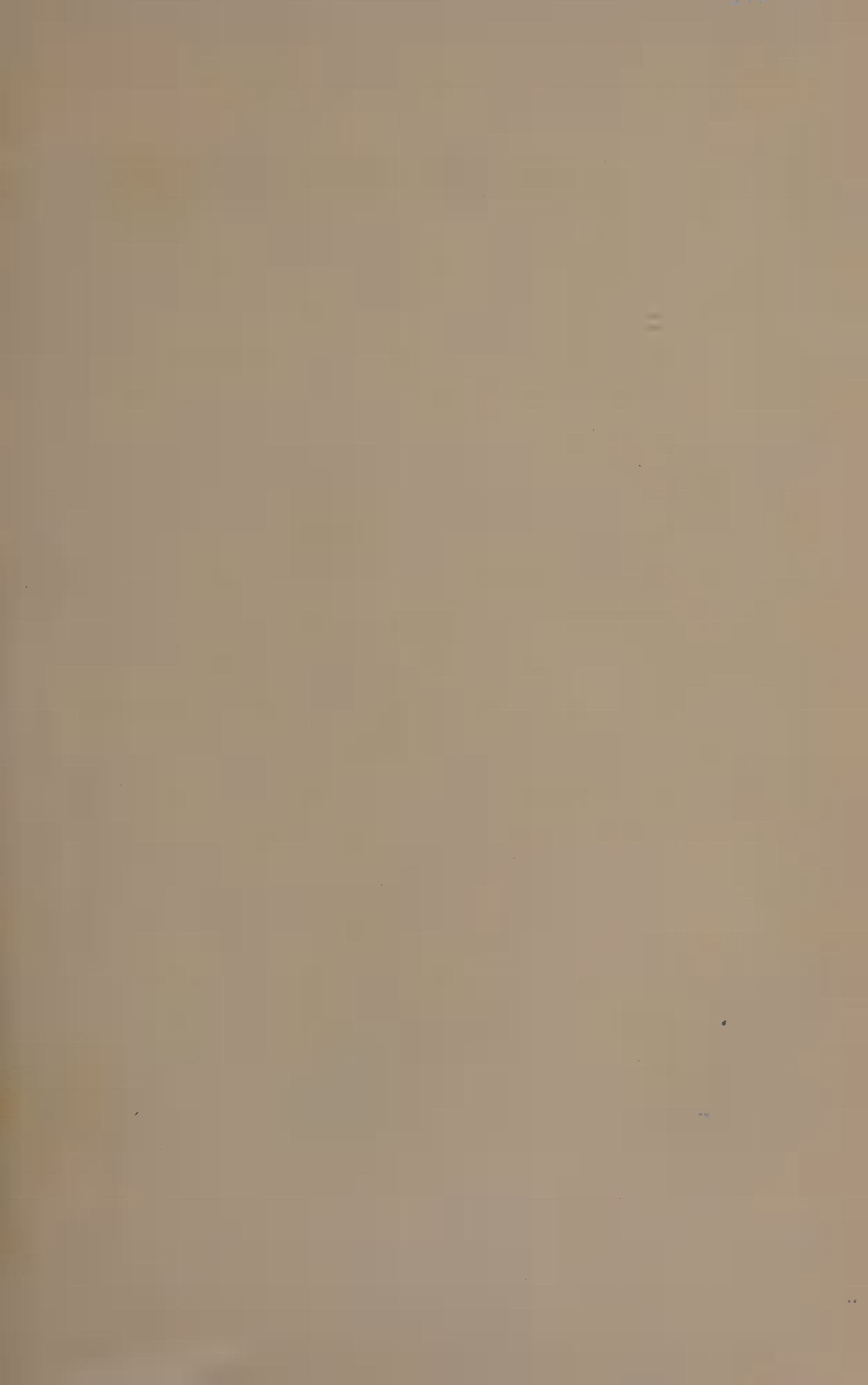
Egypt, and subscriptions raised. On the day of his jubilee deputation after deputation visited him, presenting addresses and tokens of esteem. The native committee presented him with a purse of £500. The American missionaries gave him a Gothic walnut case containing all of his Arabic publications, twenty-six in number, elegantly bound. A photographer presented him a large picture of himself in an Oriental frame. The managers of the Greek Hospital gave him a silver coffee set, and a valuable gift was presented him from the Curatorium of St. John's Hospital.

Among the addresses presented to him on his jubilee were those from the Central Committee, from the Orthodox Greek Patriarch of Antioch in Damascus, Dr. Edward C. Gilman of the American Bible Society, the Curators of St. John's Hospital, the Syrian Evangelical Society, the session of the Beirut Church, the Greek Bishop of Beirut, the Alumni of the Syrian Protestant College, the Syrian Young Women's Society, the Y. M. C. A., the undergraduates of the Syrian Protestant College, and an elaborate address from his brethren of the Syrian Mission read by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy.

In 1892 Dr. Van Dyck received the honorary degree of L. H. D. from the University of Edinburgh.

After a brief illness, he entered into rest on Wednesday morning, November 13, 1895. The public sorrow was perhaps unparallelled in Syria. He had requested that no word of eulogy be uttered at his funeral and the request was strictly complied with. It is an old custom in Syria for the poets to read eulogistic poems at funerals, and no Oriental custom was more distasteful to him, so that literally a score of poets were greatly disappointed. But a few days after, on Wednesday, November 30th, by general request, the writer pronounced a funeral discourse to a large congregation. His admiring friends, however, sent to the local press, and to his old pupil, Dr. Iskander Barudi, not less than forty-seven elegiac poems, which were published in a volume.

His old pupil and fellow teacher, Dr. John Wortabet and a



TOMB OF DR. C. V. A. VAN DYCK



STATUE OF DR. DANIEL BLIS

few associates, erected over his grave a monument of red Aberdeen granite suitably inscribed in both English and Arabic:

Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck
Born in Kinderhook, August 13, 1818,
Died in Beirut, November 13, 1895,
After labouring 55 years among the sons of the
Arabic language.

VII

Life in Tripoli

The glory of the Lebanon—A missionary home—Coffee and poisons—The fellahin—Geology in Syria—Sketches—My first sermon—A furlough.

AS will have been seen, my personal connection with the mission did not begin until nearly the end of the second period of the mission's history. Before and after the annual meeting already spoken of, I visited several stations in Mount Lebanon,—Bhamdoun, Ain Zehalteh, Deir el Komr and Abeih. In Ain Zehalteh I heard my colleague, Mr. Lyons, preach his first Arabic sermon, and then took my first meal in a Syrian home, that of Mr. Khalil Maghubghub, the teacher. As I had never seen the thin Arab bread called "markoak," which is baked in round sheets about fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, I took a loaf and spread it on my lap supposing it to be a napkin. On my asking Mr. Lyons why they had no bread, he replied with a smile, "Because they eat their napkins!" I exclaimed, and the teacher on hearing of my mistake joined us in a hearty laugh. On every visit since that time to Ain Zehalteh during these fifty-three years, I am reminded of my eating my napkin.

On April 23, 1856, we went up by French steamer to Tripoli, the station to which I had been appointed by the mission as a colleague of Mr. Lyons. We were accompanied as far as Tripoli by the Aikens, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Calhoun who were en route for Hums. Mrs. Wilson was already in Hums.

I was soon domesticated with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons in Tripoli. That city had a reputation for the aristocratic pride of its people, both Moslems and Greek Christians. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Foote had made many warm friends there. Only one man, Mr. Antonius Yanni, whose father was a Greek from the Island of

Miconos, had become an open Protestant. As American vice-consul he was obliged to be courteous to Americans, much against his religious prejudices, but by degrees, read the Bible with Mr. Wilson from beginning to end, and came into gospel light and liberty. He used to tell with much amusement of the horror with which he received a religious tract from Dr. Thomson in the Meena, and then, holding it at arm's length, ran a mile and a half to his home in Tripoli and burned it in the kitchen. He then went to the priest and confessed his sin. The priest fined him three piastres (twelve cents) for having received the tract, and forgave him, but then bethinking himself, asked, "What was the name of the tract?" Yanni replied, "Asheat al Ahad," a selection of Psalms to be read Sunday evening. "Ah," said the priest, "those were the Psalms of King David, and to burn them was a great sin." So Yanni paid three piastres more and went away much perplexed at the logic of the priest.

As the summer drew on, the heat increased, and we walked out at evening through the shady walks among the orange orchards, enjoyed the luscious apricots and plums and often gathered shells along the seashore, to send home to our friends. I studied Arabic about six hours daily, with three teachers, Abu Selim of the Meena, the Port of Tripoli, who had taught Mr. Calhoun in 1841, Nicola Monsur, and Elias Saadeh, a young Greek, who in after years came out boldly as a preacher of the pure Gospel. The scenery of the plain of Tripoli with its luxuriant gardens is beautiful. But the crowning glory of the scene is that goodly mountain, Lebanon. It rises in the distance, range upon range, at its base bordered with gardens and orchards, with here and there a stone-walled village, hardly distinguishable at this distance from the white rock of the mountain ridges, while further up is bleak, rocky desolation. Towards the southeast, the highest range recedes, sweeping eastward in a majestic curve, and returning again towards the southwest, thus embracing in an amphitheatre of grand dimensions, the famous valley of the "Cedars of Lebanon," while to the north of this valley, and almost due east from the city, the summit of Jebel Makmel sits

enthroned above all in snowy magnificence. Here the range of Lebanon proper terminates, and towards the northeast you see the immense precipice, where that mountain abruptly sinks to a level, and sweeps away to lose its identity among the shapeless hills and undulating plains, which extend to the Orontes, and border the "entrance of Hamath." You may gaze at the scene for hours and days and not be weary. You may view it at sunrise, when the sun bursts forth in all its glory from the snowy summits, revealing peak after peak and valley after valley, dissolving the mists, reflecting the rays of the monarch of heaven from the sheets of ice which encircle the brow of this monarch of earth, and throwing long spectral shadows down the dark ravines; or at evening when the last rays of the setting sun array the clouds in crimson and purple and gold, and then the rugged forms of the mountain peaks, bathed in a flood of mellow light, seem to lose their sternness, gradually fading from view in a halo of indescribable glory; or at midnight, when the full moon beams down so serenely and brightly through the transparent Syrian air, that you can almost forget the absence of the sun, and the tall cliffs stand out clear and cold, and awfully silent, overwhelming the mind with a new sense of the presence of Him who made the heaven and the earth, and the everlasting mountains, and before whose glory even the "glory of Lebanon" shall be a thing of naught; and though this be oft repeated, you will not be too weary to wonder, or too indifferent to praise. Here you become conscious of that indescribable something in mountain scenery which exalts, and at the same time humbles the spirit, and the earnest wish begins to burn within your soul, that it may be yours to live and die beneath the shadow of Mount Lebanon.

My first duty was language study. We had no good dictionaries. My principal one was Freytag's quarto Lexicon in four volumes, the meanings all given in Latin, and studying Arabic with such helps was a weariness to the flesh. We had also little reading primers, and reading-books, with the geography and arithmetic published at the American Press. The chief difficulty was obtaining suitable teachers. My first teacher was Abu

Selim Diab, who was recommended by Dr. Van Dyck as having been the teacher of Mr. Calhoun in Lebanon, in 1845. He knew no grammar and taught me more blunders than I was aware of at the time, but his chief excellence was story-telling, in which he used correct Arabic. When it became necessary to study grammar, we secured Sheikh Owad, a fanatical and conceited Moslem, who loathed the necessity of teaching the sacred Arabic grammar to a foreign "infidel."

The mission at that time had no definite rules for Arabic study and no examinations of new missionaries, so that each new recruit was obliged to stumble along as best he could. Some missionaries for this reason acquired habits of false pronunciation which adhered to them all their lives. One of my chief advantages in acquiring the colloquial was almost daily association with Mr. Yanni who was the most voluble and rapid talker I have met in the East. Once able to understand him, I could understand everybody. I began Arabic writing with Abu Selim, and during my six months' visit to America the following year I kept up Arabic correspondence with him. But it should be stated that an Arabic letter in those days consisted of three parts: a long, flowery, poetical introduction covering one-third of the page, a similar conclusion covering the last third, and a brief letter in the middle. Important business, however, was written in a postscript diagonally across the right hand bottom of the page, and this was the part generally read by the receiver. Ever since, I have written my Arabic letters myself. A missionary who cannot himself write a letter in the vernacular is greatly crippled and embarrassed in his work.

The boards of missions now, having learned by experience, insist upon a definite course of language study and rigid examinations, failing in which the new missionary is expected to resign.

The houses occupied by the missionaries in those days were the old-fashioned native houses in the cities and mountain villages. The roofs generally leaked and the walls were soaked by the winter rains, so that the walls were often discoloured by green-

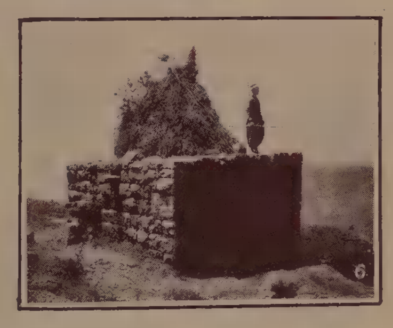
ish fungus. In the mountain villages the houses were dark, with heavy earthen roofs, mud floors and few windows. Glass windows were almost unknown when I came to Syria. The first labour of a missionary in occupying a mountain house was to have openings made in the stone walls, and window frames and sash brought up from the cities on the plain. These facts seem almost incredible to the modern Syrian dwellers in the cities and the better villages of the Lebanon range, where the houses are rapidly becoming thoroughly Europeanized,—dry, airy and comfortable.

My first home in Tripoli was homely enough. For a year before my marriage and for six months after it, I enjoyed the hospitality of my dear colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons. But in the fall of 1858 we hired a house which stood near the site of the present Greek Church. Only a few rods to the south of this house was the Massaad house where Mr. Wilson had lived before, and where my brother lived afterwards. Between the two was a ruined Moslem wely (or tomb) surmounted by a moss-grown dome and overgrown with brambles and stunted fig trees,—the haunt of snakes. In 1855 Mr. Wilson caught in a box rat-trap a snake five feet long, and after my brother took the house, his wife, on going to her room one evening, saw a huge serpent hissing on the iron bars of the open window.

Our house consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, opening into a vegetable garden, and two rooms on the roof of a neighbour's house, reached by a flight of thirty stone steps, with a kitchen and servant's room under the stairs. One of the rooms on the ground floor, a long, low, narrow, rakish affair, had been used as a stable, and it required days of work to shovel out and wash out the accumulated filth. The broken stone floor was mended up, rat-holes filled with stone and mortar, two windows cut in opposite walls, the walls whitewashed, poison applied to the woodwork, long strips of white cotton cloth nailed to the blackened and half-rotten ceiling,—and our parlour became the admiration of the boys and young men who crowded in on stormy winter nights to warm themselves by the cook-stove in the lower





RURAL SCENES IN LEBANON

1. Basket-making in a Lebanon village. 2. Feeding the fatted sheep and baking bread. 3. Winnowing the grain by tossing it in the air. 4. Spreading grapes on the ground to make raisins, in a Lebanon vineyard. 5. Ain Zehalteh fountain. Washing the fatted sheep. 6. Druze watchman in a Lebanon vineyard.



end of the room. To reach our bedroom we crossed a paved yard, sheltered by umbrellas when it rained, then up a covered staircase and across a flat, uncovered roof. The following fall we removed to the Tromb house on which three new rooms had been built of the porous sandstone, plastered on the outside with white mortar. After the first hard rain in November, these walls absorbed water like a sponge, and the inside walls were soon coated with mould of many colours,—yet we wintered there, and bore the discomforts as best we could.

My second summer in Duma, in 1858, my wife and I spent in the house of a Greek priest, Soleyman. It was an antique mountain house, consisting of two long parallel rooms, separated by a wall of kowar (woven reeds plastered with clay, and divided into sections or bins, holding wheat, barley, cut straw, and various household stores). This wall extended only three-fourths of the height of the ceiling. No other house was obtainable at that time. The floors, as usual in those days, were of clay, which was washed over weekly by the women and rubbed down with a smooth pebble, thus killing the flees and renewing the surface. Over this were spread mats which were a protection. As the peasants leave their shoes at the door, and use no chairs or tables, the floors did good service. But our chairs and tables soon broke through the crust of clay, to the dismay of the priest's wife, who was a very patient, hard-working woman.[1]

The only roads in those days were caravan tracks and bridle-paths. The first wheeled vehicle known in Syria was in 1861, and that on the French diligence road to Damascus, the only carriage road in Syria until about 1865 a little branch road was built to Baabda, the winter seat of the Lebanon government. Since that time roads have gradually been built. The carriage road to Sidon was not finished till 1902 and the completion of

[1] Since those days the village has been completely transformed. Emigrants to North and South America have returned enriched and have built beautiful homes, with tiled roofs, glass fronts and marble floors, vying with city houses. Indeed this holds true of the Lebanon villages for a hundred miles along the mountain range. Everywhere the people say, "This was done with American money."

the one to Tripoli is now (1909) in the near future. For twenty years a road has been surveyed from Sidon to Judaideh. Successive kaimakams have taxed the people grievously for building this road. After building a few hundred rods the kaimakam would be removed to another district, carrying the road funds in his pocket. Similar jobbery and robbery were carried on for many years by the governors of Latakia and Hamath who reported to the government progress in taxing the people and building the road which has never yet been completed.

There was one institution in Tripoli, which still exists in many cities in Syria, which was a source of stupefying wonder to the average small boy. I refer to the vice-consulates of the European Powers. France and England were represented by foreigners, but Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland, by Oriental Greeks and Catholics. In the simple life of those old days, "to be a vice-consul was greater than to be a king." On feast days, especially the Turkish official holidays, they marched with stately tread through the narrow streets, preceded by armed, gaily caparisoned Moslem kavasses or janizaries, with their tall silver-headed staves rattling on the pavement, the pompous dragoman or interpreter in the rear, a fringe of small boys all around, like the American boys following the elephant. The ordinary Moslems looked on with bitter disdain, but they were careful to keep silent lest they draw on themselves the wrath of czar, emperor or king. Feast days were innumerable. In the Greek Church the people are obliged to refrain from work for about fifty holy days in addition to Sundays, so that the working men lose one-sixth of their working days. To make the round of calls needed on a first-class feast day, either Moslem or Christian, was a strenuous business. In those days to refuse coffee or sweets was to imply that you feared poisoning, and twenty coffee cups of black Arabic coffee were a peril to the health. The old way of getting rid of an obnoxious pasha or condemned criminal or secret enemy was to put corrosive sublimate in coffee, and I have been often warned in going to a certain place to avoid drinking coffee. Once in

Hasbeiya, when visiting at the house of good Deacon Kozta, the Turkish kaimakam called. He was a new governor, and every honour was shown him. Coffee was made as a matter of course. But Kozta, in order to relieve any suspicion on the part of His Excellency, brought in the coffee himself, in a little tin boiler on a tray. The tiny cups were on the tray, inverted. He took a cup, turned it over and over, to show that nothing was in it, and drank it himself. Then taking the same cup he filled it from the boiler and handed it to the governor, who drank it cheerfully. Ordinarily, sugar was not used, partly because in those days it was rare, and partly because it resembled the white powdered poisons.

Only quite recently Dr. Mary P. Eddy was warned not to drink coffee in a certain bigoted Maronite district, lest harm befall her, but that old custom is rapidly going into disuse. Since the chemical laboratory of the Syrian Protestant College was established, the rulers of Mount Lebanon have frequently had analyses made of the stomachs of men dying suddenly, and poisons have been detected and the culprits punished, so that it was no longer easy to poison men through a cup of coffee. Coffee is the national beverage of the Arab race and indeed of the whole Eastern world, and the coffee-house is an orderly, quiet place, only broken in upon by the voice of the professional hakawati, or talk maker, who reads or recites, with violent gesticulations, the glory of Antar the Arab Hercules, or some other ancient lay. In those early days, drunkenness was confined to Oriental Christians and Nusairiyeh. The Moslems, as a rule, were total abstainers, and this fact, in spite of their other vices, has tended to maintain their virile vigour as a race. But European civilization has brought in its train the fashion of drink, and many Mohammedans high and low have yielded to its fascination. The ruling pashas provide their guests with champagne and costly beverages, and the lower classes of Moslems vie with Greeks and Catholics and Armenians in drinking that poisonous liquor known as arack, distilled from barley or grapes, which crazes the brain, and is already responsible for three-fourths of

the crime of the Turkish Empire. When I came to Beirut in 1856, there was one grog-shop kept by an Ionian Greek. The pasha closed it, but the Greek consul opened it as being under the protection of a Christian power. The bark I came in from Boston to Smyrna had a cargo of New England rum. Commerce of this kind has done its best to ruin the people of Turkey, as it is now decimating the tribes of Africa. The strong ground for temperance taken by American missionaries in Turkey has given them great influence among the Mohammedans, and the drinking habits of certain European Christians have proved to be a serious stumbling-block.

In July, 1856, we removed from Tripoli to Duma, a Greek village of the Northern Lebanon Mountains. It is about 2,600 feet above the sea, with beetling cliffs rising around it on the east, south and west, while the mountainside slopes down to the north into the deep ravine of Nahr el Jowz, beyond which another range rises between the ravine and the plain of Tripoli and the Koora. Mr. Lyons and I leased the house of Simaan Abden Noor Abu Ibrahim, for ten dollars for the summer. I made a mountain bedstead before leaving Tripoli, as I brought out a kit of carpenter's tools, and it only broke down once or twice during the summer. The floors of the two-roomed house were of mud, rubbed smooth with a round stone, and under the mud were reeds and stones, and often the legs of bedsteads and chairs would pierce through the floor to the dismay of the occupant. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons curtained off one-half of their large room with an American flag for a bedroom. The other half served as parlour, dining-room and servant girl's room. My big room with a window was divided into my bedroom, the storeroom and cook's room. As Mr. Lyons' room had no window, a special contract was made with the owner to put in a glass window. This required the tearing down some twelve feet of the thick stone wall, which was three feet thick. The roofs were of huge logs covered with large stones, thorns and earth. Owing to the building of fires for heating and cooking for many years on flat round stone moukadies or hearths on the floor, with no chimneys, the smoke had covered





WATER WHEELS ON THE ORONTES
There are hundreds of these along the banks, of which those in the picture are the largest. The water is carried up in buckets and emptied into the aqueducts.

BRIDGE OVER THE ORONTES AT HAMATH
Showing one of the water wheels.



the ceiling with a densely black shining coat of soot, which was claimed to have a preservative effect on the wood. The effect on the eyes of the people, of sitting in a dense cloud of wood and tobacco smoke for hours, every winter, day and night, could be seen in the almost universality of eye diseases. We took our teachers with us and I used to go to the grove of snobar pines east of the village, and study in the sweet resinous air of the grove.

Every feast day the house was crowded from morning till night with those hardy peasants and ironmongers. High up in the southern cliffs were the mesābik or iron smelting furnaces or kilns, where iron ore was abundant and the forests were cut down for fuel. The rough little pigs were then brought down to the village and reheated on charcoal fires, and hammered out into plates for making horseshoes and nails. The iron was exceedingly malleable and the Duma Greek smiths supplied all Northern Syria with horseshoes and nails. Their industry was admirable and we could hear the ring of their anvils all night long as they took turns at the hammer.

But in a few years the forests were gone, the furnace fires went out, and the smiths bought Swede's iron in Beirut and Tripoli in bars, bent them by heat and brought them on mules to the village. The Arab horse and mule shoe is a plate of iron covering the entire foot, a very useful plan on these rocky roads. The sanitary arrangements of the village, as in all Lebanon villages at that time, were simply shocking. And the orchards and gardens around it were unspeakably vile. We had to teach our landlord over again, what Mr. Wilson had taught him three years before, and our insistence on decency and cleanliness seemed to him quite a piece of Franjy folly. Years later, when Rustem Pasha, an Italian by birth, became governor of Lebanon, he made a great sensation by ordering every house in Lebanon to provide a decent outhouse, but he enforced the rule, to the great benefit of the people. I once made a tour in Cœle-Syria, visiting some twelve or fifteen villages, and there was not in one of them an outhouse, except in one house in Tulya.

One of the eccentric characters of Duma was Hajj Ibrahim,

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
OF THEOLOGY LIBRARY

the Egyptian doctor, the impersonation of conceited ignorance. Nothing surprised him. He had heard it all before. We told him of Robinson Crusoe, and loaned him the Arabic translation of the book.[1] Yes, he heard of Crusoe when he was with the army of Ibrahim Pasha, in Yemen. He doctored by bleeding and giving various decoctions to the poor peasants. An old man eighty-five years old was dying of physical exhaustion. The Hajj bled him in both wrists, until he expired. I was sent for, as I lived near by. Seeing the old man actually expiring, I asked the Hajj what he had done. "I bled him in the right arm for belghum (phlegm) and in the left for dem (blood) and the only trouble is that I did not take quite enough blood." As it was too late to protest, I kept silence. One day in the summer of 1858, the Hajj called in his usual pompous and affable style and requested the gift of some "journalat" or American newspapers. Supposing that he wished them for wrapping-paper, we gave him some copies of the New York *Weekly Tribune*, for which he expressed great gratitude. Some three weeks after, he came again, effusive with thanks, and said he could not express his obligation to us, and insisted that we go with him to his vineyard and eat fresh grapes and figs. On passing his house he obliged us to go in and take a cup of Arab coffee. As we entered he repeated his thanks for the papers so earnestly that we asked what use he had made of them. "Look here," said he, and he led us to an earthen five gallon jar in the corner of the room, in which he had dissolved the papers into a pulp and, adding olive oil, had fed them to his patients, and, said he, "The medicine works like a charm, nothing like it, I thank you with all my heart." We looked on solemnly, and then after coffee was served, went to his vineyard, where he loaded us down with fruit.

Years after, in November, 1864, I was a guest of Mr. W. E. Dodge in New York, just after the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln, and the Republican glorification dinner was at the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Dodge took me as his guest, and in the waiting-room he introduced me to Horace Greeley, editor of the

[1] This had been printed in Malta.

New York *Tribune.* I told him the above incident, and of the powerful medical efficacy of the *Tribune.* He shook with laughter and at length he inquired, "Do tell me, how did it act? Was it a cathartic or an emetic?" I was unable to answer, but judging from the vigorous health of the Dumaites, it must have been a tonic.

The simple-minded fellahin of Duma were in some respects a puzzle to me. Not one of the villagers had ever been educated. The priest could read and write but the people never had a chance to learn. One feast day, Mr. Lyons and I told the crowd gathered in our house of the cannibals who eat B'ni Adam (man), and that they had killed and eaten a missionary, a Khowaja. Instead of looking sad, they all burst into uproarious laughter, and one of them, named Ghuntoos, pulled off his tarboosh, threw it on the ground and roaring with laughter exclaimed, "And did they eat the signora (the lady) too?". It is difficult to give a psychological explanation of such conduct.

That first summer in Lebanon was a continued delight. Arabic study, magnificent scenery, intensely interesting geological strata and fossil remains, meeting with the people, and trying to express myself and to understand their salutations and stories, the priests and monks, the muleteers, the donkeys and camels and flocks of sheep, the simple, sturdy life of the peasants and their unbounded hospitality, their readiness to argue and discuss, and to hear the European news, their pride in their rocky terraces, the result of the industry of ages, their Abrahamic plows and threshing-floors and bread making, their great acuteness and at the same time extraordinary credulity, their religious views and their stock arguments against other sects than their own, gave one constant themes for study and a longing desire to do them good. Duma is on a mountain slope surrounded by high cliffs of cretaceous limestone, full of interesting fossil shells. It was a pleasure to me to collect these fossils and send them to America.

Geology in Syria

How I have enjoyed geological research these fifty-three years in Syria! The range of Mount Lebanon, 100 miles long, is of

cretaceous limestone with strata of recent sandstone and lignite and dykes of basaltic rock. Anderson of the Lynch expedition, Dr. E. R. Beadle, Dr. W. M. Thomson, Rev. William Bird of Abeih, Lartet, Conrad, Fraas, Noetling, C. E. Hamlin, E. Hull, Max Blankenhorn and lastly Prof. R. P. Whitefield and my son-in-law, Alfred E. Day, of the Syrian Protestant College, have described most of the cretaceous fossils of Mount Lebanon and the Jurassic fossils of Mejdel Shems, south of Mount Lebanon. The geological structure of Lebanon has had much to do in determining the history and diversifying the habits of the inhabitants. Two ranges of mountains running north and south, parallel with the seacoast and separated by deep cut valleys, extend, the westerly one all the way from Asia Minor to Kadesh Barnea, and the easterly one from the region north of Baalbec to the gulf of Akabah. The limestone soil formed by the disintegration of the richly fossiliferous cretaceous limestone strata, and the black soil, formed by the crumbling of the volcanic rocks, are constantly renewed, needing little fertilizing to make them productive. Sun and rain seem to be all the fertilizers needed in the great part of Syria.

The indurated limestone of Lebanon and Palestine furnishes solid building stone and has developed a hardy race of stone-cutters and builders, quite different from the indolent dwellers on the great plains where the want of stone compels the people to build houses of adobe or sun-dried brick. So also the character of the warlike Druses of the Leja (Trachonitis), east of Jordan, seems to have been made more independent by the frowning deep cut defiles and tortuous passages in the basaltic dykes which form their home, as did the Black Hills the home of the Modoc Indians. In these narrow, crooked, deep gorges a few men can stand against hundreds, and their frequent successes in cutting to pieces bodies of Turkish troops have added to their untamed ferocity. The architectural stones of Syria are varied and valuable. There is the recent sandstone of the coast overlying the limestone of which most of the coast cities have been built for ages, the cream-coloured indurated limestone of the temples of Baalbec and Pal-



THE KADISHA RIVER
Which runs from B'sherreh to Tripoli.



myra, the orange Nerinean limestone of the hills near Mar Rukus, of which Post Hall of the Syrian Protestant College has been built, the lithographic limestone of both Lebanons, the ribbon stone of Deir el Komr, and the crystalline trap rocks of Northern Syria and of the giant cities of Bashan and Banias. The city of Hums is built of black basalt and its streets are beautifully paved with cubical blocks of the same material.

Fossil fish abound in the white lithographic limestone of Northern Lebanon at Sahil Alma, and Hakil. Oyster shells are found (Ostræa Syriaca) in beds and ledges through the ranges of Lebanon. There are also fossil bivalves and univalves in endless variety, in Ehden, Duma, Abeih, Deir el Komr, at Shweir, Tel Wakid, Bhamdoun, Aaleih, Mukhtara, Mejdel Shems, and many other places. There are Ammonites, Strombus, Arca, Nerinea, Nerita, Cerithium, Scalaria, Natica, Corbula, Cardium, Trigonia, Hippurites, Perna, Lima, Trochus, Terebratula, Nummulites, and whole mountains of the Oolite. I began early in my life in Syria to collect fossils, and finally gave my entire collection to the Syrian Protestant College. Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," was enthusiastic in collecting, and told me of many localities. The unique collection of our beloved Rev. William Bird has also been secured by the Syrian Protestant College, and Prof. Alfred E. Day is engaged in determining and describing those not hitherto described. Once I sent a camel load of quartz and calcite geodes from the hill east of Baaklin to the college, and another time I sent from Tell Kelakh, on the wagon road to Hums, nearly half a ton of beautiful pillars of columnar trap by wagon to Tripoli where the missionaries forwarded them to the college cabinet in Beirut. One summer I sent by cart from Jumhoor, on the Damascus Road, to the college cabinet a huge block of Nerinean limestone, containing thousands of these beautiful spiral shells. The block is about four feet long and two feet and a half wide and eighteen inches thick. Dr. D. Bliss had it polished on three sides, and it constitutes a lasting monument of the most ancient pre-Adamite inhabitants of Syria. One of my first horseback rides in Syria was to a then well-known locality of

quartz geodes above Baabda, about an hour's ride from Beirut on horseback. Our party consisted of Dr. Eli Smith, mounted on his little white horse, Rev. J. E. Ford on his own steed, and Mr. Hurter, the printer, with us new missionaries, Bliss, Aiken, Dr. Haskell, Lyons and myself on beasts of low degree, hired from a Moslem khanajy in Beirut. Mr. W. W. Eddy joined us at Baabda, and we climbed up to the locality on the chalky hill, where I filled my little borrowed saddle-bags with the quartz geodes, lined with beautiful, clear crystals. I wrapped them in paper and tied them with string to keep them from injury. From the duhr or summit, we rode down cautiously the steep descent to Kefr Shima, where Mrs. Eddy had kindly invited us to dinner. On our return towards evening to Beirut through the olive and mulberry orchards, we rode at a moderate, dignified pace, but as we returned to the broad sand road between the pine groves, suddenly a white streak seemed to flash by me, and my old horse which had no doubt "seen his fast days" grew restless. Mr. Lyons, my nearest companion, exclaimed, "There goes Dr. Smith on his Whitey," and in a moment every horse broke into a gallop. As my poor steed began to gallop, the saddle-bags began to wallop, flying up and down and flapping like wings, pounding his ribs and making an unseemly rattling, until the bags began to rip and tear, and I was obliged ingloriously to fall to the rear and enter the city, last of the train. But I landed my geodes safely in Mr. Lyons' house and soon after shipped them to friends in America.

It has generally been my custom in making long journeys, in which mules are required to carry beds, tents and provisions, to pick up stones during the day, take them in my saddle-bags to the tenting place, and wrap them in bed bundles in the morning. At times I have known muleteers to wonder at the increasing weight of the loads, but the average muleteer cares little for weight as long as the two sides of the loads balance. Perhaps you will ask, How could you find time, in making missionary tours, to stop and pick up specimens? It did not take up much time, but it relieved the tedium of long rides, and thus the dreariest and most

rocky regions became full of interest, and I found constantly new beauties in the variety of fossil remains and in the marvels of geological upheaval.

He who has an eye for beauty will see it. A botanist will revel in what to another is a wilderness of weeds. I have found delight in hot plains and stifling valleys and chilling heights, because I found wonders of stratification, and colossal mountains tipped over and the strata lying at all angles from vertical to horizontal. In April, 1856, just eight weeks after landing in Syria I went to Tripoli and Duma with Rev. David M. Wilson. He was a hearty Tennessean, a plain, blunt man, with a big heart, and mighty in the Scriptures. My object in going was to secure a house for the summer in Duma and visit Gharzooz. We hired packhorses in Tripoli of Mohammed a Muslim. We had neither saddles nor bridles, only pack-saddles with rope stirrups and rope halters. Going over a breakneck road without getting our necks broken, we slept at Duma at the house of Abu Ibrahim where many missionaries have since summered.

The next day we rode to Gharzooz, and when half-way, we stopped on a high ridge and left our horses with the muleteer. Mr. Wilson, knowing my taste for geology, said he would take me down to the *Fossil Fish* locality at *Hakil*. So down we walked, carrying our simple lunch, in a blazing sun, down, down to the bottom of the deep gorge, then through Hakil, where a Greek blacksmith showed us the way to the quarry. We found some good specimens, and went back and rested at the blacksmith's house. Then up we went, my pockets full of stones, and when I reached the top, my clothes were soaked with perspiration and a cold north wind was blowing. We mounted and set out, and soon I was chilled through and reached Gharzooz with blinding headache. This taught me a lesson, never to walk up-hill in travelling in Syria. A young man once said to Dr. Eli Smith, "Doctor, why don't you dismount going up a steep hill and ease your horse?" Dr. Smith replied, "That is what I have a horse for, to carry me up." Walking up-hill in Syria at any season is dangerous, if followed by riding or standing in a wind.

I would cordially recommend to every young man going out as a missionary to study some branch of natural science. Let him pursue it in his missionary field as a means of recreation, mental invigoration, relief from the routine of regular duties, and a means of gaining enlarged ideas of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, who created alike the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation. As Hugh Miller says, "There are two records, and both were written by one hand." These records are the Mosaic and the geologic, that of the pages and that of the ages. I think my life has been prolonged by the outdoor exercise involved in studying the rocks of Syria.

Sketches of Syria

May, 1856—The coast of Syria has just been visited with one of the most violent storms ever known at this season of the year. The rainy season generally begins in November and ends in March or April; and from that time onward a shower is rarely known on the seacoast. The amount of rain which fell during the past winter was not as great as usual. In the month of April there was but little rain, and by the middle of May the weather became settled. The owners of mulberry gardens had built their frail summer-houses of reeds and matting in the open air; the process of feeding the silkworms was considerably advanced, and all were anticipating a fine yield of silk to compensate for the losses of last season. But on Wednesday, May 28th, the air was thick with a dark cloud bank over the sea, and distant thunder, towards the south and on the mountains, threatened a storm.

Before midnight the rain fell in torrents. The thunder and lightning were fearful. The whole atmosphere seemed one sheet of flame. On Thursday the storm continued with such violence that the streets were flooded, and the beautiful river Kadisha rose to a height unprecedented at this season of the year. Above the city, it swept over vineyards and orchards, destroying property, and in one of its branches a little girl and boy were engulfed in the water and drowned. Towards evening, we walked

out upon the bank of the river. It was a terrific scene. The roar of the waters dashing through the narrow arches of the stone bridge, and thence over the dam eight feet in height—now almost concealed by the volume of the water—was really fearful. The river was rushing with mad violence in its haste to mingle with the sea. Its surface was covered with grass, sticks and shrubs, uprooted by the mountain torrents, and brought from distant heights not far from the snowy valley of the "Cedars of Lebanon." But the most remarkable feature of the scene was the colour of the water. It was of deep red colour, like blood, and the angry tide seemed crested with a bloody froth. The origin of this discolouration is in the ochreous soil which abounds along the sides of Lebanon, and is washed down by the rains. The river seemed literally "laden" with it, as the Arabic term for a rise in the river imports, and at the point where the waters of the river mingle with the sea, the blue waters were discoloured by this deep red colour of the stream for a great distance, the outline between these two seemingly inharmonious elements being visible for miles. This singular colour of the water, common to many of the streams of Lebanon, gave rise to that mythological story connected with the river Adonis (now the Nahr Ibrahim), between Tripoli and Beirut. Lucian says of the river Adonis, that "at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, the river assumed the colour of blood, in sympathy for the death of the beautiful hunter who was killed by a wild boar on the neighbouring mountains."

Nothing could be more natural for an uncultivated, imaginative people given to creature worship, than the ascription of such an origin to this remarkable colour of the water. Even more enlightened minds have been filled with amazement at the phenomenon. The feast and worship of Adonis, which were observed extensively in ancient Phœnicia, like other systems of idolatry, stained and contaminated the character of the Jewish nation in the tumultuous days of their decline, even as the earth stains the pure water of an agitated river, and were known to the prophet Ezekiel. The fabled death of Adonis had given rise to the

annual commemoration of the event, when the Phœnician maids mourned his death with every display of grief. The great feast continued some time, consisting of two parts—a season of mourning and a season of joy. As this occurred yearly in public, the Jewish women soon learned to unite in the celebration of an event so well calculated to enlist their sympathies, especially as it is an Oriental custom, preserved until the present time, for the women to lament the death of a young man with most extravagant manifestations of grief. Thammuz is the Hebrew name for Adonis, and when the prophet Ezekiel was shown the various abominations of the house of Israel, he regarded this "weeping for Thammuz" as the greatest of all.

In allusion to this is Milton's language, when summoning up the various "devils,"

> "who were known to men by various names,
> And various idols through the heathen world. . .
>
> "Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

And in his "Hymn of Christ's Nativity," in speaking of the destruction of heathenish superstition, allusion is made to the scene:

> "Peor and Baalim
> Forsake their temples dim,
> With that twice battered god of Palestine,
> And mooned Ashtaroth,
> Heaven's queen and mother both,
> Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
> The Libyian Hammon shrinks his horn,
> *In vain the Syrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.*"

The same superstitious imagination which transformed the muddy stream of Lebanon into the blood of Adonis also invested

a mountain flower of Lebanon—the scarlet Adonis—with a similar mythic character. This flower, which abounds on Mount Lebanon in the spring, was said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, and

> "From shape and hue and odour
> Grieved for Adonis."

But enough of this strange, yet beautiful myth. The storms which have deluged the country and discoloured the waters of the Kadisha, in Tripoli, giving rise to this allusion to the past, were also a present reality, and were exceedingly destructive of life and property. In Beirut the storm continued a whole day. Three men were killed by lightning, one had his beard burned off, and the printers in the America Mission Press felt the shock of a heavy stroke which passed down the lightning-rod. Near Sidon, three men were killed by one stroke. A tree was struck within a few yards of the house of Rev. Mr. Eddy at Kefr Shima. During this one day three-fourths as much rain fell as during the whole previous winter. Large quantities of merchandise along the shore of the harbour at Beirut were swept into the sea and were destroyed. It was a memorable storm, and will afford material for many a story and conversation among this gossip-loving people. The old Moslems gathered in crowds at sundown along the shady banks of the river, and discussed the event with declarations of submission to the "will of God," which would be quite commendable were they not inspired by a heartless fatalism.

June 7, 1856—There are no newspapers in Syria. The nearest approach to one is the *Miscellany*, published occasionally by the missionaries in pamphlet form. An Arabic newspaper has also been recently commenced in Constantinople but it is little known here and its circulation is quite limited. Hence news in Syria is *traditional* to an extent which is quite unpalatable to us as Protestants, to say the least. Whatever of local news is afloat is so encumbered with "new versions" and exaggerations among a people not specially attached to the truth, that it is necessary

to wait several days before the exact facts can be ascertained. We have just had proof of this.

A day or two since, it was currently reported that a Maronite had been imprisoned for cursing the name of Moses, one of the prophets of the Koran. To-day we learn from authentic sources that it is otherwise. A Maronite, a man of bad reputation even among his own sect, took occasion, when in the company of several Moslems, to curse most violently the name of Jesus Christ. They were greatly enraged, and immediately obtained his arrest, and he now lies in prison, awaiting orders from Constantinople, whither the governor of the city has written, requesting authority for his execution. The aggravation of the offense consists in its being a curse against the name of one of the six great prophets of the Moslems: Adam, Noah, Moses, Solomon, Christ and Mohammed being of equal dignity in this respect. If the man had cursed the name of God Himself, it would have been considered a light matter, not worthy of the slightest notice, and what every Moslem is guilty of every day if not every hour of his life. Nor did the crime consist in its being an insult to Christ as God, for the Moslems deny the divinity of Christ; but it was because it was a curse upon One who is "the greatest of the prophets next to Mohammed." The reason of this is a distinction which the Moslem makes: "If you curse God," says he, "God is merciful and will forgive; if you curse a prophet he cannot forgive; therefore you are to be punished by the sons of the Prophet." This is a gross and monstrous perversion of sacred truth, and the "mercy of God" is made the general apology for every species of blasphemy and profaneness. It enters into the very texture of society, forms a seemingly inseparable element in conversation, and it is almost impossible to converse with a Moslem without hearing the name Allah in every breath. Whether this blasphemous Maronite will receive any further punishment than a month's confinement in a dark, damp, loathsome dungeon, remains to be seen. The position of the Sultan with regard to religious liberty, will, of course, prevent a decree of death; but it is a great offense in the eyes of the Moslems, and they demand a

great punishment. What a disgrace to the name of Christianity, that one who is called a Christian should be punished by the enemies of Christianity for blaspheming the name of our Divine Redeemer, whom they esteem only as a prophet and a man. Truly, one does not wonder that Moslems despise such a Christianity! Yet the nominal Christians of Syria are proud, ignorant, and self-sufficient. Oh! fallen, fallen Syria! Corrupted, marred, disrobed of thy ancient glory! Crushed to the earth by ten thousand leaden weights of form and superstition, until thy once pure throbbing heart has ceased to beat. Physical symbols speak forth in living eloquence thy glory and thy fall!

Yonder snowy peak of Lebanon, pure, serene as light itself, lifts its awful form, ancient and majestic as thine own glorious past; while from his base bursts forth a turbid river, stained as it were with blood, sweeping away in its progress the lives and tenements of men, and discolouring with its ruddy tide the pure blue waters of the sea—and this is thy present, this thy fall, fair Syria! But is there no future? Is there no resurrection from thy moral death?

As certainly as the waters of yonder river mingle with the sea, and yonder sea ascends in unseen vapour, again to mingle with the sky; so certainly shall the day of thy glory come again, and thy people rejoice in the light of a preached, believed and beloved Gospel! And this is thy future, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Duma, Mount Lebanon, Syria, August 19, 1856.

My dear Father:

In accordance with our plan mentioned in a previous letter, and suggested no less by the interesting nature of the scenes to be visited than by a regard for our own health, we set out this morning from our mountain home in Duma, for the Cedars of Lebanon and the Ruins of Baalbec. When one has been applying himself constantly to books and study for a long time in this climate, a kind of nervous weakness comes upon the system, bringing with it an indifference to mental pursuits which the experience of missionaries in years past, and our own brief experience, proves to be most effectually relieved by a change of air and

occupation. This is found in Syria by travelling over the mountains, and we are just beginning a journey which will continue for a week.

Setting out upon a journey in Syria is far different from anything you have ever known, unless it were in those early days in Montrose history when all travelling was on horseback, and the lawyers accompanied the judges from town to town, carrying their baggage in saddle-bags. I think a Syrian missionary would make a very good Western pioneer.

This morning we had no railroad tickets to buy, no depot to reach, no carriage to put in order, no harness to perplex us, and no smooth plank road before us to effeminate our tastes and unfit us for the steep ascents of life. The first business in a journey is to provide animals. Lorenzo has a horse which Mrs. Lyons will ride. We must have then horses for Lorenzo and myself, a mule for Shehedan and Mennie each, and mules to carry our beds, bedsteads, kitchen apparatus, provisions and tents. He is not a wise traveller who neglects his overcoat, white umbrella, drinking cup, straps, strings, papers, drawing-paper (if he can sketch), geological hammer (if he be given to scientific research), mariner's compass, spy-glass, pamphlets for pressing flowers, and a full supply of clothing adapted to the coldest and hottest extremes of weather. The pocket Bible, hymn-book, Arabic Testament and Psalter are quite indispensable.

The muleteers, having agreed the night before to be ready at sunrise, appear at that time, but without mules enough, and we were delayed until nine o'clock. Syrian muleteers are men of a character *sui generis*. They are like the Cretans of whom the apostles speak, proverbially faithless, and if one makes extensive calculations based upon their word, he will suffer the consequences. For our saddle animals they brought a fine mare, and a little ash-coloured, sleek-skinned mule which we thought best Lorenzo should ride as the mule was not strong enough for me. At a little before nine we set out. The "Cedars" are a little north of east from Duma, but in order to cross the fearful ravine which lies to the northeast of us, we had to make a gradual descent for an hour in a northwesterly direction and then ascend again three hours before we were out of sight of our own village. With the burning sun upon our heads and slow-paced animals, it was tedious enough. Mennie carried little Mary in her arms on the back of the mule. Arab women ride on mules without a side saddle or stirrups, having a cushion on the top of the pack-saddle, and keeping themselves from falling by holding on to

a rope which secures the cushion in its place. It is not surprising that they sometimes fall, especially when carrying an umbrella and a child, and travelling over a Mount Lebanon road. Mennie was thrown before we had been two hours on the road. In descending the Duma mountain, we passed terraces of mulberry, fig and grape, and the cotton plant. Irish potato, Indian corn, tobacco, beans, squashes, and egg-plants were growing side by side in great luxuriance, while the hedges were covered with great clusters of ripe blackberries. This is the season of figs and grapes, both of which are now in their prime. How I would delight to welcome you to these beautiful gardens and vineyards and show you the tempting clusters of large white and purple grapes, and the red and white figs which melt like honey on the tongue. These are the native luxuries of Syria, and the season of vintage is the jubilee of the Mount Lebanon peasantry.

After descending the mountain, passing the old convent of Mar Yohanna (St. John) where two poor ignorant monks eat and drink and sleep, we reached the beautiful level valley, about a mile and a half long and an eighth of a mile wide, through which flows a little river of clear cold water, irrigating the large fields of Indian corn, which seem so much like home, that I almost forget that I am in Syria. The fragrance of the tassels and silk in the morning breeze was almost equal to a visit to the old farm at home. But how soon the scene changes. Leaving the beautiful valley, we thread our way through a dirty village of the Metawilehs, and find a street so narrow that the baggage animals are compelled to return and find another route. We then ascend the mountain towards the village Kefoor—passing a large stone sarcophagus in the field, a ruined convent with its old oak tree, the almost universal accompaniment of a ruin in Syria.

You would be interested in the geological character of this goodly mountain, which we are rapidly ascending. We are now riding over strata of limestone rock all of which slope upward from the sea to the mountain top at an angle of between twenty and thirty degrees. Occasionally you come to a bed of iron ore, a vein of whitish yellow sandstone, or a trap dyke, and then come back again to the original limestone rock. These trap dykes, or masses of igneous rock, seem to stand like monuments on a great battle-field, telling the history of Lebanon in language not to be mistaken. Here is a vast black mass of trap, standing all alone among the shattered masses of the white limestone strata,

seeming to exult in a consciousness of strength and to rejoice at the havoc it has made. And perhaps it would thus tell its own story: "Long, long ago, when the sea slept on the face of yonder mountain summit, and all these rocks reposed beneath its crystal waters, I was a molten, shapeless mass in the very centre of the earth. Heaving, restless, burning for distinction, I asked for a commission to do as others had done, in breaking up the surface of the earth. My request was granted. And forth I came, seething, bubbling, heaving up the mighty rocks, breaking through the crust of the earth, while the sea foamed and boiled, and dashed away in wild confusion as I raised on my shoulders the vast range of Lebanon. You see yonder trio of mountain peaks, Hermon, Sunneen, and Makmel. On each of those the strata lie horizontal, and from the precipices at their sides were broken off those huge cliffs which now slope down to the east and west, forming a kind of parapet of defense on either side, as the great centre of the range was raised steadily up from unknown depths below. This black mass upon which you now stand extends but a few rods on the surface, and then again the white limestone seems to be the prevailing rock. But you will find again a few furlongs away a vaster extent of my own fiery substance, and journey where you will on Lebanon, you will find everywhere proofs of my presence, fragments of my shattered body. You may think me insignificant, perhaps a mere phenomenon. But go down along my black crystalline system—follow one of these pentagonal columns, and after descending many thousand feet far below this limestone, which on the surface makes such a magnificent display, you will still wonder at my vastness and strength; and when you approach the region of perpetual fire, you will feel my throbbing pulse and understand that the same great force which, under the direction of the great Creator of the Universe, first upheaved mighty Lebanon and made it the glory of the earth, is till working far beneath the surface, and in its giant pulsations shakes the solid crust with earthquakes and devastates it with liquid volcanic fire. Now you may learn that I am Lebanon, for I elevated these giant ranges, and now sustain them upon my scarred and blackened body. Now I am hardly noticed by the hastening traveller, while yonder lofty white cliff elicits his admiration and enjoys an immortal name. Learn from my experience that one may labour and another reap the fruits of his labour. One may toil and suffer, and another receive the praise. For I, who constitute the

great mass of the earth, am comparatively unknown, while this superficial film of limestone strata, which I have toiled to shatter and upheave, dwells in sunshine above the clouds, clad in a mantle of glory, a name and a praise in the earth."

In such unspoken language have these rocks discoursed to me as I have journeyed along to-day on the toilsome ascent of Lebanon. We are now on our way to the cedars which are sublime in their antiquity, and to Baalbec which is equally interesting from the strange mystery which hangs about its origin, but here are rocks, older and more venerable than either ; rocks on which the cedars grow, and from which Baalbec was first built. The cedars are but the growth of a day, and Baalbec is but the child of an hour, compared with these rock-ribbed mountains, ancient as the sun.

But we must journey on. After reaching the summit of the range northeast of Duma, and in a southeasterly direction from Tripoli, we have a magnificent prospect on every side. After looking at the sea, the southerly mountains, Tripoli, and the coast sweeping in a sharply defined curve towards Latakia, you turn and gaze towards the cedars. There they lie, a little dark green clump of trees five hours or nearly fifteen miles away. On the east, north and south of them the great summits of Lebanon, smooth and round as the shaven head of a Maronite monk (begging pardon of the mountains for the comparison), look down in silence on the scene, while towards the west, the amphitheatre opens upon the sea far away and far below. The mountains are so lofty and grand that this little cluster of evergreen cedar seems like a mere spot of moss on their rocky sides in the distance. But these are the cedars and we will journey on, hoping soon to stand under their ancient boughs and enjoy their sweet, refreshing shade.

It is now two o'clock P. M., and our muleteers, who are paid by the day, seem determined to lengthen the road, and by delays innumerable contrive to disappoint our hopes of spending the night at our place of destination. We give them notice, however, that if they do not get through we shall not pay them for more than one day for the journey from Duma to the cedars. This stirs their latent energy, but they finally fall back again, and we are compelled to pitch our tent in an open field, near a little fountain. On our way, we saw in the afternoon the farmers in one field reaping and threshing their grain, and in another, plowing and sowing the wheat just taken from the threshing-floor. The

season is so short on these heights, six or seven thousand feet above the sea, that harvest and seed-time come in the same week. The great part of the wheat in Syria is winter wheat. On the plains between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon (called the Bookaa) they sow their wheat later as there is little snow, but here they hasten to put in the seed before the cold winds and the driving mountain storms prevent all outdoor labour. As we came through the wheat fields to-day, the little girls engaged in the harvest would bring a handful of wheat to our horses, and expect a present. The custom is peculiar to this portion of Lebanon, and some of our men who came from Southern Syria were quite offended by it, thinking it a disgrace to the people. Yet we gave a little coin to the children, and I thought it by no means so great a disgrace as these Arabs seemed to think. The mountaineers of Lebanon are an industrious, hard-working people, but they are exceedingly ignorant. When the Gospel shall have taken hold of the people, as it has in America, there will be a style of character developed here which will be truly noble and commanding. The Arab mind has capacity enough. It needs the light of truth, education and elevation. As it is now, the great part of the women think that they have no souls, and the men treat them like slaves. One learns from such a state of things how suggestive an index of the degree of the civilization and moral elevation in a country is the position of woman.

I must not forget to allude to one of the notable things of to-day's experience. Many people think that the "Cedars of Lebanon" are found in but one place. This is a mistake. On our road to-day, we have passed thousands of young cedars, and some of considerable size, all growing vigorously. They are green and beautiful, identical in bark, leaves, and cones with what I have seen and heard of specimens of the true cedar. To-morrow will decide.

Wednesday, August 20th—This morning we arose early, struck our tents, ate our breakfast, mounted, and were off for the Cedars. They were in sight all the time, yet we were nearly two hours in going about in a zigzag course among the little hills, or rather, rounded knolls, which abound in the vicinity of the cedars. The ground was covered with fragments of basaltic rock and iron ore, fossils and crumbling limestone. There are wheat and barley fields within twenty rods of the ancient trees. As you approach the cedars, you are astonished at their almost entire isolation. There is hardly a tree visible for miles, except-





CEDARS OF LEBANON IN BARÛK GROVE
Ancient B'Sherreh Grove of Cedars of Lebanon. They are surrounded by a wall built by Rustem Pasha, Governor of Lebanon.

ing those which grow in the villages scattered here and there down the valley towards the sea. There is certainly but one other tree to my knowledge within two miles. The surface of the ground is of a light yellow colour, the prevailing stone being limestone, and a more arid, dry, uninviting soil could hardly be conceived. Thorns and thistles abound. There are great thickets of a dwarfed species of the barberry high up under the ledges near the summit of the loftiest mountains. There is one peculiar species of thorn (for almost every shrub on Mount Lebanon produces thorns) which grows in little mounds, about a foot in diameter and perhaps eight inches high, of a pea green colour and covered with beautiful flowers. The flowers are dry like silk paper, and are very tempting, but the moment your hand approaches them it is met by innumerable thorns or spines like needles, which teach you circumspection in the future.

We are now entering the ancient grove of the cedars. The muleteers are far behind and in the still, sweet air of the morning, we enter the sacred shade. Sacred indeed—but not as these superstitious people believe, on account of any sanctifying virtue in the trees themselves—for this is a blasphemy—but sacred in their history, their interesting associations, their wondrous antiquity. The birds are singing in their branches, and the slight breeze sighs in plaintive, melancholy music, like the voice of the pine in November nights, as we ride slowly through the grove, over the undulating surface, to the level spot used from time immemorial as a camping ground by travellers from all parts of the world. The tent is soon pitched, a woman is despatched to bring a jar of water from the fountain more than a half hour distant, our things are all arranged, and away we go, one to one place, another to another, to take measurements, to sketch, to meditate, to wonder, and to praise.

The results of our investigations are somewhat as follows: The grove of the cedars stands in a vast amphitheatre of lofty mountains which border it in grand magnificence on the north, east and south. The slope of these mountains downward is at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, being covered with a loose, sliding soil, of a light yellow colour. The cedars are nearer to the northern range than to the southern. It is perhaps 100 rods to the base of the slope on the north side. The width of the valley from north to south, I should think, must be about two and a half miles, perhaps less. The surface of the valley between these three ranges is very uneven, consisting of innumerable small,

rounded hillocks or moraines, covered with loose stones, thorns and thistles, but without rocks of any large size, though some of them are simply rough ledges of limestone rounded by the action of the sun and snows and storms of ages. The ground on which the cedars stand is of the same general character. They occupy about six of these mounds, the distance from outside to outside in an easterly and westerly direction being about fifty rods, and nearly the same from north to south. The difference in elevation between the top of the highest hillock and the lowest intervening valley in the grove is about 100 feet. I infer this from the fact that we could look down from our encampment, which was on about the highest level, upon the tops of some quite tall cedars in the valley below. The number of cedars is about 400. Of these, the greater part are quite large and high, many of them being straight enough for a ship's mast and spars. The leaves and bark are exactly like the American fir tree, and the cones of the younger trees also resemble them. One peculiarity of these trees is their angular appearance. The limbs of the older trees grow at right angles with the trunk, and that too at the very top of the tree, where the limbs are often very large, giving the tree top the appearance of a mushroom, or an umbrella. The top of one of the twelve largest trees sends out branches horizontally so numerous and regular that one might make a floor of great uniformity and almost perfectly level, by simply laying boards from branch to branch. The top of the tree above the limbs, where the silvery green leaves seem matted together and sprinkled with the dark brown cones, is like a Damascus carpet of the finest texture, and is remarkably beautiful. The twelve largest trees are natural wonders. The people have a tradition with regard to these twelve trees that Christ and the eleven apostles once visited the spot, and stuck down their walking staves in the earth, and from them sprang the greatest and oldest trees. Mr. Calhoun, who has often visited this spot, and has counted the rings which indicate each successive year's growth, infers from this indication, as well as from the fact that these old trees have not increased in size for 200 years, as is known from a name carved in the solid wood, that the trees are at least as old as the days of Solomon. If I were to give names to the twelve trees it would be those of the twelve patriarchs, and not of the apostles.

I have enjoyed this day's visit beyond description, and I shall ever treasure up the meditations and memories connected with my first visit to the Cedars of Lebanon. Who can imagine a more glorious scene than

this goodly Lebanon when all its mountain valleys were filled, and its hilltops crowned with such trees as these? The "glory of Lebanon" must have been something glorious indeed. But how much of this glory has departed, and this solemn, solitary grove, 6,500 feet above the sea, in the region of the snows, on a sterile soil, without a fountain or a stream to give it vigour, seems to flourish in perpetual verdure and ever-renewed strength, a memorial of the past, a glory in the present, and a promise for the future; showing forth the greatness, the majesty and the sovereignty of God, to all generations. The Cedar of Lebanon in its glory was used by the Psalmist as the symbol of a righteous man, and the judgment of God upon the unrighteousness of His people is given thus in the tenth chapter of Isaiah: "The rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may write them."

I would gladly linger longer here and speak of the numerous allusions to these "cedar trees," "cedars of Lebanon," the "trees of the Lord which He hath planted," etc., but time will not permit.

I have numerous sketches of the cedars from various points of view, and the cones, mosses, stones, gum from the trees and flowers from the grove, I will send on to you in due time. I have omitted to mention that the two largest trees are about fifty feet in circumference, and ten others vary from twenty to fifty feet. The people are very careful not to mutilate the trees, and an old monk lives in the trunk of one of the trees, making it his business to furnish honey, milk, fruit and water to the travellers, and then expect a bukhsheesh in return. There is a church for saint and image worship under one of the trees, and the ignorant people come here to receive a blessing. Thank God we come to these scenes without that idolatrous superstition, which while it professes to expect the blessing, brings down the curse of the Almighty.

Peaceful is our sleep under this cool shade, for our covenant-keeping God is here.

I preached my first Arabic sermon in January, 1857, in Tripoli. This sermon was finished December 15, 1856, just ten months and eight days after my arrival. It was the fruit of weeks of labour on the Arabic, with my teacher, Mr. E. Saadeh. He was only a novice in Arabic grammar at the time, but in after years he became an authority. The congregation numbered about thirty. I read from the manuscript. I was greatly complimented,

but that was from the true politeness of the company. They listened respectfully, but how much good they received I would not dare to conjecture. I did not preach another sermon for three months. I continued to preach from manuscripts for a year, and then broke loose from the bondage and ever since, excepting on rare occasions, have used only an English outline, or an Arabic skeleton. I still keep that first sermon as a curiosity, but could not be hired to preach it again exactly as it is written, for love or money. Preaching in Arabic has been my delight. For forty-nine years it has been my joy. It is now much easier for me to preach in Arabic than in English. Coming to Syria fresh from the seminary, I had only six written English sermons, and I have not *written* more than a dozen since. In Arabic preaching I have always aimed at simplicity in thought and language. Our Syrian native preachers are apt to use "high" Arabic. Now high Arabic is beautiful. It is ringing and poetical, and, to an audience of Arabic scholars, is a literary treat. But the common people do not understand it. They wonder and admire but they are not fed. I have often heard them say after listening to a sophomorical sermon, "The man was 'Shatir' (smart) but we did not understand him." I have always aimed at the common mind. And simple Arabic in a religious discourse is enjoyed as much by the scholars as the classical would be. A manuscript in Arabic preaching is a clog and hamper. You cannot write the simple colloquial and hence you fall into a stilted semi-classical style. I always watch to see whether the women and children are paying attention. If not, I let down my style at once to their comprehension. It was said of Dr. Eli Smith, as a proof of his great accomplishments, that the women of Bhamdoun could understand his preaching. I have been accustomed for all these years to address Sunday-school children and speak every Friday forenoon to our Girls' Boarding-School and the British Syrian Girls' School, and the constant practice of speaking to the young has not only kept my heart young, but has kept my tongue young and simple. I heartily recommend all foreign missionaries to practice speak-

ing to the women and children, especially the children. It is no small part of my comfort in retrospect, to think of the thousands of Syrian children to whom I have preached during fifty years. And the love and confidence of the children, in a land where there is so much of priestly tyranny and fanatical bitterness against us as missionaries, is a source of joy and comfort indescribable.

Tripoli was a quaint old city, with its snow-white houses, surrounded on three sides with green olive and orange groves, and above it the brown sandstone castle of Raymond of Toulouse, on a range of low hills which is cut through by the dashing river Kadisha or Abu Aali which comes down through deep rocky gorges from the Cedars of Lebanon and runs through the city, through the orange gardens to the sea, which is a mile distant. The people were three-fourths Moslems and one-fourth Orthodox Greeks, and a few Maronites and Papal Greeks and about fifteen Jews. Several of the mosques were once Oriental churches and the Great Mosque had a spacious court, paved with stone, hundreds of feet in extent.

The keeper of this mosque was Sheikh Rashîd, a man of great dignity and nobility of bearing, who was a model of courtesy and a friend of the Christians and had several times prevented an uprising of the Moslems against the Christians. His son Sheikh Aali succeeded him and was very friendly to all Americans, though conceited and conscious of his dignity as "Mikaty" or time-keeper for the mosques of Syria. He had half a dozen clocks, English, French, German, Swiss, and American, and was often put to it to keep them running together. His maktab or office was near the north gate of the Great Mosque, and there, seated on his cushion on the Turkish and Persian rugs, he received his visitors and furnished tobacco and coffee. One day a Maronite from Lebanon was driving a hog to the Maronite quarter of the city, when it broke away and ran into the court of the Great Mosque around the corridors, by the minbar (pulpit) and the quiblah or mihrab (niche towards Mecca) and thence out into the street. Sheikh Aali was horror-struck.

The sacred mosque had been defiled, polluted beyond remedy, by an unclean animal whose very name could not be mentioned without using the word " Ajellak Allah," may God exalt you above the contamination of so vile a subject. A council was called. The mufti came and the kadi, and the chief sheikhs and Ulema. They sat around in solemn silence, until at length Sheikh Aali cautiously broached the awful subject, concluding with, " the holy place has been polluted and must be closed and never used again for prayer to Allah." Then silence, until the mufti cheerfully reassured the desponding faithful as follows: " My children, no harm has been done. When that creature, Ajellakum Allah, entered the mosque, the great holiness of the place at once transformed it into a lamb, and it remained a lamb until it went out at the gate when it resumed its original character." All exclaimed, " El Hamdu Lillah, Sabhan El Khalik. Praise to Allah. Praise to the Creator." Mutual congratulation followed. That mufti should have been made an honorary member of the Philadelphia bar.

Another interesting character in Tripoli was Saleh Sabony, a devout Moslem, but one of the truest and most self-sacrificing friends the American Mission ever had in Syria. He was a confectioner making jezariyeh and buklawa and lived in great simplicity. Being a friend of Mr. E. Saadeh, my teacher, he often came to see us and offered his services in anything we might need. When we leased, for seventy years, a room to be used as a chapel, he superintended the repairs and then acted as sexton to keep unruly street boys quiet.

He then volunteered to go with us on journeys, acting as muleteer, guard and companion. He loved to hear the Gospel and often said, " I love Jesus Christ, but I cannot understand the Trinity." He defended us against Moslems, Greeks, Catholics, and Jews and they could not answer him. He acted as assistant to Dr. G. B. Danforth, then to his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles William Calhoun, and has now, 1907, been for twenty-two years the constant friend and helper of Dr. Ira Harris at the Meena or Port of Tripoli. It is a beautiful sight to see this gray-bearded

and white-turbaned Moslem acting as hospital usher and keeper, comforting and encouraging the poor Moslem women who throng the clinics of Dr. Harris. His fidelity, strict integrity and veracity are wonderful and he regards all Americans as his brothers and sisters. His intellectual difficulty about the Trinity does not prevent his offering prayers to Christ. In June, 1906, Saleh called on me at the house of Rev. Paul Erdman in Tripoli. His eyesight is feeble and his strength failing, but he was as cheerful as when I first knew him. I asked him about his means of support. He said, "I have lost all my property and live by simple doctoring of the people's sore eyes and earn a few piastres now and then. A loaf in the morning and another in the evening is all I need. Allah is good." I then said to him, "Saleh, you have always said you could not become a Christian because we believed in the Trinity. Now you know we do not believe that God begets and is begotten, as Moslems assert. Does not the New Testament say that the Father is God, Christ the Word is God and the Holy Spirit is God?" "Yes." "Well, you need not worry to explain it. The Bible asserts it and you can leave it there. Do you believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners?" "Yes." "You have read this invitation, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest'?" "Yes." "Do you think He can save you?" "Yes," said he, "I have known that for forty years." "Will you accept the call and come to Him?" "Yes, I can." "Very well," said I. "If you can put yourself in His hands you will be safe. Let the philosophical question alone." He assured me that he prays to Christ as his Saviour. Dear man, may he be "accepted in the Beloved."

Sheikh Yusef El Asír, who was a graduate of the Azhar University in Cairo, and laboured eight years with Dr. Van Dyck in translating the Bible into Arabic, helped me to translate into Arabic several beautiful children's hymns and then taught them to his sons and brought them to me to recite them. Years after, I met one of them, a telegraph operator, and he assured me that he had not forgotten the hymn, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

When the Lord comes to make up His "jewels," I doubt not there will be many saved from among the Moslems of Syria. A Moslem sheikh once said to Miss Taylor, "Many Christians will rise from Moslem graves in Syria."

January 11, 1857—Dr. Eli Smith passed away January 11, 1857, as stated in the sketch of his life; Dr. Van Dyck succeeded him in the work, removing from Sidon to Beirut in October. Mr. Eddy removed to Sidon in September, 1857, and Mr. Ford in August, 1859, on Dr. Thomson's return from America to join Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut. In February, 1857, I accepted Dr. Thomson's invitation to accompany him and Mr. Aiken on a tour through Palestine. It was the opportunity of a life-time to go with such an experienced traveller, explorer and author, and such a genial companion as Dr. Thomson. He made the land expound the Book all the way from Sidon to Hebron, and from Capernaum to Jericho. Every hill and valley, every rock and stream, every ruined wall and temple became vocal and eloquent. The whole land was stamped on my memory and the Bible became a new book. I learned from that saintly scholar, what I never ceased to urge on young pastors and theological students, that the best preparation for the Christian pastorate is not a fellowship of two years spent amid the bogs and clouds of German university speculation, but a tent life of six months under the clear sky of Palestine, where the land will confirm the Book, and both Old and New Testaments sparkle with divine light and human life and reality. When Professors Park, Hitchcock and H. B. Smith visited Syria and Palestine together in May, 1870, they came to Abeih to visit the missionaries and visit the theological class. They all expressed deep regret that they had not visited Palestine in the beginning of their ministerial life, and declared that they should henceforth urge upon their students to make the tour of Palestine. The older missionaries assured me that a tour with Arab muleteers and servants, after the first year of language study, was an excellent way of learning the colloquial Arabic. And I found it to be so.

On the 16th of June, 1857, I sailed for America to be married,

and acted as the escort of Mrs. Eli Smith and her five children. The three boys were Charles (now professor in Yale), Edward Robinson (a connoisseur in art), and Benjamin Eli (editor of the Century Dictionary). All of them inherited their father's scholarly tastes.

We crossed the Atlantic in the side wheeler, *The Vanderbilt*, which was afterwards given to the United States government and transformed into a war cruiser. We sailed from Havre July 8th and reached New York on the 19th, having had constant fogs. We ran by "dead reckoning," 3,000 miles without seeing sun or stars, and when we stopped on the 19th the fog suddenly lifted and we were near the Sandy Hook light-ship.

I took Mrs. Smith and the children to Brooklyn and then crossed to Jersey City where my father and sister, Mrs. J. B. Salisbury, were awaiting me. I then went on to Montrose, and after journeyings oft, I was married, October 7th, to Miss Caroline Bush in Branchport, New York. After our marriage we visited my old friend and my father's friend, Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, then chancellor of Ingham University, at Leroy, New York. The doctor gave us a reception, and read us a poetical address which was followed by an Arabic address by Professor Röerig of the university, to which I replied in Arabic. He had studied in Constantinople and Cairo, and his Arabic was stiff and stilted. I was amused at his calling a girls' school "El Madriset el Mo'annisiyet," *i. e.*, the feminine school, whereas it should have been "Madriset el Binat"—girls' school.

We had expected to sail from Boston in the new sailing bark, *Henry Hill*, in December, but learned that it did not leave Smyrna until October 31st. It reached Boston December 29th and was advertised to sail January 30th, but did not sail until February 23d. During this visit home I met again that apostolic missionary, Dr. Henry A. De Forest, whom I first met in Hartford in September, 1854, on his arrival from Syria. He loved Syria as I do now and his descriptions of Syrian scenery and climate, its mountains and skies, the blue sea and the wild flowers, were simply fascinating. He died

November 24, 1858, in Rochester, his wife surviving him nearly forty years.

Our voyage to Syria was long. We were becalmed frequently. On March 21st, Captain Watson told us we had only made one hundred miles in a week. On March 29th we entered the Straits of Gibraltar. It was a dead calm and nearly fifty sailing vessels, like ourselves, were being carried eastward by the current, which dashed and boiled almost like the rapids above Niagara. There being no wind, the rudder was useless and we drifted, sometimes stern foremost, and other vessels were drifting around us, and in danger of collision. At 7 P. M., a five-knot breeze filled the sails and we went gaily on our course, reaching Malta April 4th. Rev. Mr. Wiseley, the Scotch chaplain, took us to visit the capuchin monastery of dried monks. Each holy monk on his death is desiccated, and then dressed in his monkish robes and set up in a niche to grin in a ghastly way at all brethren and visitors. The monk who showed us about was a corpulent and jolly brother and talked freely in Italian with Mr. Wiseley. We asked Mr. Wiseley to ask the monk how long it takes to dry a monk. He said that depended on the man's physique. Mr. Wiseley dryly remarked, "It will take a long time to dry you." The old monk shook with laughter, as if he were enjoying thinking what a time his successors would have in reducing him to the mummy condition. Captain Watson was greatly chagrined that the new bark, *Henry Hill*, proved to be slower than the old *Sultana*.

We reached Smyrna April 13th. Mr. Dodd met us on board with news of the wonderful revivals all over the United States and we rejoiced together. We remained in Mr. Dodd's house until April 20th, when we took passage in the Messageries French steamer, *Ganges*, for Tripoli. On Sunday the 18th, I heard Mr. Dodd preach in Turkish and I preached at 4 P. M. in English. I enjoyed hearing little Hetty Dodd singing the children's hymns I taught her two years ago, and the family were enjoying the melodeon I had ordered for them at that time from Mr. Theodore Lyons at Montrose.

We sailed by Chios, Samos and Patmos and anchored a few hours at Rhodes. Two years before I had visited the old castle north of the town. We went again to see it and found only an immense funnel-shaped cavity in the ground. The powder magazine under the castle had been exploded by lightning and the castle walls, foundations and all went flying over the town leaving only a gaping crater. As we sailed along the coast of Cilicia the snow-capped range of Taurus seemed far more beautiful than either the Sierra Nevada of Spain, the white mountains of Crete or Mount Elias of Greece.

On Monday, April 27th, we landed in Tripoli, our Syrian home. We were greeted by our colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and loved friend, Mr. A. Yanni. Many Syrian friends called to welcome us, among them Elias Saadeh and Abu Selim Diab, my old teachers, and Saleh Sabony, the Moslem.

Letters came from Rev. D. M. Wilson in Hums telling of bitter opposition by the Greek bishop who has knocked down a young inquirer with his cane, and the city is in an uproar. One young Greek girl, who came to hear Mrs. Wilson read the Bible, was seized and dragged by her hair through the streets and Mrs. Wilson fears for the life of her husband. Young men come in crowds to argue with him but they find him mighty in the Scriptures. One of his favourite texts is, "To the law and the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8 : 20).

As I write these words in June, 1907, there is a flourishing Protestant Church in Hums, with a native pastor and a prosperous self-supporting boarding-school. The Greek bishop of to-day was himself taught, when a child, in a mission school in Lebanon, and he has the New Testament as a text-book in his own schools.

In May we leased for seventy years a vaulted room to be used as a chapel. During the repairs the huge stone lintel over the old door had to be taken down, and Saleh, our Moslem friend, had it slid off upon his head and then he lowered it to the ground. It was a compact limestone slab, seven feet long and a foot square

and must have weighed about three hundred pounds. He is one of the strongest men in the city. Once in Duma, a Lebanon village, he had cut a handle in a stone weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and would raise it with one hand and throw it over his shoulders. The people of Beshaleh, a neighbouring village, hearing of Saleh brought their champion athlete, who broke Saleh's record by lifting the stone and holding it in one hand over his head. This stone lifting is one of the usual feats of the Lebanon peasantry.

The leasing of that room for seventy years was a curious transaction. After vain attempts to buy a house to be refitted for a church, we succeeded, after weeks of bargaining, in leasing a large arched room or koboo thirty by forty feet and twenty feet high for seventy years at one hundred piastres per year ($4.00) paid in advance, and ten piastres yearly "wokf" tax to be paid to the family of the lessors. This lease was drawn up in the American vice-consulate and signed by Messrs. Lyons and H. H. Jessup and Mohammed and Ahmed Shellaby and Antonius Yanni; year of the Hegira, 1274, and middle of month Showwal, A. D., May 26, 1858. And the figures were also written in reverse order 8581 to prevent error in the future. At the end of the seventy years the owners could only take possession on repaying all that the lessees had expended on it during the seventy years with interest so that it amounted virtually to a sale. About thirty-three years afterwards, in 1891, Talcott Hall was built in Tripoli, and the old Shellaby koboo was sold by the mission. Yanni remarked after the lease had been signed and the money paid over, that "Satan must have been asleep when that bargain was made or we could not have got it so cheap." While the koboo was being repaired, Saleh slept in it to keep watch. The Moslem said to him, "What, sleep in a church and you a Moslem." "Yes," he said, "and to-morrow I may pray in it, and who will hinder?"

The summer and fall of 1858 were times of ominous portent. There were rebellions north of Tripoli and highway robbery all over the land. In Jeddah, the seaport of Mecca, the Moslems

rose and massacred the foreign consuls and nearly all the Christian population. The Moslems of Tripoli reported that firearms had been landed by a French gunboat, whereupon they bought five hundred muskets and the government in Beirut sent ten pieces of cannon to Tripoli to protect the city against the Maronite Christians of Zgharta. Southern Lebanon was also in a state of unrest and misrule, a condition which continued through the whole of the next year and finally culminated in the outbreak of 1860.

Last Sabbath (7th of November) I preached for the first time in the new chapel. Mr. Lyons preached the two previous Sabbaths. The chapel is situated in one of the principal streets, and the people say it is like a fisherman's net, for it catches everybody who passes by. The consequence is that there is generally a great crowd around the door, and many passing in and out.

On Sunday last, there were about fifty in their seats, and the attention was good. I preached from Gal. 6: 14, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." I had the heads written out, but preached extempore, and succeeded better than I anticipated. We are now waiting for the curtain which is probably on its way from Boston to Smyrna. At present no Arab women come, or at least only a few, but when the curtain is up, the women can come and be shielded from the gaze of the men.

We are very thankful that we have so good a room for religious worship. It looks as though it were originally built for a church, although it was first a store, and then a grog-shop. We are obliged to preach in very simple language, as the majority of the people cannot understand the classic Arabic, and in reading the Scriptures we are obliged to explain carefully the meaning. I trust that the opening of our chapel will prove a dawning of a new day in Tripoli.

Wednesday, November 10th—Mercury, A. M., 79°; P. M., 75°. Mr. Wilson writes from Hums that two great Arab tribes, the Mowalee and the Hadadee, have had a battle just outside of the city gate of Hums. Mr. Wilson witnessed the battle. The

Mowalee were beaten. The villages about Hums are being plundered, and the people are flying to the city to get protection within the walls. Mr. Wilson well remarks that it is well for the Sultan's government that these wild denizens of the desert expend their strength in fighting each other rather than in rebelling against the government. The troops of the Pasha of Beirut which passed through here some days ago are now among the Nusairiyeh trying to find and kill Ismaeel Khire Beg, who was governor of Safita, and who had the battle near Tripoli in June. The only charge I can hear of as made against him is that he is not a Moslem and will not pay bribes enough to the government.

Tuesday, November 16th—We hear to-day that Ismaeel Khire Beg, the Nusairiyeh chieftain, has been slain by his own mother's brother. Ismaeel fled from the Turkish pasha who came after him, and took all his goods, household furniture, and valuables on five or six hundred mules to the north. While stopping at the village "Ain Keroom" one of his party died, and the funeral was attended at once. While they were weeping at the funeral, the uncle of Ismaeel approached and asked why they were weeping. "We are weeping for the dead," said Ismaeel. "Who will weep when you are dead?" said the uncle, and drawing his pistol, shot Ismaeel through the heart. He fell and as he was expiring, pled with his uncle to take care of his son. The ruffianly, heartless uncle seized the boy and shot him before his dying father's eyes, and then seized all his property and his wife whom he made his own wife at once. The Turkish pasha, who wished to take Ismaeel alive, has seized the uncle, but will not probably inflict any punishment upon him. One can hardly conceive a more brutal act, yet such things are too frequent to be noticed in this land. This man who was killed had committed deeds during the last few months which will hardly bear recording. He seized rebellious subjects, burned out their eyes, cut off their ears and noses, and flayed them alive. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The physical miseries of the unevangelized nations are surely enough to awaken the sympathies of philanthropists in every land.

Thursday, November 18th—We have letters again from Hums. There has been another battle between the Arab tribes. The Mowalee who were beaten in the first battle sent to the Metawileh sheikhs of Baalbec for help. The Metawilehs came with a large force and joined the Mowalee against the Hadadee, but the Hadadee routed them both, and about fifty were killed. Zano, the muleteer who is our letter-carrier, lives in a village only five minutes from the gates of Hums, and yet through fear he has removed his family and property into the city. Hums is in a barbarous region. Tripoli is civilized in comparison with it.

Monday, November 22d—To-day we have been writing and studying, and I have been out among the people. I found a company of men from the neighbouring village, none of whom could read or write. They never heard of America, and wished to know how many days' journey it would be to one riding a mule. I told them about four hundred and sixty-six days, but as it is by sea and not by land, we go in thirty days by steamer, and sixty or seventy by sailing vessel. They wondered at the very thought of such a stupendous distance, and asked me what I came here for, leaving all my friends behind. I spent half an hour in talking about Christ, and several Moslems were in the crowd. You can hardly conceive the ignorance and mental vacuity of such men as these.

The missionary work went on with little interruption. At Alma, southeast of Tyre, a village of 500 souls, forty had become Protestants, and a church was dedicated on November 7th. The new converts were violently persecuted. A Moslem inquirer from Bagdad was rescued from the Jesuits in Tripoli and sent to the Malta Protestant College. During that year there were thirty-two schools, and 1,065 pupils, 268 of them being girls. The number of pages printed was 2,258,000, about one twenty-ninth of the pages printed in 1905.

The work of female education received a new impulse in the arrival of Misses Temple and Johnson at Suk el Gharb, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss removed from Abeih to that village to aid them in opening a girls' boarding-school. Miss Johnson's health failed and she returned to America in 1859.

In May, 1858, Rev. R. J. Dodds and his family, later of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission in Latakia, went to Zahleh to found a mission. They were forcibly driven out by a mob led by a dozen priests. They were shamefully treated and grossly insulted. The government of Lebanon was at that time divided and weak, and the Zahlehites defied it. They boasted of their prowess, of their 1,000 men armed with guns, and gloried in the protection of the Virgin to whom their cathedral church was dedicated. The Orthodox Greeks, who were in the minority, were more liberal than their Papal Greek townsmen, but in opposing Protestantism they were a unit. They had no schools and cared nothing for education. They were brave, rough, and hospitable to everything but the Bible. Their business was chiefly in sheep, wheat and barley, which they bought from Kurdish shepherds and the Hauran Arabs. For this purpose they made frequent trips to the plains about Hamath and Hums and to Hauran, going in bodies of twenty armed men and fearing no foe. They boasted that no Druse or Moslem could live in Zahleh. Some of the families became wealthy and all were industrious. In religion their bishops and priests were supreme. They had heard of the "Bible men" from America, and occasional native colporteurs had visited the town, but when Mr. Dodds arrived with his family, the town was in consternation and the priest-led mob made short work of driving them down to Moallakah, where, under a Moslem governor, they were allowed to rest in peace. Mr. Dodds then withdrew to Latakia and founded the mission which has continued to the present time. In 1859, just one year later, Rev. W. A. Benton of Bhamdoun (only five hours on horseback from Zahleh), who had met many of the Zahleh merchants and muleteers during his ten years of Syrian life, resolved to beard the Zahleh lion in his den. So, taking his wife, who was a noted doctress, and his little children, with beds and clothing and books, he entered Zahleh as guest of an Orthodox Greek. The priests soon heard of it, and raising a mob went to the house and literally carried them all, bag and baggage, out of the town down the valley until they were beyond the

sacred soil of Zahleh, and then dumped them in the wilderness.

Zahleh was not yet open. It needed the discipline of God's hand in war and disaster and humbling defeat by their merciless Druse foes, to teach them their weakness and open the way for messengers of peace. One solitary man, Musa Ata, a Greek Catholic (or Papal Greek), had become a Protestant, but owing to his family and position was able to hold out in spite of boycotting and priestly anathemas. In 1872 I conducted his funeral and preached to a curious and noisy crowd of 1,000 Zahlehites in the schoolhouse of Miss Wilson, the brave Scotch lady, who alone at that time held the Gospel fort in Zahleh. The Lebanon School's committee had a school previous to that time in Moallakah, and in 1871 the Syria Mission voted to establish a regular station in Zahleh.

In June, 1859, Dr. Thomson arrived from America and transferred his residence from Sidon to Beirut. Rev. J. A. Ford removed to Sidon. On leaving Beirut Mr. Ford expressed his great relief in leaving the Beirut church, which a few ambitious men had controlled, and in which self-support had been persistently opposed. It was hoped that Dr. Thomson, from his age and experience, would be able to guide the church in ways of wisdom. In fact, no effort had been made up to this time to enforce or induce self-support in the feeble native churches. Nothing was paid for their preaching or education. Abeih Seminary, the leading school, gave board and tuition without charge. The same was true of all the schools in the land. The churches were weak and education was such a discredited exotic that parents rather expected to be paid for allowing us to experiment on their children. The value of preaching and teaching was yet to be learned. The teaching of Mr. Calhoun in Abeih was thorough and spiritual, as narrated elsewhere, and its fruits are now seen all over the land.

At the opening of 1859, Dr. Van Dyck had the whole of the new translation of the four Gospels in type. Five thousand nine hundred and sixty-two volumes and tracts were issued from the press in 1858, and 3,638,000 pages were printed. Seven stations

were occupied: Beirut by Dr. Thomson, Dr. Van Dyck and Mr. Hurter, mission printer; Abeih by Mr. Calhoun; Deir el Komr by Mr. Bird; Bhamdoun by Mr. Benton; Sidon by Messrs Ford and Eddy; Tripoli by Messrs. Lyons and H. H. Jessup, and Hums by Mr. Wilson; in all ten missionaries and one printer.

But clouds were gathering in the political sky and there were ominous mutterings of the coming storm. On August 30th a quarrel between a Druse and a Maronite boy about a chicken in the village of Beit Mirri, on a mountain ridge east of Beirut, led to a bloody affray between the two sects which raged a whole day. The Druses lost twenty-eight more than their opponents and vowed vengeance.

VIII

The Massacre Summer of 1860

EVEN now I find it difficult to recall the scenes and events of the Syrian massacres of 1860 without a shudder. Every event was so branded into my memory that it seems but yesterday that this beautiful land was grimed with fire and sword, pillage and carnage.

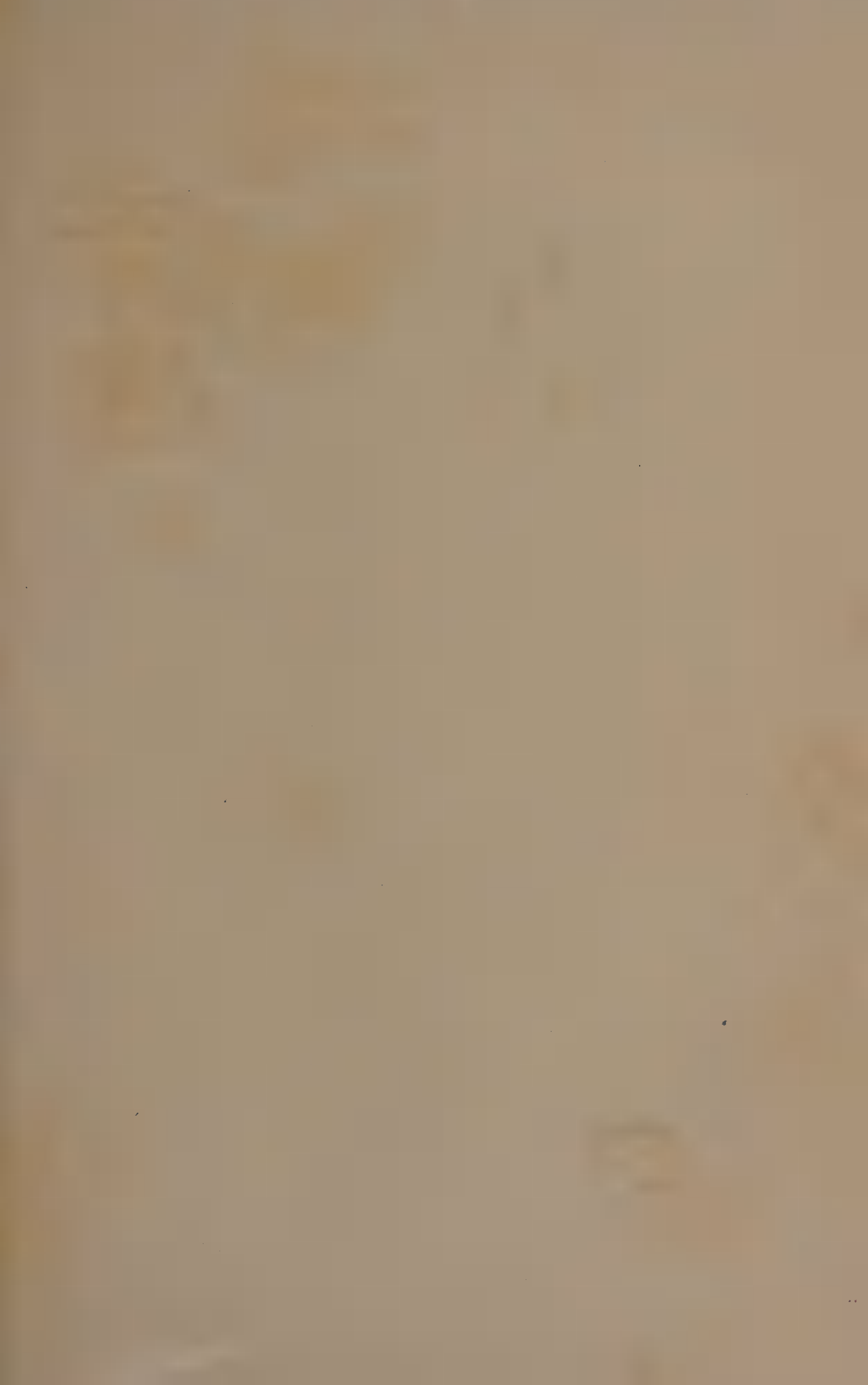
Mount Lebanon is a range of mountains extending 100 miles along the seacoast, and some thirty miles into the interior. The Damascus Road, in those days a mere mule track, afterwards a French diligence road, and now an "Abt System" Railway, divides the Lebanon into two provinces, the Northern, chiefly Maronite Catholic, and the Southern, Druse, mixed with Maronites and Greeks. The Druses are neither Moslem nor Christian, but a peculiar, secret, mystic sect, having no priesthood and no assemblies for worship, claiming to be Unitarians, or believers in one God, infinite, indefinable, incomprehensible and passionless, who has become incarnate in a succession of ten men, the last of whom was the mad Egyptian caliph, Hakim b'amr Illah, who was assassinated A. D. 1044. They are more of a political than a religious society, and the national spirit is intense. The Druse nation can neither increase nor decrease. It is lawful to pretend to believe in the religion of any sect among whom they dwell. Among the Moslems they are Moslems, among the Jews, Jews, among the Greeks they are Greeks, among the Romanists they are good papists, and among the Protestants they are evangelical Biblical Christians. In politics they look to the English for protection, and have always favoured the American schools. They are courteous, hospitable, industrious, temperate and brave. The okkal, or initiated class, use neither tobacco nor liquors of any kind. Any one leaving their sect for Christianity would be disinherited.

They live in Lebanon, in Wady Et Teim, northwest of Mount Hermon, and in Hauran.[1] They number in all between 75,000 and 100,000. They have several feudal families in Lebanon, the Jumblatts, the Arslans, the Telhooks, the Bu-Nakids, the Abdul Meleks, the Hamadys, the 'Amads, etc. Saïd Beg Jumblatt was called Kees ed Druse, "The Purse of the Druses," Khattur el Amad, the "Sword of the Druses," and Sheikh Hassein Telhook, the "Tongue of the Druses." As a national body they are compact, united and bound to obedience in peace and war.

The Maronites of Northern Lebanon are a Romish sect, in abject obedience to their priests, bishops and patriarch, at that time an illiterate people with a well-trained priesthood. The sect is of great antiquity and for centuries maintained its independence in the heights of Northern Lebanon against Moslems, Greeks and Bedawin Arabs. In the twelfth century, during the Crusades, they accepted the primacy of the Pope and have ever since been devoted to Rome. The patriarch was, in the beginning of modern missionary work in Syria, the unscrupulous enemy of light and of God's Word, claiming the right to arrest, imprison and even put to death any Maronite reading the Bible or leaving the sect. He caused the death of Asaad es Shidiak in 1829, the first Protestant martyr in Syria in modern times. These Oriental hierarchs are avaricious, haughty, and full of political intrigue, encouraging their people to oppress other sects. Their policy is to keep the people in ignorance, educating only those in training for the priesthood.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Druses called to the government of Lebanon, the Mohammedan family of Shehab, a branch of the Beni Koreish, and allied by blood and marriage with the line of the prophet Mohammed. The Shehab emirs had ruled Hauran ever since the taking of Damascus by their ancestor, Khalid, surnamed the "Sword of God." In the twelfth century Sultan Noureddin gave them the petty principality of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya at the foot of Mount Hermon.

[1] It is not correct to say "the Hauran," the Arabic form of Auranitis. In Ezekiel 47 : 16, there is no definite article. It is simply Hauran.





THE TOWN OF ZAHLEH

Famous for its fruits and "cold flowing waters."—Jer. 18: 14. The largest town in the Lebanon, hidden in the mountains; has a Christian population of 15,000. From here tourists begin the ascent of Mount Sennin, 8,560 feet above sea level.

They long remained firm friends of the Druses and placed the feudal system of the Druse begs on a firm basis.[1]

But, in 1756, two of the Shehab emirs were converted to Christianity and became Maronites, and several others followed their example. This fact increased the ambition of the Maronite patriarch to crush the Druses and bring all Lebanon under his sway. The ruler of all Syria including Lebanon, at this time, was the infamous and cruel tyrant Jezzar Pasha of Acre, whose pastime was burning out the eyes, mutilating and impaling men obnoxious to him and his minions. Nofel Effendi Nofel, one of the most learned and excellent men of modern Syria, told me, in 1865, that his grandfather was publicly impaled by Jezzar, a sharp stake being driven through his body from below and out of his mouth, and he was left to die of this horrible torture.

He was the Nero of modern Syria, and degraded and corrupted the people by extinguishing all self-respect, and dividing them into hostile factions, each anxious by fawning and cringing to gain his favour. Colonel Churchill says that he inaugurated that unscrupulous policy, which continued to 1860, of keeping the Lebanon in a constant state of weakness and paralysis.

Up to the time of Jezzar Pasha in Acre, and the Emir Beshir Shehab in Lebanon, there had been no "fanning of religious animosities" in Lebanon. Druses and Christians lived together in perfect harmony. During the wars of the feudal chiefs, Druse and Christian together fought promiscuously on *rival sides*. The Emir Beshir Shehab who ruled from 1789 to 1840, although a Maronite, never thought of rallying the Maronites in a crusade against the Druses. He felt that the Druses were the most important element of his power, and never in all his wars called for aid from the Maronites. The Christian sects, Maronite and Greek, now prospered and increased in wealth and security, in striking contrast to the condition of their coreligionists in the great towns and on the plains, who were under direct Turkish rule. The city Christians were allowed to live as they paid the tribute. If suspected of having money they were forthwith

[1] See Churchill's "Druses and Maronites," p. 20.

robbed. A Christian was not permitted to ride even a donkey. He must dress only in black. He could not have his seal engraved in Arabic, that language being too noble for his usage; his name was engraved in Hebrew or Greek. If his house was noticed as higher than that of his Mohammedan neighbour it was pulled down. His corpse might not be carried before the door of a mosque. The Christians sought relief by bribing prominent and influential Mohammedans to befriend them.

In 1831 Syria passed under the dominion of Mohammed Ali, viceroy of Egypt, and his son Ibrahim Pasha, and he enforced the equality of all sects before the law. The Moslem aghas, effendis and kadis conspired to nullify his liberal laws and after the battle of Nezib in which Ibrahim Pasha destroyed the Turkish army, he executed some scores of these fanatical Moslem agitators. Christians were admitted into the local councils and allowed liberty of dress, person and property. Commerce increased and the country prospered.

But in the summer of 1840, the allied fleets of England, Austria and Turkey bombarded the Syrian seaports and drove Ibrahim Pasha back to Egypt. As he had enforced a military conscription on all sects, the Maronites refused to yield and consequently they welcomed the fleets. In six months Syria was restored to the Turks, and everything went back to its old condition of oppression, extortion, and misrule. The Emir Beshir Shehab surrendered and was banished to Malta. The Emir Beshir Kasim Shehab succeeded him as governor of Lebanon and soon alienated all the Druse sheikhs by his haughty and arrogant treatment and his threats to put them under the iron rule of the Maronite patriarch. This patriarch now issued an Irlam or circular, virtually abolishing the ancient and feudal rights of the Druses. Colonel Hugh Rose, British commissioner, in a despatch at this time states that "the Maronite clergy show a determination to uphold their supremacy in the mountains at the risk of a civil war." At the same time the Druses were ordered by the Emir Beshir at the instigation of the patriarch, to close the Protestant schools which had been opened in their villages. The bishop of

Beirut boasted that ere long the Maronites would drive the Druses out of the country. Under the old emir, religious toleration had been sternly prohibited, and as we have seen in the sketches of King, Bird and Goodell, the early efforts of Protestant missionaries were promptly crushed. Any one who was known to hold intercourse of any kind with Englishmen or Americans was immediately put under the ban of excommunication. The idea was sedulously impressed on the minds of Maronites and Greeks, that the English were free masons and infidels, and as such, outcasts from the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. On the arrival of the British fleet off the coast in 1840, a decree was issued throughout the mountain that whoever went down to look on the ships should have his eyes put out. But the presence of the English army and imperial commissioner, on Syrian soil, broke the spell. The Druses everywhere welcomed the English, asked for schools and wanted to be taught, enlightened, civilized. This increased the bitter hatred and animosity of the patriarch and his priests and monks against the Druses, and their efforts, to stir up discord and strife in the mixed districts south of the Damascus Road.

On September 14, 1841, an affray took place at Deir el Komr, arising out of the shooting by a Maronite of a partridge on a shooting preserve of the Druse chief, Nasif Beg Abu Nakad. The Druses lost thirty-two killed and wounded and the Maronites thirteen, and a Druse army was suddenly mustered and surrounded Deir el Komr, and only the prompt interference of Colonel Rose, H. B. M. Consul-General, who happened to be in the town, prevented a general war. The Druses now prepared for war in self-defense, and the Maronite patriarch announced that he and his clergy was ready to head the Maronites and exterminate the Druses. The Druses also entered into a compact with the Turks and were guided by their secret instructions. On October 18, the Druse army of the Jumblatts, the Abu Nakads and the Amads, again attacked Deir el Komr and kept up the fight three days, burning houses, and the Abu Nakads burned the neighbouring Maronite villages, slaughtering the inhabitants.

On the 16th, Colonel Rose, with Ayûb Pasha arrived from Beirut, just in time to save the male population from a ruthless massacre. Colonel Churchill says, "When Druse vengeance is once aroused, it is remorseless. They imbrue their hands in blood with a savage joy that is incredible. Yet as a general principle, they never touch women."

The war now became general throughout Lebanon, the Greek Christians joining the Druses in attacking the Maronites. In less than ten days the Druses had completely subdued the Maronites residing among them, sacking and burning their villages and convents, and, but for the moderation and intense activity of Naaman Beg Jumblatt, the war would have been carried into Northern Lebanon. "The Maronite patriarch, bewildered by the sweeping successes of those he thought to exterminate, shut himself up at first in a room in his convent, and finally negotiated for refuge on a British man-of-war."

On November 5th, Deir el Komr surrendered to the Druses, and the Emir Beshir Kasim rode out, deprived of his arms and his turban, in great chagrin, and as he approached Beirut, saw the villages of Baabda and Hadeth in flames, together with his own palace and those of the Shehab emirs, and he saw the Maronite fugitives being wounded, plundered even to the women, and stripped by the Turkish irregular cavalry, sent out to restore order. The Maronites declared that "they would sooner be plundered by the Druses than protected by the Turks."

The crushing of the Maronite power in Lebanon encouraged the Druses and certain Turkish officials to attack Zahleh and even exterminate the Christians of Damascus. But by the energy of H. B. M. Consul Wood in Damascus, the effort failed and the bloody wave was stayed. For two years Lebanon was in constant ferment, until January 1, 1843, the Porte invested the Emir Haider Abu Lama, a Maronite, as kaimakam for the Christians of Lebanon, and the Emir Ahmed Arslan as kaimakam for the Druses south of the Damascus Road. As a large body of Maronites lived in the Druse district they protested against being under Druse rule. The Greeks, however, were quite

content to have a Druse governor. The Maronite patriarch then declared that "all Lebanon must be under either Druse or Maronite rule, the blow must be struck, and he who strikes first will have two chances to one in his favour." This principle the Druses *acted* upon. Colonel Churchill says that large funds had been received by the Maronite patriarch from France and Austria to relieve the sufferers from the last civil war, and he used these funds for the promotion of a second.

In January, 1845, Saïd Beg Jumblatt summoned a grand meeting of all the Druse sheikhs at Mukhtara. Being the wealthiest chief of the Druses his influence was supreme. In April, the storm burst, in Deir el Komr, Jezzin and Abeih. In Abeih Dr. Thomson bore a flag of truce to the Druse leader who had besieged the Shehab emirs and the Maronites in the castle. Hostilities ceased and the timely arrival of Colonel Rose saved the lives of hundreds of Christians. A Turkish governor was placed in Deir el Komr and matters settled down to the usual quiet of alarms and rumours. The feudal chief, Beshir Beg Abu Nakad, driven out of his ancestral seat in Deir el Komr, vowed vengeance and bided his time.

Deir el Komr increased in wealth, in silk weaving and various industries, and its merchants built elegant stone houses paved with marble, while, as Colonel Churchill says, "their wives and daughters were apparelled in silks and satins, and blazed with jewelry, gold and pearls and diamonds. They boasted of having 2,000 warriors, who, if properly led, could have defended their town against any army the Druses could raise. Beshir Beg Abu Nakad wished to build a house on his land about a mile west of the town, but they refused him permission, and threatened to raze as fast as he would build. He desisted, but exclaimed, "Those dogs, I will yet lay the foundations of my house with their skulls!"

The town of Zahleh, the other Lebanon Christian stronghold on the east of Lebanon, and facing the great plain of the Bookaa, had risen rapidly to wealth, by its trade in sheep, wool, and in wheat from Hauran. Its population was about 12,000, boasting

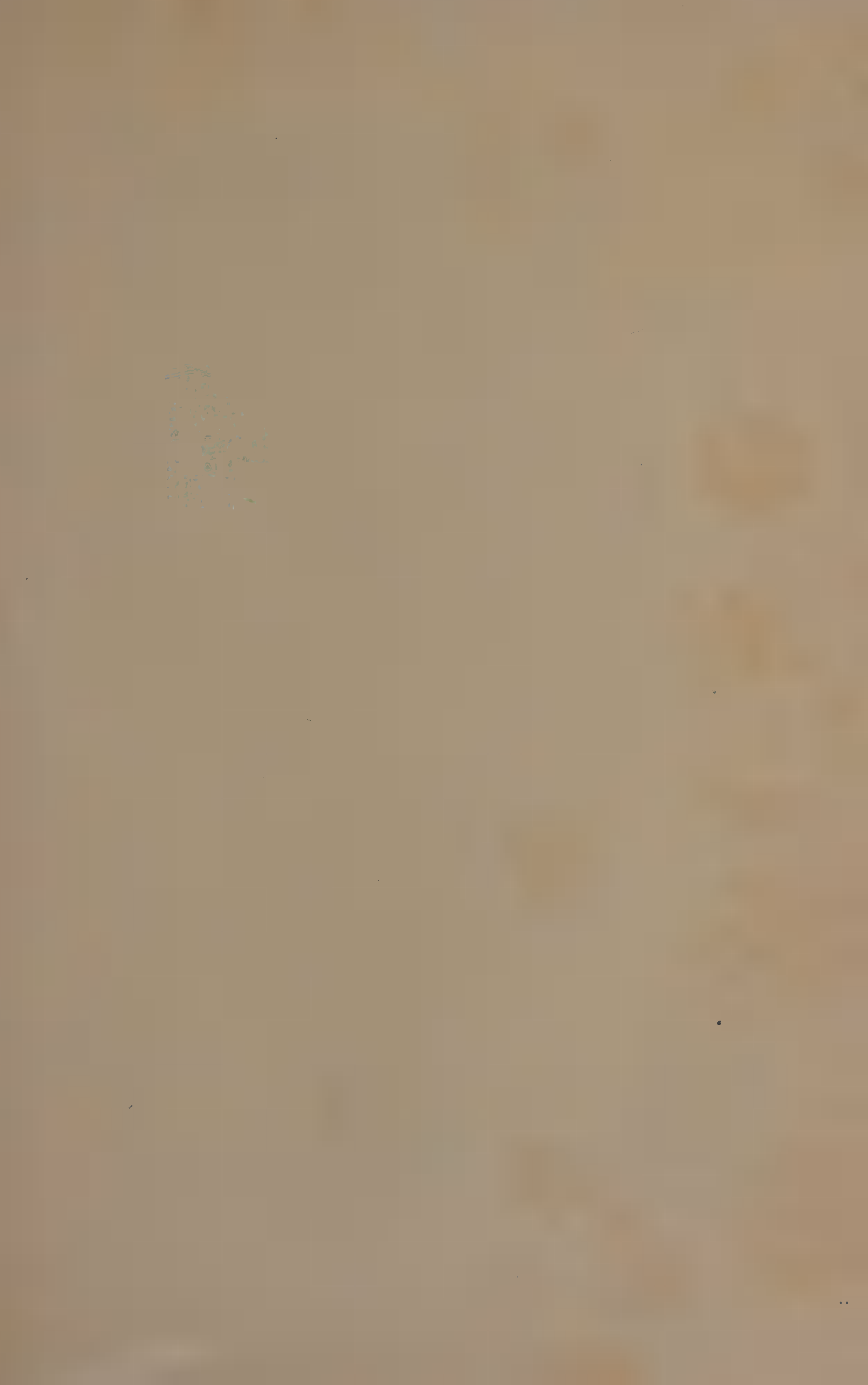
3,000 warriors, horse and foot, and claiming that they protected the great plain of the Bookaa from the marauding raids of the Druses and Bedawin Arabs. They were Orthodox Greeks and Greek Catholics, and were in a kind of federal alliance with Deir el Komr for general protection against the Druses.

In the Anti-Lebanon, at the foot of Mount Hermon, was the large village of Hasbeiya, with a population of 6,000 Orthodox Greeks and scarcely 1,500 Druses. The Mohammedan Shehab emirs, worried and in constant conflict with the Druses, had a warm friendship for the Greeks and the few Protestants of the town. Long before this time Protestantism was well established in Hasbeiya, a church edifice built, and Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., was the faithful pastor. But the whole region around Hermon was insecure. Highway robbery and murder were constant. In Druse Lebanon, Colonel Churchill declares that "In ten years, upwards of eleven hundred murders were committed without an attempt at investigation or inquiry."

French intrigue was active, and as Churchill says, "In Northern Lebanon the Maronite kaimakam, the Maronite patriarch and the French consul-general formed a triumvirate, animated by two principles, submission of the civil to the ecclesiastical power, and exclusive devotion of both to France." France was at that time the "elder son of the Church," and all Catholic sects in Syria looked to France as their protector. It was even proclaimed that Lebanon would be occupied by a French army. The Greeks on the other hand looked to Russia, and the Druses to a great extent to England for protection.

I cannot enter into the part borne by Khurshid Pasha of Beirut in the events which culminated in the awful massacres of 1860. I would refer the reader to Colonel Churchill's book, "The Maronites and the Druses," for his views of the political situation and the treachery of that infamous character.

But in 1859 we saw clearly that a crisis was at hand. Arms and ammunition were being imported freely by both parties without objection from the custom-house officials. Dr. Thomson said to me that the then existing dual government of Lebanon





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could not last. A murderer in the north would find a refuge in the south, and a murderer in the Druse region had only to cross the Damascus Road and he was safe from arrest. The mountain thronged with untried and unhung murderers. The blood of their victims cried to God for vengeance.

The Maronite Bishop Tobīya of Beirut organized a Maronite Young Men's League, for the extermination of the Druses. His chief lieutenant was one Aiub Beg Trabulsy, who once presented blooded Arab mares to Secretary William H. Seward. In Damascus itself, the new liberties granted to the Christian sects, their growth in wealth, the appointment of their prominent men to foreign consular offices, with armed kavasses before whom haughty Moslem effendis must stand aside and give way, and the inroads made on the pride and exclusiveness of Damascene Mohammedans, whose city was the third of the holy cities, ranking after Mecca and Jerusalem; all these and other causes had kindled fires of fanatical hatred and preparations were made for the destruction of their Christian vassals and the restoration of the ancient glory of Islam. So holy was this city, and so strong the feeling of its divine rights, that up to that time the Ottoman government had exempted its population from the military conscription.

Colonel Churchill lays great stress upon the point that the then existing dual kaimakamate in Lebanon was utterly distasteful to the Turkish government, and that "their object was to show (to the European Powers) that no government but their own could possibly succeed in Lebanon."

In 1859 I was living in Tripoli, a seacoast city fifty miles north of Beirut. It is a Moslem city whose aristocratic families and Ulema look with disdain on the small population of Greeks and Maronites dwelling among them. But, as is generally the case, where the Christians are in a small minority, there had never been any attack by the Moslems on the Christians, but the chief reason was probably the existence of a powerful Maronite population in Lebanon, near by on the east, who often, out of mere bravado, threatened to attack the Moslems

of Tripoli should they injure their Maronite and Greek fellow citizens.

But in Southern Lebanon matters had become critical. On the 30th of August, 1859, a quarrel between a Druse and a Christian boy about a chicken led to a bloody affray, in the village of Beit Mirri, nine miles east of Beirut on a high mountain range 2,500 feet above the sea. Both Druses and Maronites were reinforced and the battle raged a whole day in which the Druses lost in killed twenty-eight more than the Christians. The Druses, chafing under their defeat, began to prepare for civil war. All through the fall and winter, both sides hastened their preparations. The government of Beirut could have stopped these movements at any moment, and prohibited the importation of arms and ammunition. But for some reason they did not interfere.

On the 26th of March, 1860, I left my home in Tripoli with my wife, to attend the annual meeting of the mission in Beirut, expecting then to spend the spring and summer in Abeih, in Southern Lebanon, preparing an Arabic atlas and assisting Mr. Calhoun in the boys' seminary. The mission meeting was interesting and yet saddening. The Civil War in America had crippled the resources of the Board, and we were obliged to retrench, disbanding schools and reducing work in the press. We had the counsel of Mr. William A. Booth of New York, and Mr. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, who were in Beirut, having just completed the tour of Palestine, and while the general outlook was encouraging, all felt that a cloud of ominous portent hung over the land. Some of the American tourists, coming from Damascus early in April, found the Metawileh attacking the Christian villages southeast of Baalbec. Threatening rumours came from all parts of Lebanon, but it was felt that there would be no general outbreak until after the gathering of the silk crop and sale of the cocoons, as all parties depend on the silk crop for their livelihood. Mr. Calhoun, therefore, left April 5th for Aintab to visit that wonderful mission station, and returned May 22d. Mr. and Mrs. Bird of Deir el Komr, with Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, left on the same steamer for a visit to Tripoli, returning April 20th. On the 8th of May we

removed to Abeih and enjoyed the cheery hospitality of Mrs. Calhoun, whose bright disposition was like sunshine in the gloom of apprehension which filled all minds. The air was thick with news of outrage and murder: two Christians killed at Owaly bridge near Sidon, four Druses killed at Medairij on the Damascus Road, three Christians at Jisr el Kadi bridge; two Moslems at Juneh north of Dog River near Beirut; muleteers carrying flour to Deir el Komr stopped by the Druses, the highroad everywhere dangerous. The Druse leader, Saïd Beg Jumblatt, held constant councils, and his adherents poured in from all quarters.

I was busy with my work, conducting Arabic prayers in the seminary at 6 A. M., Arabic Bible study in Isaiah at 8, and then working on the Arabic atlas with Mr. Ibrahim Sarkis.

The Druse begs of Abeih, Kasim Beg Abu Nakad and his brothers, Saïd Beg and Selim Beg, were constant in their assurances that we need have no fear in Abeih, as they would guarantee that whatever might occur, this village would be protected, and they kept their word. Mr. Calhoun returned May 22d, finding great excitement in Beirut and all over the land. All confidence in the ruling authorities was lost. Dr. Thomson and the United States consul in Beirut sent up word urging us and Mr. Calhoun and family, and Mr. Bird and his family in Deir el Komr, to remove at once to Beirut. The consul sent up an armed kavass, together with Hamîyeh, a venerable Druse horseman from the Emir Ahmed Arslan at Shwifat, to remain with us and accompany us to Beirut. Mr. Bird replied that he could not come away and leave the Protestants in that field, as his presence was a protection to them. Mr. Calhoun declined to leave, and did not remove during the whole of that battle summer. The circumstances of my family made my duty more clear, as it was impossible to say when all communication between Beirut and Lebanon might be cut off. On the 23d we heard of ten murders in the Shûf district near Deir el Komr, and also the burning of the Maronite Convent of Ammeuk near Deir el Komr, and the murder of the superior in his bed.

The placid, undisturbed peace of the saintly Mr. Calhoun was a joy and an inspiration. He knew the Druses well, better probably than any foreigner, unless it were Colonel Churchill, who had lived among them twenty years, and written a history of their religion and their feudal families and the Lebanon. Every day the Druse begs called, and after giving Mr. Calhoun news of what was going on in other parts, renewed their assurances of perfect security in Abeih, where the bulk of the property belonged to the Druses, and the peasants were largely their tenants. Besides it was understood among the Druses that no American or Englishman was to be harmed. This was partly from shrewd policy, and partly because their only schools were those opened by the Americans.

The Protestants in Ain Zehalteh, nine miles east of Deir el Komr, were now in danger, not from their own Druse begs, but from the horde of wild Druses from Hauran east of the Jordan, who were now pouring into Lebanon in response to signals flashed by fires from Lebanon to Hermon and from Hermon to the regions beyond.

Mr. Ford came up from Sidon May 24th, and accompanied Mr. Calhoun to Suk el Gharb, to consult with Mr. Bliss with regard to the closing of the Suk Girls' Boarding-School, as the teachers were in a panic, and the parents were anxious to have their daughters sent home. That day three Druses were killed on the plain near Beirut.

A Maronite champion now appeared on the scene, Tannoos Shahîn el Beitar, who had led the rebellion of the Kesrawan peasants against their feudal sheikhs of Beit el Khazin, with the aid of the Maronite patriarch.

On Saturday the 26th, we made an American flag to hoist over the mission premises as a protection in case the hordes from Hauran should invade this district, for we had no fear from the Lebanon Druses. The whole population were in a state of apprehension. Bodies of armed Druses, horse and foot, marched from village to village, singing their weird song, "Ma hala, Ma hala, kotl en Nasara!" "How sweet, how sweet, to kill the

Christians." Early on Sunday, May 27th, the Protestants of the village all came to Mr. Calhoun to get advice. Shall we stay or go down to Beirut? Mr. Birbari, teacher in the seminary, was much exercised, as his relatives were in Hadeth on the plain which was threatened by the Druses. Mr. Calhoun reassured him, and said that as soon as he thought it unsafe for them to stay he would give them word. Kasim Beg Abu Nakad came in and reassured them that nothing should happen in Abeih. At ten o'clock we went down to the little church under Mr. Calhoun's house. That church was an old tank or reservoir belonging to the Im Hassein house which was burned in 1845, and repaired and occupied by Mr. Calhoun. It was my turn to preach. I looked down on a company of anxious faces. I had begun the service and was reading the first verse of "My faith looks up to Thee," "Araka bil eeman," when the report of a gun near by, followed by a scream, startled the congregation. Just then a man ran by the church door shouting, "Abu Shehedan is killed. Rise and run for your lives!" That church was emptied in a moment. It had been agreed beforehand among the Protestants, Greeks and Maronites, that if any Christian was killed in Abeih they would all run en masse down the steep mountain descent of six miles to Moallakah, a large Maronite village on the seashore and thence twelve miles to Beirut. So no time was needed for consultation.

The entire male Christian population fled, over walls, terraces, vineyards and through pine groves and the rocky slope, avoiding the roads. A few fell by the way, waylaid by the Druses, but the great majority reached Moallakah in safety and some went on to Beirut. Kasim Beg came at once with the Druse sheikhs and explained the matter to Mr. Calhoun and myself. He said that in the civil war of 1845, Abu Shehedan killed a Druse of Binnai, a small Druse village one mile over the ridge from Abeih, and the family had been watching for fifteen years an opportunity for revenge, and this morning a small body of them crept in and surprised him and shot him. He said he regretted it deeply and had driven the men away, and would guarantee that there should be

no more shooting in Abeih. But his new assurances came too late. Not a Christian man or boy over ten years was left in the village. As the Druses never touch women in their wars, the Christian women and girls all remained. And now began a procession of Maronite, Greek and Protestant women to the house of Mr. Calhoun. It was a little house of five small rooms below and two up-stairs, one of which, a low, vaulted room, part of an ancient castle ruined long ago, formed Mr. Calhoun's study. From the windows you could look down on the lower spurs of Lebanon and beyond them, fifteen miles away, in plain sight, on the Cape, the city of Beirut. Every one of these women brought a bundle of valuables to deposit for safe-keeping with Mrs. Calhoun. There was gold and silver money, jewelry, precious stones, bridal dresses embroidered with gold thread, and even rugs. These things had no labels, were unsealed, and the women did not ask for receipts, so absolute was their confidence in these good missionaries. Mrs. Calhoun's closets were soon full and piles of bundles lay on the floors. Four months later, September 25th, when a detachment of the French army, which had landed in Beirut August 16th, moved in two columns into Lebanon, the Druses fell into a panic and stampeded to Hauran, leaving their women and children behind, and then the Druse women in town brought *their* jewelry and treasures and threw them at Mrs. Calhoun's feet, so that these missionaries, who had been years before cursed and excommunicated by the Maronite patriarch, bishops and priests, as "incarnate devils," now held in trust without a receipt all the wealth of both Christians and Druses.[1]

That Sunday was a weary and dismal day. All to the north we could see the smoke of burning villages, and just below

[1] This confidence of the people in the missionaries continues to this day, and the Syrian emigrants of all sects, in the United States, Brazil and Australia, often send back their savings to their families in sterling drafts on London payable to the order of the American missionaries. Mr. W. K. Eddy in one year received thousands of pounds in this way, and he deposited the money and paid it out through his own checks.

Abeih a Maronite village was burned. Scores of frightened women and children filled the open court of Mr. Calhoun's house, crowded on the pavement, making it difficult for Mrs. Jessup and myself to reach the rickety wooden staircase leading up to our room. That room had a second door opening upon the terrace above towards the boys' seminary, but we felt so little concern about Mr. Calhoun's house that we did not look to see whether that upper door was locked. We soon had occasion to regret the oversight.

Monday, May 28th, we had finished the sheets of the Arabic atlas. Messrs. Appleton in New York had prepared the maps in outline, putting in the rivers, mountains, etc., and we had written in the names in Arabic in India ink. These sheets were placed in a tin case and shipped, June 30th, on the bark *Speedwell* to the United States, and there the artists photographed them upon stone and printed an edition, the first correct atlas in the Arabic language. Kasim Beg sent to Moallakah and tried to induce the refugees to return and attend to their crops, but in vain. Mr. Bird sent a boy messenger from Deir el Komr saying that the water-supply was cut off, and the people in great straits for food, as the Druses had stopped all traffic on the roads. That evening Rev. J. A. Ford, Mr. P. Carabet and three guards arrived from Beirut with orders from the consul that we remove to Beirut.

On the 27th of May, 3,000 men of Zahleh advanced to attack the Druses of the Arkoob, near Aindara. On the Damascus Road they were encountered by 600 Druses led by their sheikhs and after fighting all day, the Christians were defeated and fled. The Druses then entered the Metn at Modairij, and burned down some Christian villages. Indeed during the month of the war, some sixty villages in that district were entirely destroyed. The Christians lacked leaders and discipline. Every priest, monk and sheikh wanted to lead and give orders, and the result was utter confusion and defeat. They were brave enough, but had no good leaders. The Druses on the contrary had perfect discipline, skillful and daring leaders and all moved as one man.

Khurshid Pasha of Beirut had stationed a regiment of Turkish

troops at Hazimîyeh, three miles from Beirut at the foot of Lebanon, on the road running from Northern to Southern Lebanon. Tannoos el Beitar, hearing that the large Maronite villages of Baabda and Hadeth near Beirut, home of the Shehab emirs, were in danger, sent 300 men to protect them. The pasha allowed the force to go to Baabda, but the next day, May 29th, sent word to the emirs to send back the reinforcements, as he would protect them. They obeyed, but immediately the mass of the male inhabitants fled to Beirut, having lost all faith in his assurances of protection. On the morning of May 30th, the Druses from our part of Lebanon descended on Baabda and Hadeth, compelling their Greek and Protestant tenants to go with them and help in burning those two fine villages. We saw the column of black smoke ascending all that day, and the Druse begs came in and told us what had been done.

At 9 P. M. we went up-stairs. I closed the door at the head of the stairs and lighted the candle on the bureau. Just then Mrs. Jessup, who was hardly able to bear a sudden shock, called out " Listen!" and hurried into the vaulted study which was in darkness. I turned and saw the bedstead shaking violently, and just then out crawled a burly fellah, who rushed to me trying to kiss my feet and begging to be allowed to stay under my protection. I had never seen him before, and ordered him to leave. I never carry weapons and was glad I had none at that time, or he might have followed Abu Shehedan. He refused to go. I threw open the door at the head of the stairs and pushed him towards it, and planting my foot in the middle of his back, sent him headlong down the stairs. He fell into the crowd of women who were gathered there and were allowed to sleep there, and they broke into terrified screams. Then there came a clamour of voices and a loud laugh. "Why," said they, "it's old Shaheen. He was afraid of the Druses and crept in through the upper door and under the bed, expecting you to protect him!" He was allowed to stay near the house all night, but the nervous shock was not soon forgotten. All that night, the drear sound of the Druse war-song echoed over the mountains and would startle us

from sleep. On this day, May 29th, the Druse begs came and begged Mr. Calhoun to write the European consuls, and secure their influence to stop the war. Mr. Calhoun was anxious to go to Deir el Komr to see Mr. Bird and confer about his removal to Abeih, but the Druse begs advised him not to go, owing to the marauding parties on the roads and passes. We could hear firing to the north and east and south and the air was lurid with smoke. Here were the subjects of the Porte killing one another and destroying the mountain villages, and yet the pasha's troops outside of Beirut looked on, doing nothing, but occasionally aiding the Druse bands in killing Lebanon refugees on the highways leading to Beirut. Khurshid Pasha was afterwards brought to trial and, at least temporarily, disgraced. After burning Hadeth and Baabda, the property destroyed in Central Lebanon was immense. The silk crop comprising tons of cocoons had been carried off or burned. The Druses hurried on with mules, donkeys and camels to remove their plunder, and "hundreds of Maronites with their families flying from the Druse mountains and coming north to Beirut by the seashore were suddenly intercepted by the Druses and Turkish irregulars and cut to pieces, the latter sparing neither woman nor child."[1] The gardens around Beirut now became hourly thronged with masses of unhappy fugitives, lying about under the trees in all directions, some bleeding, some naked, all in the last stage of destitution.

The Europeans in Beirut now bestirred themselves to aid the sufferers, and subscriptions were appealed for to America and England. We could hear the Druses on all sides rejoicing over their victories. Kasim Beg sent down to Moallakah-by-the-Sea, and begged the Abeih Christians to return, but they refused, and soon all reached Beirut and crowded our mission premises. On the morning of the 30th of May, Mr. Hurter, our good mission printer, arrived in Abeih, bringing muleteers and a "Takht-el-Erwam," or palanquin, to convey Mrs. Jessup to Beirut. So, on the 31st of May, we set out for Beirut, over that rough, rocky, tortuous road, the muleteers steadying the takht to keep it from

[1] Churchill, p. 146.

capsizing in the narrow zigzags of the road. We were frequently passed by armed bodies of Druses hastening north to the Metn district, the men carrying guns, swords and ammunition and the women bread and water. These Druses saluted us with profuse salutations and we had no fear whatever of being molested. Our course lay along the shelf or terrace of Lebanon, keeping at about the height of 2,500 feet above the sea, passing Ainab and Shemlan, and thence to Suk el Gharb, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss, and the site of our girls' boarding-school. We found the village in great excitement. They were all Orthodox Greeks and Protestants, and were in favour with the Druses, and donning white turbans for their own protection, had been forced to help in the burning of Baabda and Hadeth. Their white turbans had saved them from being killed by Turkish irregulars, who hung around the villages during the pillage and burning. Our nine horsemen, including the three armed guards, and the attendants, made a heavy draught on the hospitality of Mrs. Bliss, especially as it was now well-nigh impossible to get provisions from Beirut, and no flour could get through from Damascus. Mr. Bliss and I walked over to the neighbouring house to see the famous Colonel Churchill, the English officer of engineers, who stood on his flat roof watching with his field-glass the burning villages of the Metn. This remarkable man of the Marlborough family came to Syria at the time of the bombardment in 1841, remained as British agent, and, liking the climate, settled at B'Howwara in a Lebanon valley, married a Syrian lady and spent nineteen years in studying the history of Lebanon and especially the religion and history of the Druses, and published two octavo volumes which are reliable and deeply interesting. He was allied by his second marriage with the Maronite Shehabs and yet was the confidential adviser and military counsellor of the Druse begs and sheikhs. Regarding this war as begun by the Maronite patriarch and bishops, who openly announced their plan for exterminating the Druses, and anticipating that, after a short season of village burning and plunder as had been usual in previous civil wars, peace would be restored, he threw his whole influence on the side

of the Druses, and actually planned the "Bethel and Ai" campaign against Zahleh. But, in justice to him, it should be said that as soon as the Druses, with the aid of Turkish military officers of the Nizam, or regular army, began to disarm the Christians and then massacre them like sheep, he turned against them, wrote to them and spoke to them denouncing them as wild beasts and fiends. His book on "The Druses and Maronites" is the only correct published account of the struggle of 1860 and its political causes and results.

At 2 P. M. we resumed our march to Beirut, taking Miss Temple and the teachers, with nine girls of the boarding-school and a crowd of refugees. The descent over rocks and ledges on the old mule track was a perilous one for the takht, with one mule ahead and the other behind, but we at length reached the plain at Kefr Shima, and in five hours and a half reached Beirut, not having seen a living creature on this road generally thronged, excepting one black slave looking for plunder in the smoking ruins of Hadeth and an ownerless, hungry dog. All the way down we could see the columns of smoke in Lebanon, showing that some twenty-five villages were in flames. We saw the Turkish military camp whose sole object seemed to be to restrain the Maronites and give the Druses a free hand.

We found Beirut in a ferment, the Moslems morose and insolent, threatening trouble, and the Christian refugees, terror-stricken, hungry and shelterless, fearing for their lives and not knowing whom to trust. Their ecclesiastics had urged them to begin the war, and now were powerless to aid them. We found it necessary to open relief measures at once. Two hundred and fifty refugees were sleeping in the room now occupied by the steam printing machines of the American Press. We had daily religious services and the crowds of fellahin sleeping on our premises would venture in and hear words of heavenly comfort. The new translation of the New Testament had just been published, and it was ready for hundreds, and later on for thousands, who had heretofore been taught by their priests that Protestants were the enemies of God and man.

Our missionaries were now at their stations: Dr. Thomson and Mr. Hurter in Beirut. Dr. and Mrs. Van Dyck had just gone to Europe on furlough on account of his impaired health; Messrs. J. A. Ford and W. W. Eddy were in Sidon; Mr. Bird in Deir el Komr; Mr. Calhoun in 'Abeih; Mr. Benton in Bhamdoun, Mr. Wilson in Hums and Mr. Lyons in Tripoli. I occupied the house of Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut.

Letters from all the stations agreed in the existence of a reign of panic and terror among the Christian population everywhere. The American and Irish United Presbyterian missionaries in Damascus wrote of constant threats by Moslems of a general massacre of all Christians and foreigners. It was even said by Druses, Moslems, Metawileh and Arabs, that orders to that effect had come from Constantinople. About this time Mr. Wilson, with his Syrian helper, Mr. Sulleeba Jerawan, set out from Hums to Tripoli to get information as to the state of things and consult with Mr. Lyons as to duty. On reaching the bridge of the Orontes, three miles from Hums, they were suddenly surrounded by a party of Bedawin Arabs, who ordered them to dismount. Mr. Wilson spoke to his companion in English, telling him to say nothing, but listen to what the Arabs would say. One said, "Let us kill them. Our lord, the Sultan, has ordered us to kill every 'ghawir' (infidel) native or foreign. We can throw their bodies into the Aasy (Orontes), and take their clothing and horses as booty." Another objected, "We cannot do this without orders from the sheikh. Let us take them to the sheikh and do *his* bidding." This counsel prevailed, and to the sheikh's tent they went. A little after, the sheikh arrived, and Mr. Wilson told him the story, and asked why his men had arrested them on the public highway. The sheikh replied, "Khowaja, it is a time of peril. No road is safe now. Why did you set out for Tripoli through that always dangerous region without a guard from the governor of Hums? I will escort you back to Hums, to the governor, and there my responsibility ceases. Be sure not to go again without a guard." They went to Hums, obtained a guard, and made the journey to Tripoli and back safely. But ere long Mr. Wilson was persuaded

to remove his family and go with Mr. Lyons and his family to the seaside village of Enfeh, nine miles south of Tripoli, where they were in a Christian Greek population, and had a quiet summer.

Saïd Beg Jumblatt had by this time assumed the command of the Druse forces of Lebanon, and hearing, through an intercepted letter from the Maronite bishops to the people of Zahleh and Deir el Komr, that the Maronites boasted of "an army 50,000 strong," whereas the Druses could only muster 12,000, and that this was "a war of religion," resolved on "war to the knife."

On June 1st, 4,000 Druses suddenly attacked Deir el Komr. The Jumblatts, Abu Nakads, Amads and Hamadis poured down upon the town. Only half of the Christians joined in the defense. The other half had made secret submission to the Abu Nakads. Yet the battle lasted all day, the Druses losing 100 killed, as the Christians fired from their stone houses. June 2d, the town surrendered to the Druses, and the day following Tahir Pasha arrived from Beirut with 400 soldiers. After the surrender, the Druses burned 130 houses and then retired. The pasha remained a fortnight and although the people were suffering from famine and want of water, he assured them of their safety and said, "Resume your ordinary occupations. Fear nothing. Deir el Komr is as safe as Constantinople." June 18th he returned to Beirut.

Saïd Beg now attacked Jezzin. His brother, Selim Beg, led 2,000 Druses who suddenly pounced on the town. The people fled. Twelve hundred were cut down on the mountain. The women and children fled down towards Sidon, joined by hundreds of men pursued by Kasim Amadi, agent of Saïd Beg. As this body of 300 Christians approached the walls of Sidon, the gates were closed against them, and they were attacked by a horde of city Moslems and village Metawilehs, who slaughtered them all. The house of Dr. Eddy in Sidon was on the eastern wall, and from his window he saw Moslem acquaintances killing these unarmed fugitives and called on them to desist. But the bloody work went on. Young girls and women were carried off by their assailants who heeded not their screams for help.

Several Catholic monasteries and nunneries were invaded, robbed and burned, nuns being carried off, and in some instances suffered personal violence. "In the wealthy convent of Meshmoushy, thirty monks had their throats cut."[1] The plunder here was something fabulous,—in gold vases, cups, jewelled crosses sparkling with diamonds, besides whole heaps of money, the accumulated stores of a century. The whole was valued at £80,000. The buildings, after being stripped of furniture, doors and window-shutters, were burned.

In Sidon itself the alarm had become appalling, and the lives of the Christian natives, Catholic and Protestant, as well as the two missionary families, were in imminent peril from the Moslems. But the opportune arrival of H. B. M. ship *Firefly*, Captain Mansell, June 3d, and the vigorous measures taken by that gallant officer, overawed the governor and the populace, and restored confidence to the people.

The Druses now turned their attention to Hasbeiya. Sixteen years before, in 1844, thirty armed horsemen from Zahleh had come to Hasbeiya and driven out eighty Protestants who would not give up the right to read the Word of God. The Greek bishop of Hasbeiya was in league with the pugnacious Zahleh "defenders of the faith." But now, alas, both towns were to fall victims to Druse ferocity.

There were in Hasbeiya two characters whose names have gone down to everlasting infamy, Osman Beg, the Turkish colonel, and the Sitt Naaify, sister of Saïd Beg Jumblatt. Osman as a soldier may have thought he was obeying orders, but his summary execution in August for treachery, by Fuad Pasha, would indicate that his conduct in Hasbeiya was the result of his own fanatical hatred of Christians. Sitt Naaify was a woman of great intellectual power, sternness and duplicity, yet none could surpass her in apparent courtesy and hospitality. These two were in constant conference, she in her palace above the town and he in the seraia in the midst of the town.

On Sunday, June 3d, the Druse forces surrounded Hasbeiya.

[1] Churchill, p. 157.



HASBEIYEA
The Seraia, in the foreground, was the scene of the massacre in 1860.



The Christians demanded protection from Osman Beg. He told them to go out and defend themselves. They went out and fought all day and then returned en masse and took refuge in the spacious seraia. Then Osman asked the Sitt Naaify her wishes. She replied unconditional surrender and the delivering up of their arms. Osman gave them a written guarantee, pledging the faith of the government for their personal safety. The next morning she came down and witnessed the stacking of their arms. The best were selected by the Druses and the Turks and the rest, eight hundred stand, were packed on mules ostensibly to be taken to Damascus, but actually divided among the Druses.

The unfortunate Christians in the seraia were now enduring the double misery of imprisonment and starvation. Water was hardly to be got. Bread was scarce and at exorbitant prices. The men lived chiefly on bran, dried beans and vine leaves, and gradually they lost strength, hope and courage. The women in despair tore off their ornaments and gave them to the Turkish soldiers, to move them to pity. They appealed with frantic grief to Sitt Naaify to release their husbands and fathers. She selected a few who were tenants of her son-in-law, Selim Beg, and also asked the Protestants to accept the protection of her house. A few consented, but the rest said, "No, Osman Beg has promised to protect us and why should we go to you?" Colonel Churchill insists that she protected the men in her house in order that, when the day of reckoning came, she might prove her clemency and favour to the Christians. I notice in Black's life of the Marquess of Dufferin, he claims that the Sitt Naaify was a noble woman, "a bright exception to the above record of barbarity, that she took on herself to shelter within her house four hundred Christian fugitives, and when their would-be murderers, panting for more blood, demanded of her to give up the dogs of Christians, she replied, 'Enter if you dare, and take them.' The poor refugees by command of their patroness were carefully escorted to Mukhtara, thence to Sidon, and thence brought off by a British man-of-war to Beirut." Colonel Churchill, who was in

constant communication with the Druses, gives an entirely different account, as we shall see.

Word of the condition of Hasbeiya reached Damascus, and the Christian bishops and European consuls demanded of Ahmed Pasha the governor that he send immediate relief to Hasbeiya. So he ordered a Druse sheikh, Kenj el Amad, who had been for a fortnight laying waste the Bookaa with fire and sword, burning Christian villages and slaying every Christian he could overtake, to proceed with 150 horsemen to bring all the Christians of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya to Damascus! Stopping at Karaoon he took sixty Christians with him, and being joined on the way by Ali Beg Hamady, the lieutenant of Saïd Beg Jumblatt, they entered Hasbeiya together on June 10th. The fugitives were thrust into the seraias and the order of Ahmed Pasha was read. The Christians were overjoyed, and cried, "Long live the Sultan!" Kenj and Ali Beg then went to Sitt Naaify to receive orders. Colonel Churchill says, "All depended upon Sitt Naaify. Whatever was to be said must be said quickly. Ali Hamady had to make a last, perhaps a presumptuous appeal, and he made it. Saïd Beg was inflexible, but a woman's heart might yet relent. 'Are the Christians all to be massacred?' said he, earnestly looking in her face. 'Think of their families, the widows and the orphan babes, and take compassion. Spare those fine young men. Execute the leaders, the most turbulent, the most obnoxious. Come down and see *them* executed if you will, but spare, oh, spare the rest!' 'Impossible,' she exclaimed, 'impossible; my brother's orders are peremptory and explicit,' holding a letter from him in her hands. 'Not a Christian is to be left alive from seven to seventy years.' Not another word was uttered. The Druses now thronged to the seraia. Colonel Osman Beg ordered the trumpets to sound. The soldiers stood to their arms. The seraia is three stories high, surrounding an open court in the middle with spacious chambers and lofty corridors. The soldiers now drove the Christians down into the central court, beating and stabbing them and tearing off their clothes. The gates were then thrown open and the Druses rushed in with a loud yell. The soldiers were ordered to go out,

and then the butchery began, the Druses first firing and then springing on the unarmed Christians with yataghans, swords and hatchets. Yusef Raies, who had paid two hundred pounds to Osman Beg for protection, was the first victim. Then the Moslem Shehab emir, Saad ed Deen, was decapitated, and his head sent as a trophy to Saïd Beg. He had befriended the Christians. Thirty other Shehab emirs were also killed. Then the Protestant elder, Abu Monsur Barakat, who had been stoned and persecuted by many of these Greek neighbours around him, seeing the impending fate of all, stood up and prayed for them all and for the fiendish Druse butchers, and as he prayed he was cut down by a battle-axe. And as he said, 'In Thy name, Lord Jesus,' his murderer responded, 'Call upon your Jesus and see whether He can help you now! Don't you know God is a Druse?'"

Nine Protestants were killed in the seraia: of the remainder, some took refuge at Sitt Naaify's, who saved them, it is believed, in order to prove to the English her own innocence, and some fled through the mountains to Tyre.

Colonel Churchill says that in the evening Sitt Naaify went to the seraia, and "for a long time feasted her eyes on the ghastly sight." Eight hundred mangled corpses lay piled on each other before her. "Well done, my good and faithful Druses," she exclaimed; "this is just what I expected from you."

Osman Beg then gathered the women and children and took them to Damascus, where on the 9th of July they went through another massacre.

We in Beirut received constant news from Hasbeiya, and all the surrounding region, of burning, pillage, and universal ruin. Thousands fled by night to Tyre and there awaited transport to Beirut. Mr. Eddy and Mr. Bliss now went to the British Consul-General Moore and asked for one of his armed kavasses to go as their escort, and they would go to Hasbeiya and try to save the imprisoned Christians. The consul-general, acting with the pro-Turkish policy of Palmerston of absolute non-interference, declined, saying that he "could not interfere in the domestic affairs of the Turkish Empire." As no one could go without such

an escort, and the Druses would respect none but a British guard, the journey was reluctantly abandoned. Then came the dreadful news, on Thursday, June 14th, that on Sunday, June 10th, 800 Christians were massacred in Hasbeiya. Every Christian house was burned, as was the Protestant Church. The Druses carried off the bell and the furniture before firing the roof.

On Friday a crowd of refugees arrived by sea from Tyre and came to my house. Among them was a Hasbeiya Protestant, Jebran Haslob. His clothes and hair were matted with blood. In the seraia he had covered himself with dead bodies, lay in a pool of blood until 2 A. M., when he crept to a window, let himself down to the ground and ran all night to the west, and by hiding in the daytime and travelling at night, he reached Tyre exhausted. There he got food and was sent on board a ship coming to Beirut. His accounts were heartrending.[1]

Just before the Hasbeiya massacre, Mr. Bliss had volunteered to take a mule train loaded with flour to relieve Mr. Bird and his large family. During the siege, Mr. Bird had gone through the Druse lines to Ain Zehalteh and brought away thirty Protestants. They reached B'teddin after sunset and as firing was going on, the Druse sheikhs insisted on his waiting there until morning, before entering Deir el Komr. All that night houses were burning right in the direction of his own house, and the flash of musketry was incessant. The next morning he entered the town with these thirty refugees, thirty more mouths to feed and the town supplies cut off! So Mr. Bliss had some apprehension that he would not be able to get through the cordon of besiegers. About an hour this side of Deir el Komr he passed through the Druse village of

[1] In December the Sitt Naaify was brought to Beirut. Her house was at once surrounded by hundreds of Hasbeiyan widows wailing and shouting, "Give back our husbands, brothers and sons!" They sent word to Fuad Pasha that if she appeared in the streets she would be torn to pieces. She was thrown into prison and placed on trial. On the 11th of the following May, her brother, Saïd Beg Jumblatt, died in the Beirut prison. On November 27, 1860, the infamous Mutsellim of Deir el Komr died suddenly in the barracks, and rumour was busy as to his having drunk a fatal cup of coffee.

B'Shafteen. Suddenly a Druse sprang out from a hedge, rushed up, seized the bridle of Mr. Bliss's horse with his left hand and drew out from under his cloak with his right hand, and thrust towards Mr. Bliss a long cucumber! The situation was so grotesque that all burst into laughter. Years after Dr. Bliss, as president of the Syrian Protestant College, passed that way, and seeing the selfsame Druse by the wayside, recognized him, and asked his name. "Hamiyeh," he said. "All right," said Dr. Bliss, "come to Beirut and you shall have work." He came, and for some twenty years was the faithful gatekeeper of the college, true to his trust and liked equally by the teachers and pupils.

Mr. Bliss reached Deir el Komr in safety. Bushir Beg Abu Nakad passed him through the lines to Mr. Bird's house. This was June 12th. Mr. Bird did not feel willing to come away then, but said he would do so whenever it was plain duty. He felt that his presence was a restraint on the Druses, but the large company in his house and the gathered treasure of the people made the situation extremely perilous to himself and family. So Mr. Bliss returned alone to Beirut with his Moslem muleteers and American consular kavass.

Just at this time Dr. Thomson sent to me an elderly Arabic scholar, asking me as an act of charity to employ him as an Arabic teacher. He was a white-bearded and truly venerable man, Tannoos es Shidiak, from Hadeth, brother of the Protestant martyr, Asaad es Shidiak, who was starved to death by order of the Maronite patriarch, just thirty-two years before. Tannoos in 1825 gave his brother Faris a caning for reading the Bible and other books belonging to Asaad. He was now very friendly to us Protestants and having fled with his fellow townsmen May 29th, before the burning of Hadeth, he had lost everything, having barely a quilt to cover him at night. So I read daily with him in Arabic his "History of Mount Lebanon and its Feudal Families." It was an opportune time to read of the old families of sheikhs and begs who were now in deadly strife, with the aid of the author himself, but the circumstances were not favourable for much consecutive study.

Ships of war now began to arrive in the port; the *Firefly* had been on the coast for many months making a chart of the entire Syrian coast for the British Admiralty, and Captain Mansell's charts are now the standard for all navigators in these waters. Captain Mansell gave himself cordially to the work of protecting the seacoast cities. Then came the *Gannet*, a gunboat, and the *Exmouth*, eighty guns, Captain Paynter. There also arrived two French war steamers, and a Russian fifty-gun ship.

On the 14th of June Mr. Eddy came from Sidon on the *Firefly*, bringing dreadful particulars of the work of burning and massacre all through his missionary district, from Tyre to Sidon, and east to Merj Aiyun and Hasbeiya; Khiyam, Ibl and Deir Mimas burned, churches ruined, schools scattered, people either killed, or refugees, and all possibility of itineration or missionary work at an end for the present. As the time for his furlough was near, the mission authorized him to take his family to the United States and he sailed June 26th. Mr. Ford also left Sidon and came to Beirut to aid us in the work of caring for the refugees.

So many thousands of refugees had now come to Beirut that the Moslem populace became threatening, and there was a general panic and stoppage of business. Every night hundreds of Maronites and Greeks went on board the shipping in the harbour to sleep, and the conduct of the traitorous Khurshid Pasha only increased the public anxiety. The European consuls warned him of the dangers of the situation, but no one trusted him.

Two Christian strongholds now remained in Lebanon, Zahleh, which had hitherto defied the Druses, and Deir el Komr, which lay helpless and starving in their hands. On June 14th, Ismail el Atrosh, the leader of the Hauran Druses, after massacring 700 Christians in Rashaiyat el Wady, joined his forces with the Lebanon Druses and moved up the Bookaa to attack Zahleh. This town, then of 10,000 inhabitants, lies on both sides of a narrow valley through which roars and dashes the cold mountain stream, the Bardouni. It is four miles north of the Damascus Road on the eastern slope of the Lebanon range. Its people had been for years prosperous, trading in wheat, sheep and silk, and they had

not only defied the Druses but the government itself. They were a rough, hardy, vigorous race and if well led, and had they been supported by the bragging horde of Maronites just west of them and not ten miles distant, could have defended their town against even the 8,000 Druses who were coming to attack them. But the Kesrawan sheikhs, monks and priests contended for the right to command, and no one moved to the relief of Zahleh. In Zahleh itself counsels were divided. Jealous disputes arose, and the different parties charged each other with treason. Yet on the morning of the 14th, 200 horse and 600 foot sallied forth to the plain of the Bookaa to meet their foe. This great plain, fifty miles long and from five to ten miles wide, has been a battle-field from the days of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar down to 1860. The Christians were defeated and dispersed and the Kurds, Arabs and Druses returned to their camp carrying seventy Christian heads on the points of their spears. The next day the Christians repeated the sortie with similar results. The Turkish kaimakam at Moallakah, a suburb of Zahleh, now tried to persuade the Zahlehites to give up their arms and trust to him and his soldiers to protect them, but they declined and preferred to trust to their own right arms.

On the morning of the 18th, the Druses attacked from the plain, repeating the tactics of Joshua at Ai, drawing the Zahleh men, numbering some 4,000 men, out of their town, and down the valley below Moallakah, when suddenly from the heights above, 1,200 Druses came running down. They soon reached the centre of the town and set fire to the houses, when the Zahleh army, panic-stricken, turned and fled up the northern side of the gorge, fighting as they went, the Druses picking off stragglers, but before sunset the entire population had crossed the ridge to the northwest 3,000 feet above the town and reached the Maronite districts, whither the Druses cared not to pursue them. The town was now plundered and laid in ashes. That is, the poplar wood ceilings and roofs were burned out and the limestone and adobe walls left standing. The churches were rifled. The great church of Saiyedet en Neja, "The Lady of Refuge," *i. e.*,

the Virgin, which the priests had told the people would miraculously protect the town, was destroyed, only bare walls left standing. The most of the money and jewelry was saved and the Zahleh people were able to return in the fall and rebuild, before the people of any other town.

The fall of Zahleh filled the Christians with consternation. The cowardice of the Maronites and the conduct of the Turks had betrayed them. "Though 15,000 Maronites were standing by their arms within six hours of Zahleh, not one moved to its defense, owing to the treason of their selfish aristocracy and the bombastic ravings of their bigoted and contemptible priesthood."[1]

And now came the turn of Deir el Komr. Through the urgent demands of the United States consul in Beirut and the advice of his fellow missionaries, Mr. Bird brought his family over, three hours' ride, across the deep gorge of the Damur River to Abeih, on Monday, June 18th. He was obliged to leave the thirty Protestants of Ain Zehalteh in his house, and the Druse sheikhs promised, as Mr. Bird came away, that his house should not be molested. On that day Mr. Calhoun came down to Beirut and we had a mission conference that evening at Dr. Thomson's. Mr. Ford of Sidon reported that the Metawileh chiefs of Belad Beshara had brought multitudes of Christian refugees to Sidon and the governor refused to admit them until compelled to do so by the English vice-consul. It was a relief to know that Mr. Bird was safely out of Deir el Komr, as the Druse vultures of Hauran and the whole Druse army of Lebanon were now surrounding that ill-fated town.

We were driven to earnest prayer. The element of fury and the thirst for blood were raging unrestrained. Damascus was threatened. Beirut was threatened. Provisions were becoming dearer, and thousands were without food or shelter. Dr. Thomson said, "Brethren, the work of forty years is destroyed, and if we are spared, we must begin again." Others said, "It cannot be that the new translation of the Scriptures is to be in vain, or that the foundations already laid can be utterly uprooted." We all

[1] Churchill, p. 189.

felt that the plowshare of the divine judgments was rending the soil of Syria to prepare the way for a new seed sowing in the future.

On Tuesday, the 19th of June, Mr. Calhoun returned to Abeih as calm and unquestioning as if he had been in a New England village. His peace was like a river and comforted and encouraged us all. On that same day the Druses began to concentrate around Deir el Komr. Kasim Beg in Abeih told Mr. Calhoun on his return that matters looked serious for Deir el Komr. The Christians there asked Abd es Salaam Beg, the Turkish colonel, what was the meaning of this new army of Druses. He replied that there was no real cause for alarm, but they had better bring their valuables to the seraia, where they would be safe until order was restored. "Forthwith, men, women and children began streaming into that building from every quarter, carrying trunks, chests and bundles filled with clothes, linen and jewelry, with gold, pearls and diamonds in profusion, an immense booty which the Turks proceeded to divide among themselves. The majority of the men were now crowded within the seraia and adjoining buildings. Then began the slaughter. Every Christian in the streets and houses was cut down. They had been disarmed by the Turkish colonel on promise of protection. Priests fled to their churches and were butchered before their altars" (Churchill).

On Thursday the 12th, Ali Beg Hamady led the armed Druses to the seraia and demanded admittance. The kaimakam (colonel) refused to open the gates but pointed to a low wall close by. Over went the Druses "like bloodhounds into a sheepfold," and began to hew in pieces the helpless men within the walls. With axes, swords and bill hooks the slaughter of Hasbeiya was repeated. For six long hours the infernal work went on. "The blood at length rose above the ankles, flowed along the gutters, gushed out of the waterspouts and gurgled through the streets. The Turkish colonel sat smoking his pipe, the bowl resting on a corpse, and the stream of blood running beneath him into the inner court." Not a body was buried.

Twenty-two hundred bodies lay, heaps on heaps, nearly all that was left of the manhood of Deir el Komr. The Druse leaders at once gathered the women and children, and led them, a heart-broken and terror-stricken company, down to the mouth of the Damûr River on the sea, and sent word politely to the English consul to send and take them to Beirut.

The *Gannet*, Captain West, and the *Mohawk*, Captain Lambert, were sent at once and embarked the wretched sufferers. The women frantically threw themselves into the surf in their anxiety to get on board, some holding their infants high above their heads. Several had sabre cuts. Most of them had not tasted food for four days. But they were all brought safely to Beirut, and found lodgings where they could, in khans, vacant rooms and under the olive and mulberry trees.

On Thursday evening, June 21st, Kasim Beg Bu Nakad called about nine o'clock on Mr. Calhoun (see sketch of Mr. Calhoun's life in this volume) and Mr. Bird. After an ominous silence, he said to them, "The Deir has fallen, not a man remains alive, excepting those in Mr. Bird's house. But they are in danger. It is hard to restrain the Hauran Druses. We have protected the house thus far, but cannot much longer. You will do well to go with us early to the Deir and bring away those thirty men."

Very early in the morning they set out, a silent, sorrow-stricken pair. In three hours they reached the town. The air was thick with smoke from the burning houses. The streets were blocked with corpses. Old friends and pupils of Mr. Bird, and neighbours for long years, lay ghastly stiffened corpses along the streets, and Druse men and women were still at work stripping the corpses of the last shred of clothing. At the seraia was that awful hecatomb of hundreds of the dead, stripped, mutilated and indistinguishable. They hastened to Mr. Bird's house. A band of wild Hauran Druses had just brought a long roof timber and were using it as a battering-ram on Mr. Bird's door. The Abu Nakad begs drove them back and ordered them off. The terrified Syrian pastor within and his flock, hearing the familiar

voice of Mr. Bird, opened the door. The Druses now took Mr. Bird's furniture and books up to their khalweh or sacred room and kept it until he could send for it. The two heart-stricken and weary brethren then began their journey home to Abeih, leading the procession of the rescued ones, whom Ali Beg Hamady years after told me he had guarded out of esteem for Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird.

A few of the men of the leading families, the Meshakas, the Dumanis, and others were invited before the massacre to Mukhtara by Saïd Beg out of motives of policy and were escorted safely to Sidon. On Saturday, June 23d, Mr. Calhoun alone escorted the Ain Zehalteh men to Beirut. All along the streets from the suburbs into the city they were taunted and threatened by the Moslems, and felt that they were hardly safer here than in Lebanon. Mr. Calhoun hastened back to Abeih and there he remained all through that summer of peril and anxiety.

On the 5th of July, Mr. Bird and family sailed for the United States. His station was gone, his people killed or scattered. He and Mrs. Bird were quite prostrated from long watching and weariness by day and night and needed the rest of a complete change. Meantime we in Beirut had been through our season of terror by day and night.

June 21st, Khurshid Pasha went to Deir el Komr and arrived after the awful massacre was over. What he said and what followed I cannot vouch for. Colonel Churchill gives details, which are shocking in the extreme, of his interviews with leading Druses, etc. But it is well known that the Druses and Moslems had agreed upon a day for the sack and massacre of Beirut. Two thousand armed Druses had entered the town and were secreted in the Moslem houses or were walking about the streets. The thousands of refugees constantly recognized Druses who had massacred their fathers, brothers or husbands in Jezzin, Hasbeiya or Deir el Komr. The whole city was in a ferment. We afterwards learned that Sunday, the 24th, was the day fixed for the burning and massacre of Beirut. On the 22d, a Moslem was killed in the public square in Beirut. Immediately the shout

arose that a Christian had done it. All the shops were at once closed and deserted. An armed rabble paraded the streets singing war-songs, and demanding the arrest and execution of the murderer before sunset, or they would rise on the Christians during the night and massacre them. Europeans were insulted. The French consul-general had a sword flourished in his face. An Englishman had a pistol snapped at him. A young Maronite was then seized, dragged along to the seraia, and after a hasty trial was condemned to death and was taken outside the gate and executed, although undoubtedly innocent. The poor lad calmly and heroically said, "I am innocent. God knows I am innocent; but if my death is necessary for the safety of my brethren, I gladly give up my life."

The mob was thus for the moment satisfied, but the night was a sleepless one. All the ships of war lowered their boats, filled with armed marines, ready to land on a signal from the shore. Every ship sloop and coasting craft in port was covered from stem to stern with crowds of trembling fugitives.

But God in His providence interposed. The next morning, June 23d, there arrived from Constantinople a Protestant Hungarian, General Kmety, whose Turkish title was Ismaïl Pasha, with 1,800 troops. He was a confrere of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriotic leader, and on the crushing of the revolution of 1849, fled to Constantinople and entered the Turkish military service as Ismaïl Pasha. He had been sent on demand of the European ambassadors in Constantinople as the only officer they could trust, to restore order in Syria. His troops were instantly landed, and the general called together the European and American consuls to ascertain the state of things. He then called together his officers, and gave them directions to place guards at the European and American consulates, and detachments all over the city. Then, drawing his revolver, he said to the officers, "You are to keep the peace. If a Christian is injured or killed in any part of the city, I will shoot the officer in whose section the event occurs without a trial. Do you understand?" Thus Beirut was saved. The Druses, who had been welcomed by

the Moslems, and who walked with braggart air through the bazaars receiving the congratulations of the Moslems, who decked their firearms with flowers, now slunk away and went back to the mountains. It was days before the city was quiet. On the 23d, Messrs. Eddy and Ford arrived from Sidon on the English ships of war, bringing 1,000 women and children from Deir el Komr and Merj Aiyun. The European consuls met and sent a letter to the Druse chiefs warning them to stop the war and threatening them in case they should invade Northern Lebanon. This alarmed the Druses, and evidently broke whatever alliance existed between them and Khurshid Pasha.

That afternoon, by advice of Dr. Barclay, I took Mrs. Jessup on board H. B. M. ship *Exmouth*, eighty guns, Captain Paynter. The captain received us very courteously. Being aware of her delicate condition he refrained from firing salutes while we were on board. Several European families came on board for the night and a large number of wounded refugees were being kindly attended by the ship's surgeons. The better class of families in Beirut chartered sailing vessels and steamers and left for Athens, Syra and Alexandria. Merchant steamers laden with goods were ordered to take their goods back to Malta.

From the British official papers "relating to the disturbances in Syria," page 48, it is stated plainly that "nothing could convince the Christian population of Beirut, but that the fate of their brethren at Deir el Komr, Hasbeiya and Rasheiya awaited them at the hands of the Turkish authorities and their troops." That night a comet appeared, which filled the superstitious common people with apprehension of "war, pestilence and famine."

Sunday, June 24th, Dr. Eddy and family came on board the *Exmouth*, and at 2 P. M. we returned to the shore, as the consul, having a guard of five soldiers from General Kmety, felt sure that his house was secure, and invited us to his house. We then entered into negotiations with the captain of the American bark *Speedwell* to take us with Dr. Barclay and family to Cyprus. Dr. Thomson was fruitful in expedients, and it was arranged that if the captain would consent, we would go the next day, and

hundreds of Syrians were ready to take passage at the same time. That night at the consul's we could hear firing in Lebanon, and every noise in the streets seemed the beginning of an outbreak. It was a troubled Sunday. The Arabic service was crowded with refugees who were sleeping under the Pride of India trees near the church door. But the English service was omitted. We were all living by the day, simply trusting, praying earnestly for divine guidance and sure of safety under the shadow of His wings. We felt comforted, however, by the manifest divine interposition in sending a Protestant general just at this awful crisis, to hold Beirut with a grip of iron, and to save this city as a refuge for the homeless, houseless and hungry refugees from Lebanon and the interior.

Monday, June 25th—This morning we removed from Consul Johnson's house back to Dr. Van Dyck's house. Then came a rumour, which proved to be false, that the Druses were coming, and for a time the whole town was in a panic, but General Kmety's prompt action quieted the Moslem populace and the panic subsided.

Dr. Thomson's house was adjoining ours, and we went over to dine with him, as all our goods and utensils were packed, in anticipation of leaving town. At 3 P. M., word having come that the *Speedwell* would sail soon for Cyprus, we again sent for porters, and walked down, taking "bag and baggage," to the port and went on board. It was a small clipper bark, loading with wool for Boston. The weather was intensely hot, with a strong westerly wind, so that the sea was rough, and the crowds of refugees on the deck were suffering the agonies of seasickness. The sailors soon cleared a space large enough for us to spread our bed, and around it we piled our baggage. Dr. and Mrs. Barclay and his sister, Mrs. Consul Johnson, were our neighbours on the deck. We curtained off a space around our bed, and were just being rocked to sleep, when one of the deck passengers suffering from delirium tremens made night hideous with his shrieks of terror. All along the shore, near the custom-house, lay the boats from the English, French and Russian ships of war with marines

ready to land at a moment's warning by signal of a cannon discharge from General Kmety's artillery. But the troubled night, June 25th, wore away and the bright sun cheered us all. The captain now announced that he could not fix a day for sailing to Cyprus. We then tried to induce one of the Liverpool screw steamers in port to go to Cyprus, but in vain, and in the afternoon, on the urgent request of Dr. Barclay, our physician, with the aid of Mr. Ford, we again removed for the sixth time in four days, and went ashore at sunset, bag and baggage. The "bag" we were allowed to take, but as the custom-house officials had all left, the watchman would not allow anything else to pass. So we walked up to the house to an empty room, well-nigh exhausted. Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Black, daughter of Dr. Thomson, and others promptly provided bed and bedding and all things needful. At three o'clock the next morning, my wife gave birth to a daughter. Never were friends more kind and attentive and thoughtful. Our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to God and gratitude to these "friends indeed." The good Syrian woman, Im Shaheen, brought by Mrs. Black to help us, was a devout Maronite. Shortly after the advent of the dear child, she came to me, as I stood on the flat roof outside our door, to congratulate me, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Rah el Kurseh," pointing to Beit Mirri on Lebanon, where stood the country palace of the Maronite Archbishop Tobiya of Beirut. "The palace is gone!" I looked and saw the bright flames of the burning palace of the man, who, next to the patriarch, had done more than any other Maronite to precipitate this awful civil war. The next few days were crowded with interest. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird were busy, with an escort of Druses, in bringing from Deir el Komr to Abeih all Mr. Bird's property. The American kavass brought down from Abeih forty people and seven students of the seminary. The mission voted to suspend the seminaries, and Mr. Bliss took six of the schoolgirls back to Lebanon to villages not likely to be molested. Mr. Calhoun, always placid in his strong faith in God, wrote down from Abeih, "I am weary." No wonder, after going day after day to that charnel house of putrefying corpses, which so recently

had been the prosperous capital of Lebanon. On the 28th, we were surprised to receive Mr. Eddy's horse from Sidon, sent on by Kasim Beg el Yusef, who was called by the people "Azraeel," or the "Angel of Death." On the 28th, Sitt Naaify, of Hasbeiya, sent out seventy Christians, whom she was supposed to be protecting, to reap in her fields, and they were all cut off by the Druses. That day began the great Moslem feast of Sacrifice, or "Aieed ul Adha," which lasted four days. There was little sympathy among the Christians for the Moslems in their rejoicings, and in some parts of the land, Christians instead of sheep were being offered as sacrifices. On the 30th, the *Speedwell* sailed for Boston. By it we sent the case of Arabic maps to the Appletons. On Sunday, July 1st, no church bells were rung in Beirut. I preached in English, and Mr. Araman and Dr. Wortabet in Arabic. We appointed daily meetings in the little church, and recommended Friday for observance as a day of fasting and prayer.

Mr. Cyril Graham, an English traveller, now visited Deir el Komr and its horrors, and then went to Saïd Beg Jumblatt, leader of the Druses, to present the consular letter calling on him to stop the war. This great "Friend of the English" assured Mr. Graham that he knew nothing of recent events and had no influence whatever with the Druses. Bushir Beg Abu Nakad, who had boasted that "he would lay the foundations of his house with Christian skulls," now insisted that he was quite innocent and ignorant of what had been going on. Mr. Graham returned to Beirut, thwarted at every step, but the consular letter did stop the massacres in Lebanon. At length the Maronite leaders signed a paper forced on them by Khurshid Pasha, making peace on condition that the past be forgotten, no plunder restored, and no indemnification given. This satisfied the Druses, enriched with the spoils of the murdered Christians, and there was peace in Lebanon.

July 2d, we formed an Anglo-American relief committee, headed by Consul-General Moore and the American Consul J. A. Johnson, and later on, by the German Consul-General Weber, with English and American residents. We sent off urgent ap-

peals to Europe and America for help for these thousands of refugees. The British naval commanders in port seconded our appeals, and from that time on until November the best of our time and strength, from sunrise to sunset, was devoted to relief work. We had carefully prepared lists of the refugees from hundreds of villages, until we had 16,000 names of persons receiving aid. In August and September money came pouring in from all over the civilized world, even from India and Australia, so that we handled over $150,000, the accounts being strictly kept by Mr. James Black, the eminent English merchant, and the Imperial Ottoman Bank. I used to begin at sunrise and work till sunset for months, in that stifling heat, my whole body covered with blotches of prickly heat. Our Syrian teachers were working with us as clerks and assistants, sifting out the lists, and ferreting out impostors, and helping in the religious services. Work in the printing house was suspended and some of the rooms used for relief work. The ladies, headed by Miss Emilia Thomson and Mrs. Consul Johnson, directed a large corps of Syrian Protestant women, many of them recently widowed, in cutting out, and binding in bundles, cotton cloth and prints, with needles and thread, for 100,000 garments.

On Saturday, July 7th, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, Dr. Hatty and Rev. Jules Ferette of the United Presbyterian Mission in Damascus, reached Beirut after a journey of terror and narrow escapes. They reported the condition of things in Damascus as most alarming. Christians were reviled, insulted and threatened, and all the men were forced to wear black turbans. That same Turkish regiment, which a month before had presided over the massacre in Hasbeiya, was now ordered into the Christian quarter of Damascus to "protect" the Christians. These unarmed and defenseless people now tried to propitiate their protectors. They bribed and feasted them and raised hundreds of pounds for this purpose.

The European consuls appealed in vain to Ahmed Pasha. Even the British consul refused to believe the urgent representations of Rev. S. Robson that a massacre was imminent, and

would not believe it, until forced by his kavasses to go on the roof and see the ascending flames of the Christian quarter. At length, on the 9th of July, three Moslem lads were arrested for trampling on crosses in the street and insulting Christians. They were sent, accompanied by police, through the bazaars to sweep the Christian quarter. This insult was the signal for the Moslems to rise. Two men started shouting, "Deen, Deen, Deen Mohammed" (religion, religion, the religion of Mohammed). This was enough. At once an infuriated mob of the lower classes with guns, swords, battle-axes and pistols rushed to the Christian quarter, shouting, "Kill them, butcher them, plunder, burn, leave not one alive, fear nothing, the soldiers will not touch us." Then began the work of plundering and burning. The supply of water was cut off. By sunset the whole Christian quarter was in a blaze. The first day the chief thought was plunder, and all the rich spoil of the Christian houses was carried off, gold, silver, copper, money, jewelry, rugs, silks and Damascus wares. The people tried to escape but were driven back by the Turkish soldiers. Then began the work of butchery. The Christians were cut down in the houses and in the streets. The priests were tortured in their churches and then beheaded. Nothing seemed able to prevent the extermination of the entire Christian population.

But God had prepared a deliverer. In 1848, the Emir Abd el Kadir, prince of Algiers, after resisting the armies of France for fifteen years, surrendered to the French General Lamoriciere, and took a solemn oath of loyalty to France. That engagement contains the following language: "Grace to God only. I give my sacred word that does not admit of any doubt. I declare I will not again excite my people against the French either by person or by letters, or by any other method. I take my oath before Mohammed, Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ, by the Tourat (Old Testament), the Ingeel (New Testament), and the Koran, by the book of Bokhari and that of the 'Moslem.' I take this oath solemnly from my heart and tongue. This oath is binding both on me and my friends, who sign not this present

paper with me, because they do not know how to write. Compliments of Abd el Kadir, son of Moohyeh-ed-din."

He was then retired in 1852 by Louis Napoleon in honourable exile to Damascus, the city of his choice, with a princely pension. He was accompanied by one hundred of his faithful Algerine body-guards, and purchased a spacious house in Damascus, which had been for ten years a model of hospitality, open to all. He was visited by European notables, French nobility, English lords, American tourists, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, and Mohammedan pilgrims from Asia and Africa. No visit to Damascus was complete without a call on this noble Moghrabi emir. He was the noblest type of an Oriental, devout in his religious belief in one God, constant in prayer, a lover of the poor, bounteous in his benefactions to them, broad and liberal in his views. Dr. Meshaka, the Protestant doctor, United States vice-consul, and author, was one of his intimate friends. He declared all men to be his brothers.

Colonel Churchill, who wrote his memoir after his death in 1883, says of him, "His brightest laurels were his reverses. He had accepted his destiny with cheerfulness and resignation, and joyfully contemplated his career as finished. But Providence had reserved for his brows another and a nobler wreath, a work of mercy; and, heaven-directed, he arose this day to do the deed that was to shed fresh lustre on his name."

When the attack began, he was in the suburbs of the city far away from the Christian quarter. No sooner did he hear of it, than he sent out his faithful Algerines into the Christian quarter with orders to rescue all the wretched sufferers they could meet. Hundreds were safely escorted to his house before dark. Many rushed to the British consulate. Rev. Mr. Graham, Irish Presbyterian missionary, was cut down with a hatchet in the street. Rev. Mr. Robson, dressed as a woman, escaped to the house of a friendly Moslem effendi. Dr. Meshaka fled through the streets, until he was rescued by a Moslem friend, just after he had received a cut in the head from a hatchet. But he lived to be a swift witness against the instigators of this dreadful carnage. On

the 23d of August Dr. Meshaka sent to Beirut the following account of his experience during the outbreak (translated from the Arabic):

"On Monday morning, the 9th of July, the city was quiet and his highness the Emir Abd el Kadir had left for the village of Ashrafiyeh on business (about twelve miles up the river Barada). At 2 P. M. excitement was caused by the government having put some Moslems in chains for having made that morning crosses in the streets and obliged the Christians to trample over them. I was then alone in my house. My kavasses had gone to the seraia on business. But the Kavass Haj Ali returned immediately. It was then that the insurrection reached our quarter and I could not go out alone. I sent my kavass at once to the Emir Abd el Kadir, to beg his highness to send me some of his Algerines for my protection. He had then returned from the village and sent me four, but being without arms, they could not reach me. But my kavasses came boldly to me alone. I then locked the doors of my house. I had only time to put some money in my pocket, when the door was broken open and many ruffians rushed into the house, the most of them irregular Turkish troops. They began firing frequently but I escaped from them with my kavass and my two young children, Ibrahim and Selma, by going out of a door at the back of the house. Their attention was diverted from me by plundering the house. I then resolved to hide myself in one of the neighbouring Moslem houses, until I could escape safely to the house of the Emir Abd el Kadir. But none of them would receive me. I then directed my steps to the house of his highness, and a party of the rabble met me and fired at me. I threw them some gold coins to turn their attention from me, and returned to the street of Bab Tooma where soldiers were stationed. Here I met another party of plunderers. I threw them money as before. Then I met many armed persons and knew eight of them. I afterwards gave their names to the local government. Six were caught, and two of them were hanged on the 20th inst. Some of them attacked me with firearms, some with axes and clubs and one with a sword.

"My two children were behind me, crying to the men, 'Kill us and leave our father! We cannot live without him.' One of these ruffians came and struck my daughter Selma with an axe and wounded her. I then threw them more money to divert them.

"Thanks be to God, all the shots missed me though one of them shot at me twice at two yards' distance. I was, however, wounded by axes and clubs. I received a severe wound in the head from an axe and had not my kavass weakened the force of the blow, it would have killed me. I was also struck by a large club on my eye and received several wounds on my right arm from a sword. After severe suffering, by the aid of my kavass, who was constantly with me, I reached the house of Mustafa Beg Hawashe, appointed by the government to protect the quarter. When I saw the beg I asked him to receive me into his house. He refused and sent me to the house of Faris el Kelf, a notorious ruffian in the same street. I saw from the windows the mob breaking into Christian houses and massacring the inmates. The beg's people were plundering and some of the plunder was brought to the house where I was. This made me feel unsafe, and I planned to escape after dark to Mustafa Beg's, who would not dare to kill me in his own house. Just then a body of armed men knocked at the door and came in. They were Abd el Kadir's men with my friend Saïd Mohammed es Sautery. He had been searching for me and finding my house plundered and empty, traced me to Mustafa's house. He then obtained eight Algerines from Abd el Kadir and demanded me of Mustafa who, alarmed, sent his nephew to guide them to me. I was taken at once to the Emir Abd el Kadir's, where I was received very kindly, but as I was covered with blood and the house was crowded with Christians, the emir allowed Saïd Modammed es Sautery to take me into his own house. The Saïd then went to look for the members of my family and was searching until the morning. He found all but my son Selim, who, after being given up as dead for three days, was found in the house of the daughter of Ali Agha Katilee in the Shaghûr quarter.

"I remained a month in the house of Saïd Mohammed es Sautery and was very kindly treated. As we were only half clothed and had only two or three piastres in money, Sheikh Selim Effendi el Attar sent me clothes and money. He sheltered, in his house, more than one hundred Christians, providing them all necessaries.

"As for me, I was on the morning of the 9th a rich man, and on the 10th a poor man, but I ought to be thankful to God for saving my life and that of my family. There was a sufficient reason for the distrust which I felt in the house in which they first put me, because, since the arrival of H. E. Fuad Pasha, it has been proved that Mustafa Beg, his nephews and his people, by different devices, murdered hundreds of Christians, one of whom was Rev. Mr. Graham, Irish missionary. The Almighty saved me from their brutality. The beg, his two nephews and some of his people were hanged on the 20th inst." The wound by an axe affected Dr. Meshaka's sense of smell in a peculiar way. Meat and certain vegetables had such a nauseous odour that he could only bear it by closing his nostrils. This continued for many months and he could not allow the odour of cooking meat in the house. The medical profession were much interested in his case.

Fresh hordes of Kurds, Arabs, Druses, with the Moslem populace and soldiers now began the dreadful work of massacre. All that night and the next day the pitiless work went on. But Abd el Kadir and his men stood between the living and the dead, and, forming the Christians into detached parties, forwarded them under successive guards, first to his own house and then to the great castle, where he reassured them, consoled them, fed them. "There, as the terrific day closed in, nearly 12,000 of all ages and sexes were collected, and huddled together, a fortunate, but exhausted residue, fruits of his untiring exertions. There they remained for weeks, lying on the bare ground without covering, exposed to the sun's scorching rays, their rations cucumbers and coarse bread."

Abd el Kadir himself was now menaced. His house was full

of hundreds of fugitives, European consuls and native Christians. Hearing that the mob was coming, "the hero coolly ordered his horse to be saddled, put on his cuirass and helmet, and mounting, drew his sword. His faithful followers formed around him, brave remnant of his old guard, comrades in many a well-fought field, victors at the river Mootaia, when with 2,500 horse and foot he defeated the army of the Emperor of Morocco 60,000 strong.

"The fanatics came in sight. Singly he charged into the midst and drew up. 'Wretches,' he exclaimed, 'is this the way you honour your prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame upon you, shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians: but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men orders to fire.' The crowd dispersed. Not a man of that Moslem throng dared raise his voice or lift his arm against the renowned champion of Islam."

All honour to that noble man! His work of mercy and humanity became known all over the civilized world, and all the rulers of Europe sent him letters and tokens of acknowledgment.

On the 15th of September I saw at the United States consulate in Beirut a beautiful pair of gold-mounted revolvers properly inscribed as a present from the President of the United States to Abd el Kadir, and I afterwards saw them at his house in Damascus. Both Abd el Kadir and Schamyl, the Circassian Mohammedan prince who was obliged to surrender to Russia, wrote eloquent protests against the massacre, as contrary to Islam and the Koran, and these were widely distributed.

In 1883 the great emir passed away, aged seventy-five. Sixty thousand persons, it is said, followed him to his grave, and among the vast throng there were many bowed with "grateful grief," at the remembrance of how gallantly he had stood by the flying Christians when the gutters of Damascus ran with the blood of their kith and kin.

From Schamyl, the Circassian, to the Emir Abd el Kadir:

To him who is famous among all, renowned for his exalted benevolence above all mankind, who extinguished the fires of insurrection when they were at their height, and uprooted the tree of enmity, whose proportions had become like Satan himself! Moreover, praise to him who grants to his servant piety and faith, that is, to the beloved Abd el Kadir the Just. Peace be unto you, and may the palm tree of glory and excellence continue fruitful in your life.

After this, we state, after there had smitten my ears that which paralyzes the hearing and from which human nature revolts, with regard to what happened in Damascus between the Moslems and those under their covenanted protection (zimmeh) the Christians, events which ought not to happen among the people of Islam which tend to the spread of corruption among men; my hair stood on end and my face grew dark with melancholy, and I said, How has corruption appeared on sea and land, in the horrors men's hands have wrought! And I wonder how any among the rulers could be so blind as to enact such a mighty iniquity in the face of what the Prophet of God (prayer and peace from God be upon him!) has said. "Whoever oppresses one under covenant, or lessens his rights or taxes him beyond his ability or takes from him aught by force, of such am I the accuser in the resurrection day." This is a just and true remark. When then I heard that you had spread the wings of compassion and mercy to them, and checked those who passed the bounds set by God most Exalted, and that you had run a good course in the highway of praise, and had deserved all thanks, I was pleased with you, and God the Exalted will show you His approbation in that day when neither wealth nor sons will remain with you. For you have loved the word of the great prophet whom God the Exalted sent as a mercy to the ages, and you have held in check those who violated his law and majesty. (God forbid that any should transgress his laws!)

"My object in writing this is to show you how well pleased I am with you, and may my epistle be to you as a refreshing draught of cold water.

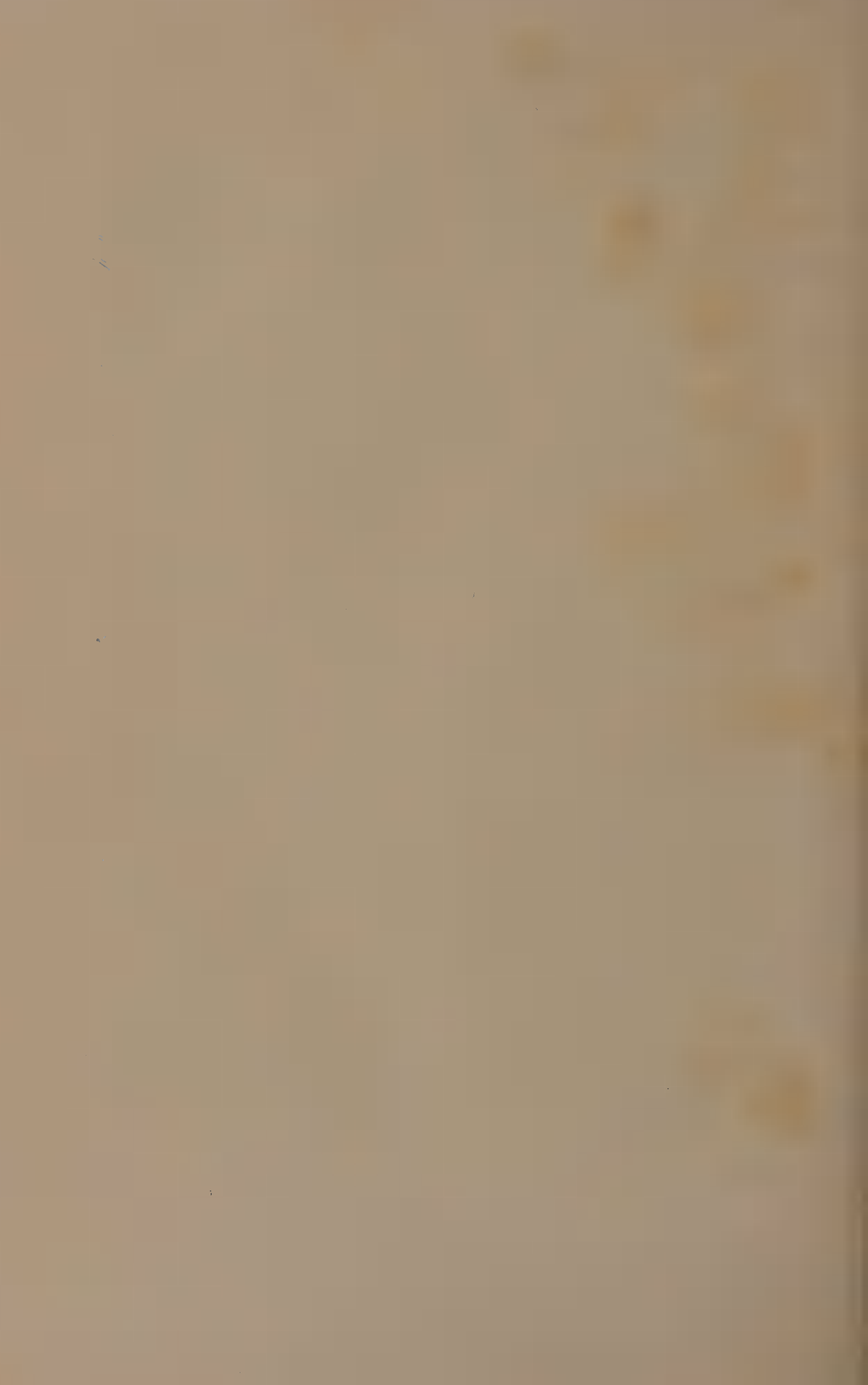
From the poor Schamyl the stranger.

Reply of Abd el Kadir to Schamyl:

Praise to God, Lord of the ages. Prayer and peace from



1. Amir Abd el Kadir. 2. Sir William Muir. 3. Butrus Bistany.
4. Dr. Meshaka.



God upon our lord Mohammed and upon all his brethren the prophets and apostles!

From the poor one to his master the rich, from Abd el Kadir the son of Moohyeh-ed-din-el Hasneh, to the brother in God and the beloved for God's sake, the Imam Schamyl! God has been our portion at home and abroad. The peace and mercy of God be upon you! . . . After this we say that your most precious letter has reached us; your discourse was a joy and a delight to us. What you have heard and been pleased with in regard to our protection of the people of the "zimmeh" and the covenant (Christians), and our defense of their lives and their virtue, was, as is well known to your precious intelligence, *necessitated* by the commands of the law most holy and exalted, as well as by humanity and self-respect. For our law fulfills the rules of a generous nature and requires the doing of all those praiseworthy actions which lead to friendship by a bond closer than that of a golden collar upon the neck. In every sect violence is abhorred. Its practice is vile; yet man, often in the hour of temptation, sees that to be good which is not good.

By the name of Him whose we are and to whom we return, I deprecate the lapse of the followers of religion and the want of faith in the Victorious One, in Truth and its Defender. Unlearned men have begun to think that the root of the faith of Islam is stupidity, brutality, harshness and violence. It is well to be patient and God will bring deliverance. There is no object of worship but God.

These letters are interesting from the remarkable history of their authors and as indicating the current and shape of the opinion of the more enlightened Mohammedans in the East in these days.

One of the proposed solutions of the future of Syria was the appointment of Abd el Kadir as viceroy over all Syria. But it is well that he was not. In an interview with an Englishman familiar with the Arabic, he stated that if made viceroy, he would govern justly, but that he would not allow Christians to enter the army, nor to testify against Moslems, "as Christians can never be on an equality with Moslems," as the Mohammedan "Shera" (the religious law of the Koran) is paramount to all other laws, and must be obeyed above all. He would regard

Christians as "zimmeh" or under covenant, and entitled to entire protection as long as they pay tribute. This view of Abd el Kadir, the finest specimen of Mohammedan manhood in modern times, shows how impossible it is for a Moslem sovereign to grant equal rights to Christian subjects. Where the people are all Moslems, a Moslem ruler does well. But in a mixed population, a Moslem ruler cannot grant equal rights to non-Moslems and must exclude them from military service and from the high God-given right of testifying in a court of justice.

Seven thousand Christians had been killed or burned alive in their houses, 1,000 of them in the Franciscan convent. A survivor, who was a boy at the time, told me that he was in the Greek Church when the mob broke in and that they took thirty priests one by one and cutting off their ears, noses and hands would call on them to deny Christ and then behead them amid fiendish jeers. This young man said that although thirty years had passed, he would often awake at night screaming with terror at the memory of that horrible scene. Young girls and women were carried off to Moslem hareems and forcibly married to Moslems.

The news of this massacre spread terror all over the land, and Jerusalem, Jaffa, Acre, Tyre and even Aleppo were in great danger. One Russian steamer took 1,000 refugees to Alexandria.

July 17th Fuad Pasha, the grand vizier of the Sultan, arrived with three frigates and additional troops. He was clothed with absolute authority over the military and civil officials and ordered to punish the guilty at once. The next day there was an eclipse, which added to the terror of the ignorant populace. On the 19th, we printed the Sultan Abdul Majid's new firman, and it was publicly read before Moslems and Christians, but no one responded, "Long live the Sultan," the usual reply at such a time. On the 20th Fuad Pasha was visited by a black-veiled procession of 3,000 widows and orphans and seemed to be much affected. He promised to provide for them and to punish the murderers.

Abro Effendi, secretary to the pasha, formed mixed commissions to examine the claims for indemnities for all foreigners.

The claims of the natives were to be settled by the government itself. The American and English Commission consisted of Abro Effendi, Mr. James Black, Dr. Thomson, Mr. M. Beihum and myself. We had to examine claims for damages to American property in Damascus, Hasbeiya, Deir el Komr, Sidon and other places, amounting in all to about $10,000. The purely American claims, as to the correctness of which we could give our word of honour, were allowed to the last piastre. But we learned that the majority of the lists handed in by the suffering natives were cut down one-half and often three-fourths, and then paid in orders on the government, which were bought up by brokers and bankers at less than half their value, so the real sufferers never got a fourth of what they lost.

The British flag-ship *Marlborough* (131 guns, Admiral Martin) arrived on the 24th of July, and soon after there was a fleet of twenty-five British ships of war, and nearly twenty French, Austrian, Dutch, Italian, Greek and Turkish ships. Then came news of the coming of a French army of 10,000 men, and in case of need of as many more of other nations. Mustafa Pasha declared that he would resist their landing, and the Moslem populace became much excited. But soon orders arrived from Constantinople that the troops were coming at the request of the Sultan, and to aid him in restoring order.

Khurshid Pasha, who had been sent by Fuad Pasha to Latakia on some trivial errand, returned on the 26th, expecting to resume his office at the seraia. But before his arrival, Admiral Martin addressed an emphatic protest to Fuad Pasha, demanding that he be punished. He said, "The Turkish government will have no claims to consideration if it should not do voluntary and ample justice. The matter will probably be taken out of their hands, if they exhibit any indication of shortcoming." He also demanded "conspicuous retribution to infamous functionaries." So on the arrival of Khurshid he was arrested at the landing, his sword taken from him and he sent as a prisoner to the barracks.

The missionaries, Thomson, Bliss and myself, called on Admiral Martin, and on the other officers of the fleet. The sight of that

display of two and three deckers, all full-rigged ships, lying in a line a mile long off the port, was one never to be forgotten. On shore we had our hands full, and the distribution of money and clothing to the wretched refugees kept us constantly busy.

There was great excitement among the Lebanon Druses when they heard of the coming of a French army, and some of their leaders proposed to burn the remaining Christian villages in Southern Lebanon, massacre the remnant of the people and then flee to Hauran. But in the providence of God this plan was thwarted. Mr. Calhoun said that was the only time when he was really in danger, as the begs, his friends, would have been unable to stem the tide had such a course been adopted by the leading sheikhs.

Colonel Frazier now arrived, August 1st, as British commissioner to coöperate with Admiral Martin, and it appeared that the time of retribution had come. On the 29th of July Fuad Pasha reached Damascus with 2,000 troops, and arrested all the leading officers, civil and military, and hundreds of the prominent Moslem sheikhs and effendis, and put them in prison. He began at once a rigid investigation. We cannot enter into all the details of the punishment he visited on that guilty city. General Ahmed Pasha, the governor and military commander of Damascus, who was proved by Mohammedan evidence to have caused the massacre, was shot, and with him Osman Beg and two other officers who presided at the Hasbeiya massacre. One hundred and seventeen others, officers, police and Bashi-bazouks, were also shot. Four hundred Moslems were condemned to imprisonment and exile. Fifty-six of the leading effendis and sheikhs of the city were hanged. Eleven of the notables were exiled to Cyprus and Rhodes, which was a very light sentence.

A levy of one million dollars was made on the city, which was not a tenth of the loss suffered by the Christians. He then compelled the Moslems to vacate three districts of the city and put Christians into their houses, and made a prominent Moslem house into a temporary Greek church. In the course of the few months following he compelled the Moslems of the city and the

neighbouring villages to carry away the débris and ashes of the Christian quarter, outside of the city, and to cut down poplar and walnut trees for rebuilding the Christian quarter. They were also obliged to furnish flour to the Christians left in the city. A raid was also made on all the Moslem houses, and beds, rugs, clothing and copper utensils were recovered and given to the sorrowing Christians. In the course of a month eleven thousand of the Christians were transported to Beirut and lodged in the quarantine buildings, and in khans and houses rented for the purpose by the government. We used to stand on the Damascus Road to see these long processions of men, women and children passing mournfully along, on horses, mules, donkeys and camels, a melancholy sight. Among those in the quarantine buildings were 600 children. Within a month 100 of them had died from exposure and improper and insufficient food. All these 11,000 names were added to our relief lists, and garments were given to every man, woman and child.

Not the least crushing blow, however, to the pride of Moslem Damascus, was the immediate enforcement of the military conscription. From the days of Mohammed until 1860, Damascus, as one of the four holy cities (Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem being the other three), had been exempted from the conscription, and no Damascene Moslem ever entered the army. But now Fuad Pasha seized the opportunity to humble the proud city. Within three months 21,000 men were sent handcuffed to Beirut and thence by ship to Arabia, Asia Minor and European Turkey. Some hundreds were culprits more or less directly implicated in the massacre, and the rest were thrust into the army, and ever since, the conscription has been enforced. A large stone barracks was erected at the entrance of the Christian quarter to prevent any recurrence of a Moslem invasion.[1]

[1] In December the following urgent orders were sent to Damascus, to be enforced by the army:

Section 1 appoints a committee of four Christians, three Mohammedans, and a secretary and president elected by Fuad Pasha. The members of the committee must be from the higher classes of the community.

The spectacle of the arrival in Beirut, week after week, of bodies of one hundred, two hundred or five hundred Damascus Moslems, some of them sons of the highest families, all with their wrists fastened in wooden stocks, nailed fast, was an object-lesson to the whole country and especially to Beirut. And during all these subsequent years the memory of the punishment visited on that city has kept the Christians in safety. The French army of occupation began to arrive August 16th, and in a few weeks entered Lebanon. A Turkish army also entered Lebanon from Sidon by way of Hermon, to cut off the retreat of the Druses. But a gap was left in the cordon, and 2,000

Section 2 requires one thousand Mohammedan men with two hundred mules, to be collected from Damascus itself and all of the villages within a distance of three hours or nine miles in every direction, for the purpose of cleansing the ruined quarter and preparing it for building.

Section 3 requires that all tools and implements needed in this work, such as shovels, pickaxes, baskets and ropes, together with the provisions of the labourers, shall be furnished by the city and the above mentioned villages.

Section 4 orders the storing away in proper magazines of all the beams, timbers and hewn stones found among the ruined houses.

Section 5 requires that all the labourers and animals must be on hand ready to work within three days of the date of the proclamation.

Section 6 requires the immediate repair of all the water-pipes and canals leading to the Christian quarter, and inasmuch as the most of those skilled in the construction of the watercourses are Christians, that class may be employed, and their wages must be paid by the Mohammedan citizens.

Section 7. An overseer shall be appointed in every district of the Christian quarter with two guards, to attend to the collection and preparation of the building materials which have escaped destruction.

Section 8. One hundred and fifty howr trees (this tree is a white-barked poplar which grows tall and straight and is much used for roofing houses) are to be cut down from the gardens of Damascus, and from the villages in every direction around for a distance of fifteen miles, according to the number of trees found in each place.

Sections 9 to 14 provide for the proper registration of all the trees cut down, the giving of receipts to the sheikhs of the villages for them, and the marking the trees with the stamp of the "commission" to prevent their being removed and others substituted in their room before they are taken into the city for use.

Druses escaped to Hauran to the utter chagrin of the French General Beaufort d'Hautpol who found himself thwarted by Turkish treachery.

On September 8th, Lord Dufferin arrived, and the European commission was organized to investigate the massacres and plan for a new government for Lebanon. The members of the commission were as follows: Fuad Pasha, for Turkey; Lord Dufferin-and-Claneboye, for England; M. Beclard, for France; M. Novikoff, for Russia; M. Weckbecker, for Austria; M. De Rehfuss, for Prussia.

Its labours extended over five months, its last and twenty-fifth meeting taking place March 5, 1861, the day of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

Owing to differences of opinion among the members as to who should be punished, the French advocating the execution of a few leaders, and the English the hanging of the actual rank and file perpetrators of the massacres, and owing also to the fact, stated by the biographer of Lord Dufferin (p. 42), that "unfortunately British policy was then strongly pro-Turkish," and "M. Thouvenel (French minister), who acted with energy throughout, had a good deal of difficulty in persuading Lord John Russell to consent to the landing of an international force;" and owing also to the consummate ability of Fuad Pasha who succeeded in arousing the jealousies of the European Powers to thwart the ends of justice,—the result as a fact was that not a single Druse was executed. Many were tried and condemned. Several hundreds were temporarily exiled to Tunis and Belgrade, Cyprus and Crete. France and England were fearful of each other's influence in Syria. Lord Russell saw in the French occupation a preparation for annexation and determined that it should cease. The international treaty fixed the term of the occupation at six months, but, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and the difficulty of embarking an army from a harbourless coast in midwinter, it was prolonged four months and the last French soldier sailed June 8, 1861. It had thus lasted from August 16, 1860, nearly ten months. During the last

four months, the Emperor Napoleon III proposed a still longer occupation, and for a few weeks, as we learned from Colonel Frazier, who remained after Lord Dufferin departed in May, 1861, there was imminent danger of war between France and England, which would have been ruinous to Syria. We were distinctly informed by official authority, "that if France did not evacuate Syria by the 5th of June, England would drive her out by force of arms. Already 10,000 troops were in readiness in Malta and Gibraltar, and," said our informant, "if necessary, England will land troops at Acre and Tripoli on the Syrian coast and arm the whole non-Christian population of Druses, Moslems and Arabs, and expel the French, no matter what happens to the Christians." It was a very serious crisis. Very few knew what was transpiring between London and Paris. But the French departed on time, and the world was saved the spectacle of English officers leading an army of unhung Druse and Moslem murderers against the French army, which came in the interest of our common humanity to put a stop to the awful Syrian massacres.

The joint commission completed its labours March 5, 1861. "It laboured faithfully to reorganize the country; it endeavoured to restore the scattered Christians to their homes; to rebuild their ruined tenements; to fix the amount of their pecuniary indemnities; to supervise the criminal procedures against the inculpated Turkish authorities and the Druse malefactors; and lastly, to frame such a plan of government for the Lebanon, as might bid fair to give the inhabitants that peace, order and security which they had been vainly invoking for twenty years." [1]

The "Organic Statute" agreed upon, and finally approved by the Sultan, made Lebanon a distinct, independent pashalic, under a Mutserrif, or pasha, appointed by the Sultan and confirmed by the six signatory powers (now including England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy). He must be a Latin Catholic, and not a native of Syria, and cannot be removed but by consent of the European ambassadors in Constantinople.

[1] Churchill, p. 258.





GOVERNORS OF LEBANON

1. H. E. Daûd Pasha. 2. Wassa, Pasha of Lebanon. 3. Rustem, Pasha of Lebanon. 4. Franco Pasha.

Lord Dufferin, twenty-seven years later (1887), when Viceroy of India, was confronted with a somewhat analogous problem in the rising of the Ghilzais, an Afghan tribe, and in a letter to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, suggested the substitution for the existing régime in Afghanistan of some such system as that established by him and his fellow commissioners in the Lebanon in 1861.[1]

He says, "Every plan in Lebanon failed in turn, until we put each principal section of the people under its own chief, assisted by divisional councils, with an intertribal (volunteer) police, under an independent governor, appointed by the Turks, though not himself a Mohammedan. Under this system the domestic independence both of the Druses and the Maronites remained perfectly free and uncontrolled. The Turkish troops garrisoned certain strategical points *outside* the privileged limits, but no Turkish soldiers were permitted to be quartered on the villagers, or to enter within the liberties of the tribes. Within a couple of years after these arrangements had been carried into effect, blood feuds entirely ceased, and from that time until the present day the Lebanon has been the most peaceful, the most contented and the most prosperous province of the Ottoman Dominion."

The three seaport cities, Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon, which front the middle, the northern and southern extremities of Lebanon, being ports of entry, and having a large Moslem population, were excluded from the Lebanon district and remained under direct Turkish rule. Thus, to this day, Lebanon has had no seaport and all traffic and passenger travel must be through ports in the hands of the Sultan's officials.

Lebanon has had seven Christian pashas since 1861, Daûd, Franco, Rustem, Wassa, Naoom, Muzaffar, and Yusef, the present ruler. As Lord Dufferin says, "It is the most peaceful, contented and prosperous province of the Ottoman Dominion." It pays no taxes to Constantinople and its army is a volunteer army of Maronites, Greeks, Catholics, Protestants, Druses and a few Moslems. The people are industrious and easily governed.

[1] "Life of Lord Dufferin," p. 58.

Since 1860 the value of property has increased a hundredfold. Vast regions have been brought under cultivation and planted to the mulberry, olive, fig and vine. The very architecture of the houses has improved wonderfully, and macadamized carriage roads zigzag through the mountain range in every direction.

On New Year's Day, 1861, Syria was prostrated, humbled and sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Homeless widows and orphans, exiles, despairingly begged for the restoration of their property and the rebuilding of their homes. Schools were closed, church buildings in ruins and the people dead or dispersed.

The foreign missionaries were mostly gathered in Beirut. Dr. Crawford of Damascus had summered in the Moslem town of Yebrud, north of Damascus, and was unable to reach Damascus until the 7th of August and soon after, with Rev. S. Robson, came to Beirut. After frequent consultations, we decided to hold on to all our stations, and reoccupy them when the land became settled. But the prospect was dark enough. It seemed as though the work of forty years was swept away. On the 18th of September, 1860, I wrote to my brother Samuel, then studying in preparation for the Syria Mission work, as follows:

"I think the prospect brighter for our mission. The Druses are to be attacked at once, and the Christians restored to their homes as soon as possible. *Tell George Post not to give up Syria.* Dr. Van Dyck is overburdened, and must have some one to relieve him of the medical work, to give him time for the translation of the Old Testament. Let nothing discourage you. I regret having written anything to put you in doubt, but when one expects every minute to be massacred (as we did in July) he cannot write *very* encouragingly. Now, we are all hopeful, and I doubt not we shall need you both and more besides, before December, 1861."

Dr. Van Dyck had returned from Europe and at once resumed work on the translation of the Old Testament. Mr. Ford returned to Sidon. We never doubted that God would bring good out of this appalling disaster. And He did.

To add to the gloom of the year 1861, the Civil War began between the federal government in the United States and the Southern seceding slave states. Financial ruin seemed impending over the Northern states. Churches and missionary societies were staggered and crippled. The Board of Missions sounded the note of warning and retrenchment. No boarding-schools could be reopened—no new books published—no new missionaries sent out. In the spring of 1861, we were all assembled in Beirut at our annual meeting, when the mail brought the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. We were startled and thrilled, and as one man felt like starting for home to defend our beloved country's flag from dishonour.

But it soon became evident that God had still a work for His servants to do in Syria.

The total receipts of the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee, up to December 31st, were over £20,000 or $100,000, of which one-fourth came from the United States. This sum was expended on bedding, clothing, medical relief and bread.

Of this sum $40,000 was given in wheat for seed, $14,000 for clothing, $5,000 for medical relief, $3,000 for soup rations through the soup kitchen of the Prussian deaconesses, and the balance in food and clothing. Twenty-five thousand dollars of this sum passed through my hands and was distributed in cash to the needy according to carefully prepared lists, and all the accounts were audited by a British merchant in Beirut.

The number of refugees on all our lists in Beirut, Belad, Baalbec, and Sidon reached 26,000. In addition it should be remembered that large sums were raised in Catholic Europe which were distributed through the European consulates and the Romish orders. The Turkish authorities also furnished rent and a small pittance daily, especially to the refugees from Damascus, Deir el Komr and Hasbeiya. In December we had distributed 1,000 shepherds' coats for elderly people. One steamer several weeks later brought from England 2,000 beds, 4,000 blankets, 500 rugs and forty large boxes of clothing, most of it almost entirely new.

Lord Dufferin in his report to the British Foreign Office, in speaking of the part borne by the American missionaries in this work of humanity and religion, awards to them unmeasured commendation, declaring that "without their indefatigable exertions, the supplies sent from Christendom could never have been properly distributed, nor *the starvation of thousands of the needy been prevented.*"

IX

Light After Darkness

Eight results of the upheaval—Enormous development of Bible circulation—The new impetus to educational work.

"The wrath of man shall praise Thee: with the remainder of wrath wilt Thou gird Thyself."—*Ps. 76 : 10.*

THE year 1860 had thus been a crisis in the history of Syria. It was also a crisis in the Protestant missionary work. From that time the tide turned. The plowshare of God's judgment had upturned the soil and overturned many of the mightiest obstacles to the Gospel. Syria had been little known in Protestant England and Germany and little cared for. But great disasters, famines, pestilence and massacres draw forth human sympathy and make all men brothers. The events in Bulgaria in 1876, in Armenia in 1894, in China in 1900 and the Indian famine in 1900, prove the power of Christian sympathy. After the massacres, Syria was filled with correspondents of the English, Scotch, Dutch, Swiss and American journals, who supplied their readers with facts concerning the appalling condition of the Oriental Christian sects in Syria. I was asked by Dr. George W. Wood of New York to act as "our own correspondent" for a new Christian daily journal just started in New York, *The New York World*, edited by Rev. Dr. Spalding. To this journal I wrote about thirty letters, giving minute day-to-day accounts of the massacres and the resultant sufferings of the survivors, and these letters probably had something to do with the awakened interest in Syria. Then came messengers of mercy from America, England, Scotland, Germany and Switzerland, who opened schools, orphanages and hospitals all over the land.

We can see several distinct results more or less direct from the events of 1860.

To understand these results in Syria, let us look at what had already been accomplished. The American Mission had established thirty-three schools with 967 pupils, 176 of them girls. There were four organized churches with seventy-five members. The press was printing about 4,000,000 pages annually, and had printed from the outset 112,825,780 pages. The New Testament had been translated, and two editions printed; a 12mo reference edition and a pocket edition, and in 1860, 4,293 copies were sold notwithstanding the poverty of the people. The country had been largely explored. Patriarchs and bishops had ceased to hurl anathemas at the "accursed sect" of the Protestants. Education and the press had opened the eyes of multitudes. The Protestant sect had been legally sanctioned by imperial firman, and became entitled to official recognition and protection. The American Mission in Syria had withdrawn, in 1843, from Jerusalem and all of Palestine south of Acre and Tiberias, and concentrated its efforts on Lebanon, the Bookaa and Northern Syria. A large number of prominent Syrians had embraced Protestantism, among them the martyr Asaad es Shidiak, Gregory Wortabet, Butrus Bistany and Dr. Meshaka of Damascus. The two latter are immortalized by their contributions to Arabic Christian literature.

When the smoke had cleared away, after the close of the war of 1860, and a reasonable estimate could be made of the actual losses of the Protestant community, it was found that only nine Protestants had been killed out of a community of several hundred. One missionary, Rev. Mr. Graham of the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus was killed. The Hasbeiya church was partially destroyed. The scattering of villagers and people of the large towns like Zahleh, Hasbeiya and Deir el Komr, was a great disaster and set back all systematic work for months.

But on the other hand the final outcome was a great gain to Syria, as will appear from the following eight results.

1. The power of the old feudal families and tribes was forever

broken. These sheikhs, begs and emirs had enjoyed almost unlimited power. The fellahin[1] or farmers were their serfs. A Druse beg or a Shehab Maronite emir could order twenty or fifty fellahs to leave their work without notice, and walk before him ten or twenty miles, without compensation. These feudal lords were gradually appropriating the landed estates, and shared with the monks the best property in Lebanon.

But by the new "Organic Statute," the official status of these titular families was forever abolished, and since that time they have had to take their chance with others in getting office. Their sons now go into business, or enter college to become lawyers, doctors or officials. As a fact, the kaimakam of the great Druse district of Es-Shoof in Southern Lebanon has been chosen alternately from one of the two great rival Druse houses of the Arslan emirs and the Jumblatt begs. In the other districts which are either Maronite, Greek or Papal Greek, the kaimakams are taken from the predominant sect. Each district has its medjlis or local council, and the pasha at the capital of the mountain has a central council and court of appeals.

2. The political power of the native hierarchy was broken. The patriarchs and bishops, priests and monks, had interfered in the courts, set up and put down officials, and made Lebanon on a small scale what the papal states were before Garibaldi entered into Rome. They even had the power of life and death as in the case of Asaad es Shidiak. They kept the people in ignorance, and allowed of no schools, excepting those for training up a priesthood. They had for ages been appropriating the best lands of Lebanon, by intimidation of men on their death-beds, and by seizing the property of widows and orphans, so that it is true even to-day, that all the most fertile land, the finest water rights and the wooded hills of Lebanon belong to the bishops and the monks, and the fellahin are chiefly their tenants.

But the upheaval of 1860 deprived the priesthood of political power. The collapse of the patriarch's crusade to exterminate the Druses lessened greatly his prestige. When Rustem Pasha

[1] "Fellah" means "plowman."

was in office (from 1871 to 1881) he exiled the Maronite Bishop Butrus el Bistany of B'teddin to Jerusalem, for political intrigue and banished a Papal Greek priest from Zahleh for beating a Protestant in the street.[1]

In the purely Maronite districts, the priests still try to "manage" political affairs, but the people have learned their rights and are free to assert them.

3. A stable, free, and virtually independent government was established in Lebanon. This was politically and socially the greatest boon to Syria in modern times. It is the freest, most peaceful and prosperous province in the empire, and is envied by the other provinces. It opened the way for the vigorous and industrious people to improve their property without fear of armed horsemen, tithe gatherers, extortioners and bribe-taking officials. No longer do mercenary judges and arbitrary rulers intimidate witnesses and corrupt the tribunals.[2] The taxation is light and is all expended on local interests. When murders occur, the culprits are arrested and imprisoned, and murders would be much fewer, were capital punishment allowed.

4. The domineering pride of the Damascus Mohammedans was broken. The enforcement of military conscription, the enormous money levies on the city and Moslem villages, the increase of the military garrison, and the introduction of municipal improvements, have lowered the tone and subdued the manner of the Damascene Moslems towards native Christians and foreigners. Christian schools have multiplied, the Turkish schools for boys and even girls are crowded with pupils, newspapers are published and read, and there is friendly intercourse between Moslems, Christians and Jews.

5. The war of 1860 forced tens of thousands of the people, great and small, rich and poor, out of their secluded villages and brought them into contact with foreign Christian benevolence.

[1] That priest, Jeraijiry, afterwards was made bishop and patriarch, and became the most broad-minded and liberal of the Romish clergy, the friend of education and most courteous and friendly to Americans.

[2] At the present time, alas, this is no longer true.

The very men whom their priests had taught them were godless, enemies of God and man, and emissaries of Satan, had fed and clothed them for months, given them medicine and medical attendance and helped them in rebuilding their houses in the fall and winter. No wonder that months afterwards, deputation after deputation came to Beirut asking the missionaries for teachers and schools, and that there was a growing demand for Arabic Scriptures and other useful books.

In some of the remote and stricken villages there are now flourishing evangelical churches. In Zahleh, from which missionaries had twice been driven out and stoned, there is a fine church edifice and four Protestant schools. This is the town which sent thirty armed horsemen in July, 1848, to Hasbeiya, ordering the Protestants to leave on penalty of death. In 1860 the mission had twenty-seven village schools. Now in the same territorial districts there are not less than 150, and the number could easily be increased were the means sufficient.

6. A demand for education. No sooner had the sky cleared after the storm of 1860, than there sprang up in all parts of the land a demand for schools, which has continued to increase until the present time. It has resulted in the founding of not less than twenty Protestant boarding-schools and institutions in Syria and Palestine whose influence for good is incalculable.

7. Then came a new demand for the Arabic Scriptures and other religious and miscellaneous books. The new translation of the Arabic New Testament was printed in March, 1860, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and was ready for the multitudes who poured like a flood into Beirut from hundreds of villages in and around Mount Lebanon. Many out of their deep poverty bought the New Testament, to others it was given, and thus God's Word went back with the poor and stricken and disheartened people to comfort them in their desolate homes. On August 23, 1864, Dr. Van Dyck completed the translation and printing of the Old Testament, and in June left for the United States to attend to electrotyping the entire Arabic Bible. Since that time thirty-two editions of the Bible and parts of it

have been issued from the Beirut Press, all of which bear on the title page the imperial sanction of the Ottoman government. Up to 1909, more than nine hundred thousand copies of the Arabic Scriptures have been printed at the Beirut Press, and it now has a capacity for printing 50,000 Bibles a year.

Dr. A. J. Brown says that "the Beirut Press is next to the greatest mission press in the world, being exceeded in output only by the Presbyterian Mission Press in Shanghai."

The demand for the Arabic Scriptures is increasing, not only in Syria and Palestine, but in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Arabia, India, Egypt and the Soudan, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Zanzibar, Aden, the East Indies, North China, and every other country where the Arabic language is read and spoken.

Much the same is true of the religious, educational and scientific works published by the American Press. About seven hundred and fifty millions of pages of all classes of publications have been printed at the American Press. The first impulse given by this press has called into existence a score of printing houses in Beirut and other parts of Syria. The largest of these is the Jesuit Press of the University of St. Joseph, which has published a translation of the Vulgate Bible into the Arabic and a large line of works in Arabic literature.

The land is filled with newspapers, and the people have awakened to a new intellectual life. Native booksellers tell me that the best selling books in the monasteries and among monks and priests are the flashy French novels translated into Arabic.

But the best selling book throughout the East to-day is the Bible. It has now a firm footing in the empire, and has been published in eleven languages. The Arabic version contests with the Koran the supremacy over the future intellectual, moral and religious life of the Arab race. The Koran is in one language exclusively for one sect, and is not allowed to be translated; there are no Koran societies for distributing Korans among non-Moslems, and any copy of the Koran found in the possession of a native Christian or a European traveller is confiscated. The

Bible is freely offered for sale to all. More than sixty thousand copies of the Scriptures are sold annually in the Turkish Empire. The Word of God is having "free course" and it shall "be glorified."

8. After the events of 1860 and largely as a result of Protestant Missions, there was an intellectual and educational awakening throughout the whole Turkish Empire. The American schools had been in operation forty years, before the Turkish government officially promulgated (in 1869) school laws, and instituted a scheme of governmental education. But there was no public school system for *all* the people. The government schools are for Mohammedan children, and thus exclude the millions of Christian children who must be provided for by their own sects, or by missionary societies.

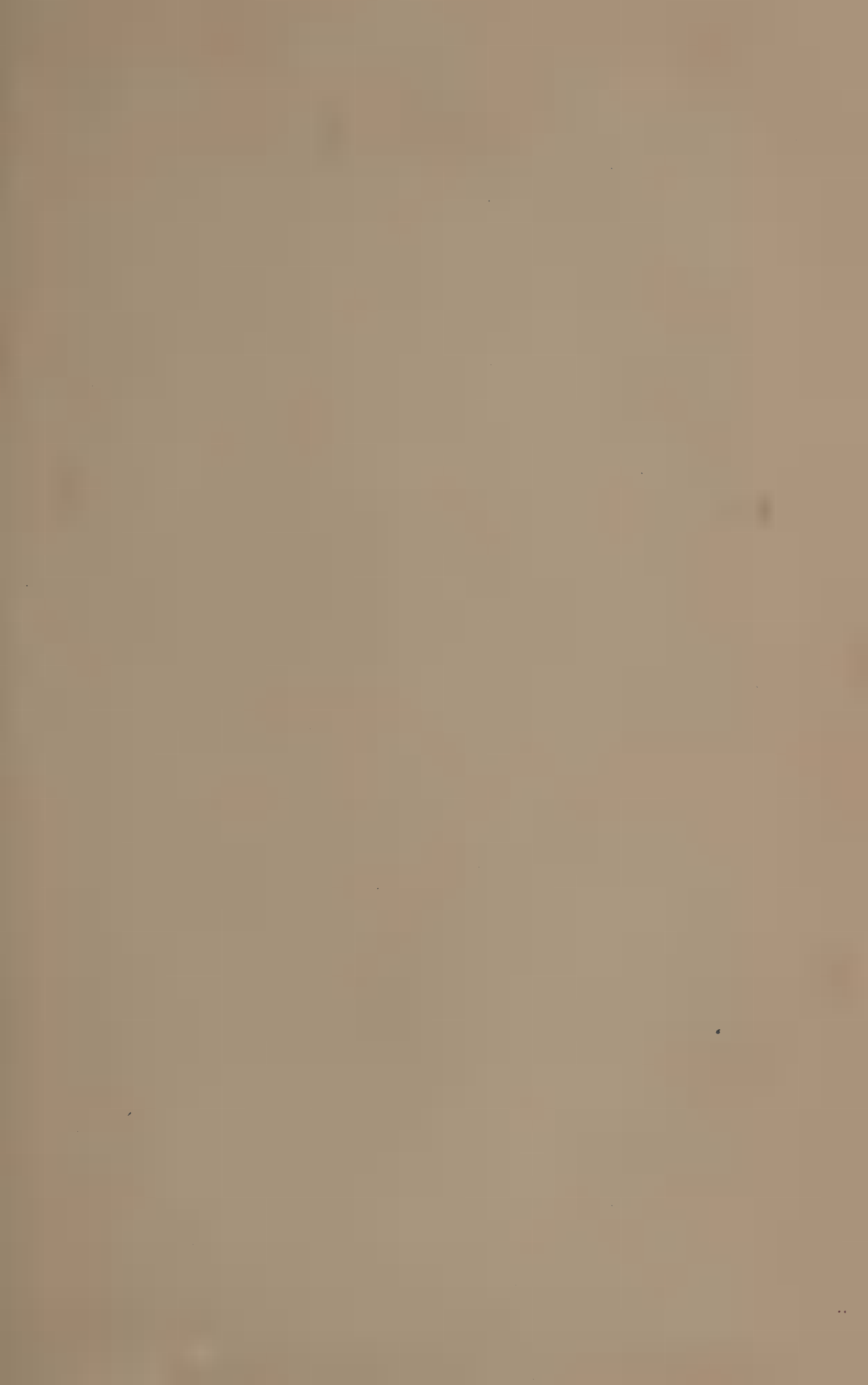
In 1864 there were said to be twelve thousand five hundred elementary mosque schools for reading the Koran, in which there were said to be half a million of students. In 1890, according to official reports, there were in the empire 41,659 schools of all kinds of which 3,000 are probably Christian and Jewish. As there are 35,598 mosques in the empire, and each mosque is supposed to have its "medriseh" or school, there would appear to be about 4,000 secular government schools not connected with the mosques, independent of ecclesiastical control by mollahs and sheikhs, and belonging to the imperial graded system of public instruction; yet many of the mosque schools have now been absorbed into the government system so that there may be 20,000 of these so-called government schools. The great majority of the schools, public and private, native and foreign in the empire, have come into existence since 1860, and now there are in the empire not less than 1,000 Protestant schools, with nearly 50,000 pupils. Of these 20,000 are girls, a fact most potent and eloquent with regard to the future of these interesting peoples.

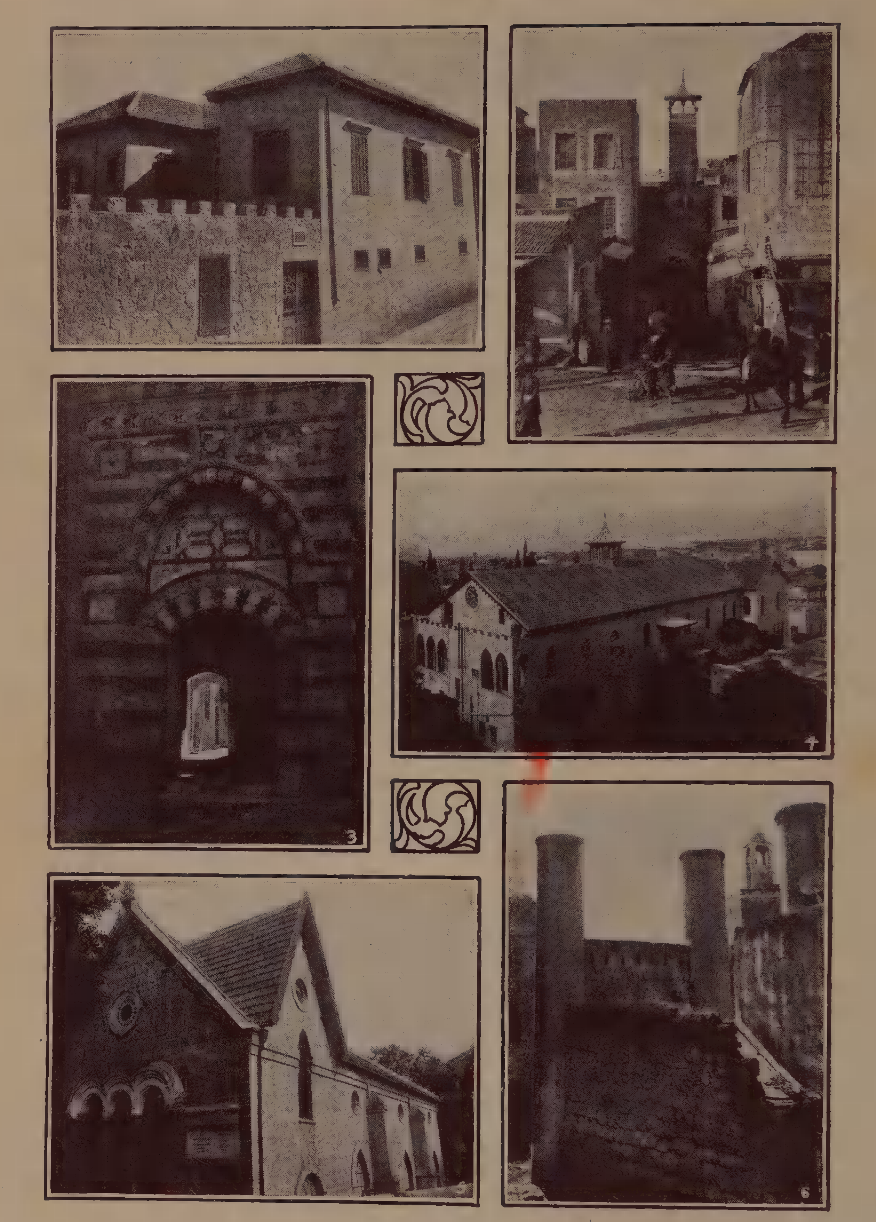
I can only recount briefly the history and work of the various evangélical institutions of the post-massacre period, *i. e.*, since the year 1860.

The Beirut Female Seminary

After the events of 1860 there followed an unprecedented demand for education for both boys and girls, and this in higher schools than those in the villages. Foreign languages were wanted, especially the French, owing to the intimate commercial relations between Syria and France. After the reconstruction of Lebanon, the Abeih Seminary was reopened. But owing to the strictly vernacular policy enjoined by the American Board of Missions neither English nor French could be taught in it. The same was true of *female education.* Dr. De Forest had taught all the young women in his family school the English language, and it proved a priceless boon to them. But after the departure of the American young ladies who were expected to carry on his work, the question was reopened in Beirut, with regard to the propriety of teaching English and French. As it could not be done in a school supported by the Board it was decided in 1861 to open a girls' boarding-school in Beirut independent of the Board, and with native Syrian teachers.

The first contribution towards it was given by Colonel Frazier H. B. M. Commissioner. Mr. M. Araman, his lovely wife and Miss Rufka Gregory who had been trained in the families of Mrs. Whiting and Mrs. De Forest, undertook the work. The school soon attained a high reputation, and after the departure of Miss Gregory (as Mrs. Muir) to Australia, it was found necessary to engage American lady teachers, and through the labours of Miss Everett, Miss Carruth, Miss Jackson, Miss Loring, Miss Fisher, Miss Thomson, Miss Barber, Miss Law, Miss Tolles, and Miss Horne, with an excellent corps of Syrian teachers, the seminary has become the leading girls' boarding-school south of Constantinople. It began with six charity pupils and now has sixty paying boarders, and gives a high grade diploma to its graduates. And these graduates are in demand as teachers at good salaries in Syria and Egypt. When Dr. A. J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, visited Cairo in 1902 with his wife they were sur-





BEIRUT

1. The Elliott F. Shepard Manse. 2. Ancient Bab ed Dirkeh, Beirut. 3. Deir el Komr, Gateway of Seraia, in which sat the Turkish colonel during massacre of 1860. 4. American School for Girls, Beirut. 5. The Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday School Hall. 6. Pillars of Forty Martyrs, Beirut.

prised and delighted to attend an evening reception at the house of a lady eminent as a teacher in Cairo, where they met about fifty cultivated ladies, her fellow graduates of the Beirut Seminary.

The English language is taught thoroughly, as it is now in all the Protestant high schools for boys and girls in Syria and Palestine and Egypt. The demand for English is one of the facts to be confronted in the opening of the twentieth century. It is rapidly supplanting French and Italian. No school can succeed without it. In 1870, on the transfer of the Syria Mission to the Presbyterian Board of Missions, this institution was adopted by the Women's Board of Missions and has been maintained by them to the present time.

On December 14, 1870, the executive committee of the seminary consisted of Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, H. H. Jessup, of Beirut, Messrs. Bird and Calhoun of Abeih, Dr. Daniel Bliss and Dr. George E. Post of the Syrian Protestant College. We then addressed to the new Presbyterian Board of Missions an historical statement and appeal on behalf of the seminary. We urged the raising of an endowment of $30,000, or, in default of this, a permanent provision for its support. We said, "We believe that it has an important future before it in the great work of female education and evangelization in this land. It is an institution which should enlist the sympathies and prayers of the mothers and daughters of the thousands in our Presbyterian Israel. Here in the land of Hannah and Rachel, of Ruth and Mary, would we lay wisely and permanently the foundations of a school which is to train the daughters of Syria of all sects and tribes in all the generations to come."

In 1864, the mission authorized me, during a brief visit of thirteen weeks in the United States, to raise funds for the erection of a suitable building for the Beirut Seminary, on the mission premises, by adding to the old mission house or "Burj Bird," erected by Rev. Isaac Bird in 1834. With the cordial coöperation of Hon. William E. Dodge, and Mr. William A. Booth of New York, Matthew Baldwin, John A. Brown, Horace

Pitkin and Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, and many others, a sum of ten thousand dollars was raised. A cholera epidemic interrupted the building from July to November, 1865, but it was completed and dedicated in 1866. In 1869 a beautiful porch was erected over the main entrance by Mrs. D. Stuart Dodge.

What changes and what contrasts are suggested by such a building, and for such an object on the shores of old Phœnicia! Young maidens of the children of Japheth coming seven thousand miles across the great ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules to teach the Semitic girls the religion of their own greatest Prophet, the Incarnate Son of God! An American school for Syrian girls! An evangelical school for Moslem and Druse, Greek and Maronite, Papal Greek, Jacobite, Armenian and Jewish girls! Any school for girls would have been an impossibility when the American missionaries first landed in Syria. The people thought and said that there was more hope of teaching a cat than a girl. The Moslems said that girls could not be trusted with a knowledge of reading and writing. Girls were to be servants, slaves, beaten, despised, degraded, dishonoured. They could not be trusted. No Moslem would allow his wife's face to be seen by his own father or brother. No Moslem would mention the word woman in the presence of other men without saying, "Ajellak Allah," which means, May God exalt you above the contamination of such a vile subject! The Mohammedan religion has destroyed the family, degraded women, heaped ignominy and reproach upon the girls. Secluded at home, veiled when abroad, without training, veracity, virtue or self-respect, men despised them and they despised themselves. If a European doctor insists on seeing the face of a sick Moslem woman, the husband has often been known to say, "Never, let her die first—but no man shall ever see her face."

The Oriental Christian women were driven into partial seclusion by the intense fanaticism of their Moslem neighbours. When the seminary was opened in 1861, no parent could be induced to pay a piastre for the education of a daughter. The first class of six consisted only of charity pupils, and the first de-

mand for payment for board met a serious rebellion. From 1861 to 1870, the burden of supporting this school rested on me. The American Board declined to help it as it taught English and French.

This school was carried on in faith. At times we did not know where the funds for the week's expenses were to come from, but the Lord provided wonderfully and the school lacked no good thing. On the last day of December, 1869, Mr. Araman, the teacher, came to me and asked for money to the amount of three or four thousand piastres (about $150) to pay urgent bills. I told him we had not a piastre in the treasury. We conferred and laid the matter before the Lord in prayer, and he went away. Just then came a knock at the door. Mr. Stuart Dodge came in with a package containing thirty-three and a half Napoleons, which he had found in the mission safe, deposited there by Mr. Booth and labelled "for the girls' school." Then came another gift of ten Napoleons from an unexpected source, making 850 francs or about $170, so that our prayers were answered and our credit saved.

For nine years I raised by correspondence with personal friends and Sabbath-schools the salaries of the teachers and the scholarship funds to support the girls. Tourists passing through Beirut gave substantial aid, but it was a growing burden, and great was my joy when the new Presbyterian Women's Board of Missions assumed the support of the Beirut Girls' School and placed it on a substantial basis. Up to that time the school had no financial connection with the American Board. Miss Everett, its first American teacher, was appointed missionary of the Board, but her salary was paid by Mrs. Walter Baker, the saint of Dorchester.

We fought the battle to maintain the school, although it was not on the simple vernacular basis required by the American Board, and I regard it as one of the best labours of my life that I carried this darling school on my shoulders and on my heart for nine years. It has been a blessing indescribable to Syria and the East. A change has come over men and women, too, in

Syria. In 1878, the seminary received from paying pupils eleven hundred dollars. It now (1909) receives annually about three thousand dollars and has to turn away many pupils for want of room.

It is a high school teaching Arabic grammar, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, botany, physiology, history, ethics, English and French, with music and drawing for those willing to pay for them. There is a regular academic course giving a diploma which warrants the preparation of the graduates for teaching. It is also a thoroughly evangelical and Biblical school. All the pupils are instructed daily in the Bible, and brought under religious influence in the church and Sabbath-school and in the seminary family. Nothing of religious instruction is abated or relaxed on account of the religion or nationality of any pupil. Her parents know that it is a religious institution, and yet are willing to pay for its privileges. The Orientals do not believe in non-religious schools. They think every man is bound to have a religion of some kind, and prefer to have their children taught our religion rather than none at all.

The building cost about eleven thousand dollars. The lumber was brought from the state of Maine. The windows and doors were made in Lowell, Mass., as before mentioned. The stone pavement of the floor was brought from Italy, the tiles for the roof from Marseilles. The cream-coloured sandstone of which the walls are built was quarried near Beirut; the stone stairs are from Mount Lebanon. The desks are from New York, the zinc roof of the cupola from England, the glass from Vienna, and the petroleum oil for the lamps from Batoum. The playground in the rear of the seminary is shaded with beautiful zinzalakht or Pride of India trees which were planted in 1839 by Dr. Thomson and Mr. Story Hebard. In the attic of the old part of the seminary building is the room where the Bible was translated by Dr. Eli Smith (1848–1857) and Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck (1857–1865). This great work is commemorated by a marble tablet on the wall, erected by Dr. Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University.

Just in front of the church is a memorial column, to mark the site on which was erected in 1835, for Mrs. Eli Smith, the first edifice for the education of girls ever erected in the Turkish Empire. It was a day-school for thirty little girls which only continued for a few months and was suspended on the departure of Mrs. Smith for Smyrna where she died September 30, 1836.

The pupils of the Beirut Seminary are native Syrian, Egyptian and a few Armenian girls, from ten to sixteen years of age. Many of them are bright and quick to learn, and comely in appearance. Nine out of ten of them have black eyes, as have the majority of the Arab race. A blonde in Syria is rare, and consequently greatly admired. These girls go forth from the seminary cultivated and refined, ready to be teachers of youth or wives and mothers of families. Many of the graduates have been truly converted. This seminary is a light shining in a dark place, and it has been shining to such good purpose that the dark place itself is becoming light. Beirut is a city of schools, and it has none more useful or successful than this American female seminary. In April, 1904, the alumnæ of the seminary, resident in Egypt, presented to the institution an elegant oil portrait of Miss Eliza D. Everett, the first American teacher in the seminary, and who was connected with it for more than twenty-five years. Mrs. W. W. Taylor (née Miss Sophie B. Loring) of the seminary in the year 1886 raised in the United States the necessary funds for building a summer home or sanitarium for the Beirut Seminary. It is located in Suk el Gharb on a rocky ledge overlooking the mountain slopes, the plain and the blue sea, is well built and convenient and is known as Beit Loring or Loring House. It is in sight of Beirut, and nine miles distant, 2,500 feet above sea level.

The British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission

This interesting mission is a direct result of the massacres of 1860. I well remember the arrival of its founder, Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson, in the latter part of October, 1860. We had been for

four months labouring early and late to feed the hungry and clothe the naked refugees, who had gathered in thousands in Beirut. The city and environs were crowded with widows and orphans. Large contributions had come from England in money, clothing, blankets and bedding. I learned that an English lady, who had been connected with the London Syrian Relief Fund, had arrived in Beirut anxious to do something for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the widows and orphans. We found her to be an intelligent and consecrated Christian widow, whose husband, Dr. Thompson, had died in the British Military Hospital at Scutari after service in the Crimea, and who had lived several years in the vicinity of Antioch, and who had come to aid in the relief of the suffering. We extended to her the hand of welcome and sympathy, and during all the nine subsequent years of her life in Syria it was our privilege to co-operate with her in her work for the daughters of Syria. She began at once her labours by hiring a house and gathering the widows and orphan girls to learn sewing and reading. She opened a laundry for the men of the British fleet, thus giving employment to many women. She engaged the services of experienced young women teachers trained in the American Mission "for such a time as this," and soon had a flourishing school. Her work extended to the homes of her widows and orphans, Hasbeiya, Damascus, Zahleh, etc., until in twelve years she had twenty-three schools, twelve in Beirut and eleven in the interior, with 1,522 pupils, seventy-nine teachers, and seven Bible-women. After her death, November 14, 1869, her work was carried on successively by her sisters, Mrs. Augusta Mentor Mott and Mrs. Susette Smith, and was greatly enlarged until there were forty schools, 3,000 pupils, and a corps of Bible-women. The mission is undenominational, although Mrs. Thompson and her sisters belonged to the Church of England, and their English lady teachers have regularly attended our mission services with their Syrian teachers and pupils.

These English and Scotch ladies have certainly evinced the most admirable courage and resolution in entering several of

these places, without European society, and isolated for months together from persons speaking their own language, except when visited by the missionaries on their itineration or by casual tourists. And not a few of these consecrated women have laboured at their own expense and given largely of their private means to carry on the work.

Such instances as these have demonstrated the fact that where woman is to be reached, woman can go, and Christian women from Christian lands, even if beyond the age generally fixed as the best adapted to the easy acquisition of a foreign language, may yet do a great work in maintaining centres of influence at the outposts, superintending the labours of native teachers, and giving instruction in the English language. The young girls graduating from our Beirut, Sidon and Tripoli boarding-schools and the British Syrian Training Institution in Beirut, cannot go to distant places as teachers and *ought not to go* according to both foreign and Syrian standards of propriety without a home and protection provided for them. Such protection *is given* by a European or American woman who has the independence and resolution to go where no missionary family resides and carry on the work of female education.

The British Syrian schools are doing a good work in promoting Bible education, and the relations between their teachers and directors and the American Mission have always been of the most harmonious character. And why not? We are engaged in a common work surrounded by thousands of needy perishing souls, Mohammedan, pagan and nominal Christian,—and the Lord's husbandmen ought to work together, forgetting and ignoring all diversities of nationality, denomination and social customs. There should be no such word as American, English, Scotch or German attached to any enterprise that belongs to the common Master. The common foe is united in opposition. Let us be united in every practicable way. Let our name be *Christian*, our work one of united sympathy, prayer and cöoperation, and let not Christ be divided in His members.

The Institute of the Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth in Beirut

The Orphan Home, boarding-school and Johanniter Hospital, with which the Prussian deaconesses are connected, were established in 1860. The two former are supported by the Kaiserswerth institution in Germany, and the latter by the Knights of St. John of Berlin. These consecrated sisters have trained hundreds of orphan girls and educated the daughters of the foreign residents for more than forty-five years. They have regularly 130 orphan girls, and about one hundred European paying boarders and day pupils.

These schools were a direct outcome of the massacres of 1860, and the teachers and nurses were among the first to come to the relief of the sufferers, and for months kept open a soup kitchen for the hungry in aid of which our Relief Committee supplied $3,000.

The Johanniter Hospital of Beirut

This noble institution was a direct outgrowth of the massacres of 1860. The Knights of St. John in Berlin sent Count Bismarck Bohlen who hastened to send medical aid and nurses to the sufferers from the massacres. They began their work in Sidon and then removed to Beirut where Fuad Pasha gave them a tract of land, a rocky hillside where they built a commodious hospital. The nurses are a corps of nine deaconesses from Kaiserswerth, and the physicians the American medical professors in the Syrian Protestant College. The site is salubrious and cheerful and thousands of patients, indoor and outside-clinical, have blessed its founders and attendants for forty-four years. A local Curatorium of Germans, British, and Americans, is the organ of communication with the Order of the Knights of St. John in Berlin. The Emperor William II, on his visit to Beirut in 1898, conferred a decoration upon Rev. George E. Post, M. D., the dean of the American faculty.

Mrs. Watson's Lebanon Schools

Soon after the massacres, in 1862 I think, Mrs. E. H. Watson, after teaching in Valparaiso, New York and Athens came to Syria and opened a girls' school in Beirut, then in Shemlan and lastly in Ain Zehalteh. The Shemlan school was transferred to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and recently to the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission. Mrs. Watson erected two school buildings in Ain Zehalteh as a permanent school for Protestant orphan boys, and purchased a large tract of land whose income was to support the school. Mrs. Watson died in Shemlan July 29, 1891. The Ain Zehalteh property has been diverted by her heirs to personal use and the school perished for want of support.

The Shemlan school has been a blessing to the land and continues to give a sound Christian training. Under the care of the British Syrian Mission its future is assured.

Church of Scotland Schools for Jewish Boys and Girls in Beirut

These schools were established in 1865 under the care of Rev. James Robertson then pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation in Beirut. They are now under the care of Rev. George M. Mackie, D. D., with an efficient corps of teachers, and a boarding-school for Jewesses has been opened under the direction of Miss Milne. One of the teachers of the boys' school is a converted Jew of the family of Harari of Damascus, who has been a faithful teacher for more than thirty years. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have now undertaken the teaching in the boys' day-schools. These schools have done much to break down the contemptuous pride and the superstitious practices of the Syrian Jews, and the results of forty years of patient labour are apparent in the friendly attitude of the younger generation.

Dr. Mackie, as acting pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation in Beirut, has endeared himself to the whole community.

Miss Jessie Taylor's St. George's School for Moslem and Druse Girls

This school was opened in 1868 for the poorest of the poor Moslems. For a long time it had only day pupils, but now for years it has received from twenty to forty boarders and with her sewing classes for poor women, has been an untold blessing to hundreds of Moslem families. Miss Taylor has won the confidence of all classes, native and foreign, and has instructed multitudes of women and girls. On her seventieth birthday she received a testimonial of seventy gold sovereigns from her friends of the foreign community, and still lives to bless the people of Syria. Mohammedan men as well as women come to consult her, and often come in crowds to her evangelical preaching service on Sunday evening.

References to her and her work will be made later.

X

After the Massacres

Removal to Beirut—Retrenchment—The Abu Rikab.

IN 1860 I was transferred from Tripoli to Sidon. But my goods, shipped on a "shakhtoor," were driven into Beirut harbour by a storm, and the mission by an emergency vote directed me to stay in Beirut where I have since remained. I undertook the Arabic preaching to lessen the burden on Dr. Thomson.

In May of that year Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for America with their children, one of whom, Samuel Tyndale, is now president of Maryville College, Tennessee.

The English preaching services also devolved upon us. The missionaries had maintained them since 1826. It was in 1866 that the Church of Scotland agreed to supply those services, beginning with the Rev. James Robertson.

The French occupation was a curse to Syria. Fifty grog-shops and many houses of ill fame were opened and drunkenness became a vice theretofore little known.

In April, 1861, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge with his bride, Ellen Phelps, sister of William Walter Phelps, visited Syria. His meeting Dr. Bliss, who came down from Suk el Gharb to meet Mr. and Mrs. George D. Phelps of New York, was the beginning of a friendship never interrupted since, and which resulted in the founding of the Syrian Protestant College, of which his sainted father, William E. Dodge, laid the corner-stone in December, 1871.

In February, 1861, we heard that Mr. Lincoln had offered my father a diplomatic post, and on his refusal had offered to appoint my brother Samuel consul at Beirut. It was thought he could

master the language during his incumbency and then enter his missionary work.

We successfully dissuaded Samuel from a step which would have been so disastrous to his missionary influence. It would have impregnated his whole future with a political tinge that would have been in direct antagonism to the spiritual character of his life-work. Samuel thereupon volunteered as a chaplain, and my brothers George, William and Huntting also entered the army. But the relief work we were engaged in in Syria was a duty so high and pressing we had to choke down our eagerness to go home and do our share.

July 3d the Sultan, Abdul Medjid died and was succeeded by Abdul Azîz. On the 4th, a brilliant comet was visible, and we had our Fourth of July celebration, with the native illumination of the city in honour of the new ruler. I made an address from Isaiah 8 : 12, which from its reference to the "confederacy" was startling to my hearers.

July 18th Daûd Pasha was inaugurated as governor-general of the new pashalic of Mount Lebanon. The ceremony took place in Beirut barracks. The firman of appointment was read in Turkish and Arabic, and addresses were made by Maronite and Greek priests, and the cavalcade set out for Deir el Komr. During the reading, a Deir el Komr widow saw in the crowd the Druse who had murdered her husband and by her screams compelled the pasha to order his arrest and imprisonment at once. As the pasha's party of mounted Christians and Druses entered Deir el Komr en route for the palace of B'teddin, the widows who had returned sprang on the Druse horsemen and forbade their reëntering the town. They had to retreat and take another road. During the summer, the French wagon road to Damascus was completed and became a great public benefit. The French evacuation in June did not eradicate the effects of the occupation. These were both good and evil. The French army restored order, reassured the people, and quieted the land. But the army followers, who opened forty liquor saloons and many houses of ill fame in Beirut, introduced among the thousands

of youths in Beirut licentiousness and intemperance to a degree never known before.

I regret to say that the example of the English was not much better. In July, 1861, five midshipmen from the British liner *Mars* came ashore in Beirut and after drinking more brandy than was safe, entered the confectionery shop of M. Troyet, a Frenchman, and demanded more liquor. M. Troyet, seeing their intoxicated condition, refused them, whereupon they opened a broadside of chairs and canes upon the mirrors, glass cases, jars, and furniture of the saloon, doing damage to the amount of five thousand francs. Complaint was made and the "young gentlemen" were court-martialled, imprisoned, and fined to the full amount. A fine example for Englishmen to set before the Arabs of Beirut.

In August, 1861, I visited Zahleh from which Messrs. Dodds and Benton were expelled in 1859. I found five Protestants, Musa Ata and others, but the people at large looked at me with undisguised animosity. I wrote at the time, "The scenery about Zahleh is charming; around you are the ranges of Lebanon and the splendid plains of the Bookaa half covered, at this season, with bright green fields of Indian corn, and the threshing-floors piled high with myriads of sheaves of wheat and barley and other grains. A small river of cold crystal water, the Bardouni, runs down through the narrow valley which divides the town into two distinct quarters. The people are a hearty, vigorous, and superior looking race, and some day the Lord will bring them into the light."

The Turkish government began to collect a million dollars from the Moslems of Damascus, and their rage was so great that they plotted another massacre. They planned killing the pasha, and then all the Christians and foreigners left in the city. But though the plot was discovered and thwarted, yet it produced a new panic in the city and all over Syria. Miss Mason and Miss Temple reopened the girls' school in Sûk with six pupils. Mr. Calhoun, in the Abeih Seminary, being unable for want of funds to open the school, received a small class of men for theo-

logical instruction. In the printing of the new Arabic translation of the Old Testament, Dr. Van Dyck had proceeded as far as the thirty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers. But owing to the inferior character of the old printing machine, it was extremely difficult to obtain a register, that is, to have pages correspond on the opposite sides of the leaf. So Mr. Hurter, the printer, was authorized to visit America and obtain, if possible, a new and improved machine.

A meteor, said to be of the size of the full moon, passed over Anti-Lebanon early in August and moved to the southwest of Mount Hermon, leaving a train of fire behind it. It passed off towards Carmel and exploded with a noise like a cannon.

A young Englishman named Lee visited the famous Dog River, nine miles from Beirut, for the purpose of studying the inscriptions on the ancient rock-hewn tablets of Sesostris, Esarhaddon, and others, of which there were nine. On reading his "Murray's Guide," he was surprised to find that the face of one of the ancient tablets had been smoothed down by a chisel, and a French inscription cut upon it, commemorating the French military expedition to Syria in 1860–61 with the name of Napoleon III, and the officers of the army. Supposing it to have been the work of some unauthorized vandal, he took a stone and defaced the emperor's name from the inscription. On his return to Beirut he was summoned to the British consulate to answer a charge of the French consul that he had destroyed French property. He then wrote an apologetic answer to the French consul and also expressed his surprise that the French officials who had sent Renan to explore the Syrian antiquities should have authorized the destruction of one of its most ancient monuments. The French consul returned his letter as unsatisfactory and there the incident closed.

In September Messrs. Ford and Lyons laid the corner-stone of a new church in El Khiyam. Sixty dollars of the money used in this building was money received by me from Sunday-schools in America and given to poor Protestants for buying seed wheat. They sowed the wheat, harvested it and repaid the money for

the church edifice, and thus it has done a double service, in giving bread to their bodies and the bread of life to their souls.

On September 20th, we received orders from Dr. Anderson of the A. B. C. F. M. to cut off one-third of our expenses. So we met and applied the surgeon's knife, cutting down our own salaries, and those of all the native agents, and closing the boys' and girls' boarding-schools. We did this as an expression of our sympathy with our suffering friends in America. October 17, 1861, I wrote to the missionary society of Illinois College urging the claims of missions and apologizing for a brief letter on the ground of pressure of duties, as I had to preach in Arabic every Sunday and in English once a month, conduct a weekly Arabic Bible class, a singing school, translate hymns for a new hymn-book, correspond regularly with the missions at Aleppo, Aintab, Latakia, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Cairo, attend to receiving and forwarding all mails, English and Arabic, and all boxes for the press, and for individuals, attend to a large private correspondence, attend meetings of the Anglo-American Relief Committee, and the Claims Commission for losses during the massacres.

At this date the mission was reduced to seven men, Messrs. Wilson and Hurter having left for America and Messrs. Eddy and Bird being still absent, and we were earnest in pleading for reinforcement. We had abandoned, for the time being, the whole of Syria north of the Dog River, and awaited help from our afflicted native land. I removed my home in Beirut to Beit Jebaili in the eastern quarter and was surrounded by Damascene refugees, many of them very delightful and lovely people. Mrs. Jessup and I opened at once a Sunday-school and I had a weekly Bible class for men and women. In 1862 we opened a school for their girls with a pupil of Mrs. De Forest, Mrs. Saada Haleby, as teacher, and soon we had ninety girls under instruction. That school was afterwards in 1864 transferred to Mrs. Bowen Thompson, founder of the British Syrian Schools.

The severe retrenchments and closing of Abeih Seminary compelled leading Protestants to send their sons to Lazarist and Jes-

uit Schools. Even the zealous Dr. Meshaka of Damascus, the Martin Luther of Syria, sent his son to Antura, the famous school of the Lazarists. In October, 1861, the French fleet of six liners sailed away from Beirut. At the same time two of the better class of Druse sheikhs, Yusef Abdul Melek and the Emir Mohammed Arslan were released from prison and returned to their homes, and were afterwards useful in the government of Lebanon.

My brother Samuel was ordained by the New School Presbytery of Montrose, September 10th, having been excused from his regiment for the purpose and then returned to the army, where he remained until after the battle of Malvern Hills, July 31, 1862.

In the middle of October, Beirut was visited by its first epidemic of dengue fever, called by the Arabs "Abu Rikab" (father of the knees), from the severe pain at the knees. Not less than 25,000 out of a population of 60,000 of the people were sick at one time.

Whole families were prostrated, but very few died. It was supposed that no more than 2,000 of the 60,000 people escaped it. It was probably caused by the filthy state of the city and the gardens, after the residence of so many thousands for nine months, with no regard for sanitary precautions and no steps taken by the government to prevent disease. For forty days not a cloud appeared and the sky was like burning brass. There had been but one day of rain for six months. The sick longed for rain. About December 1st, when the dark clouds had gathered in the southwest larger than a man's hand, Fuad Pasha ordered the religious heads of all sects to assemble in the public square and pray for rain. After they had assembled, the wind rose and one Maronite priest prayed holding an umbrella over his head. Fuad Pasha had not studied his barometer in vain, for that night the rain descended in torrents and continued for ten days. The air was cooled, the sick recovered, and the epidemic ceased.

A strange event took place at this time in Beirut. Mr. Giurgius Jimmal, a wealthy Protestant of Acre, whose house was attacked by a gang of Moslem robbers, succeeded, with the aid of his servants, in binding them and shaving off their beards. They

complained of the indignity, and the government arrested Mr. Jimmal and put him in irons for ten days and only released him at the protest of Colonel Frazier, H. B. M. Commissioner in Syria. The robbers were not molested.

November, 1861, was a period of great anxiety. The Board had cut off $6,000 from our mission funds. We were all overworked. The great work of the mission, the translation of the Scriptures, was in jeopardy. The health of Dr. Van Dyck was very precarious. He suffered from severe headaches, was thin and weak, and had serious effusion in his joints. Yet in addition to his labours of Bible translation, he was constantly called on for medical advice and attention, in the mission families and among the people, and we were full of apprehension lest his health fail and the great work of Old Testament translation be indefinitely postponed. This fact added force to our appeals for reinforcement, but none came for fifteen months afterwards.

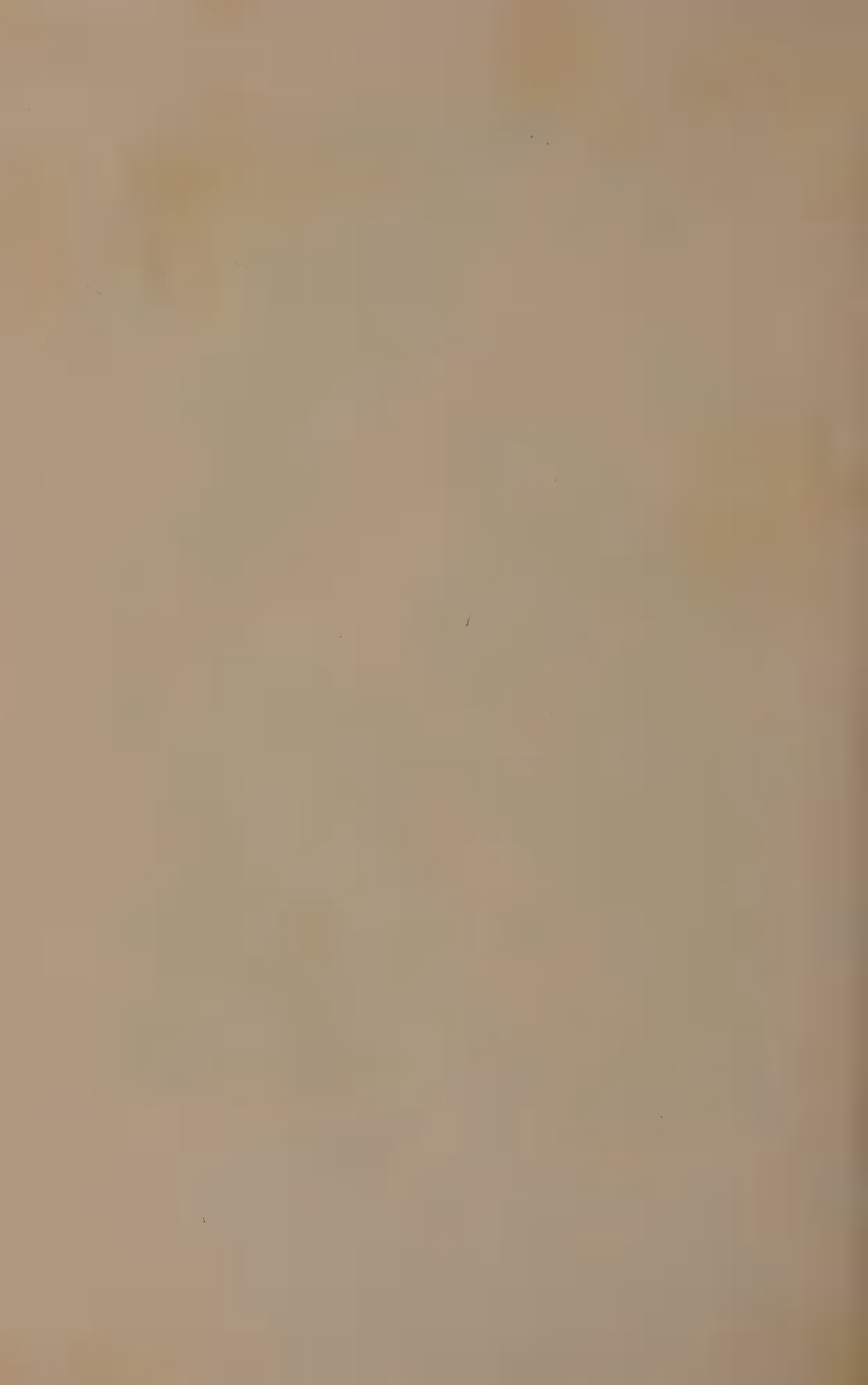
On December 14, 1861, Fuad Pasha left on the frigate *Tayif* for Constantinople to enter on his office as Sadr Azam or grand vizier. The Beirut people gave him an ovation on his departure and no man in modern times has been more popular in Syria. He took with him fifty blooded Arab horses, the finest display ever seen in Beirut. Not less than 3,000 trunks, boxes, barrels, baskets, and packages were sent on board the corvette which went with the *Tayif* as a tender. The Pasha of Beirut sent him some 500 baskets and boxes containing lemons and oranges, dried fruits, silks, rugs, furniture, and all the chief officials vied with each other in sending him rich presents. In return he bestowed liberally decorations of different grades of the Medjidîyeh order.

On December 20th, Mr. Ford of Sidon sailed for England, at the expense of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, for three months' absence, to plead the cause of Christian education and evangelization in Syria. In a letter to Dr. Wortabet, January 4, 1862, I stated that immediate steps would be taken to establish a large Protestant native institution in Beirut of a high order, with the coöperation of all the missions in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. As will be seen elsewhere, in the sketch of the Syrian Protestant

College, we had under serious consideration the sending of a learned Syrian, Mr. B. Bistany, to join Mr. Ford in his appeals for the new institution. It was wisely given up. A dual control in an institution will end in disaster. A native school, founded and supported by natives, should be under native control. A foreign school, founded by foreign funds, should be under foreign control.

On December 28th, we were in intense anxiety with regard to threatening war between England and America, growing out of the Mason and Slidell affair. It would have cut off all our mails and supplies and would have been inexpressibly disastrous to our work.

PINE GROVE SOUTH OF BEIRUT



XI

Further Growth (1862-1865)

Temporary converts—Systematic giving—Mr. Coffing's murder—The Nusairiyeh—The plan for a college.

THE opening of 1862 was marked by a mission vote of momentous consequence. It was to establish a college in Beirut with Rev. Daniel Bliss as its president, and on August 24th he sailed with his family for America to raise funds for its support. In April Miss Temple left for the United States, and after her arrival she was married to Mr. George Gould of Boston. On the 27th of July Rev. William Bird and family were welcomed back to Syria. They had been absent for two years, and took up their residence in Abeih, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun. In October Miss Mason opened a girls' school in Sidon and resided with the family of Mr. Ford. The Beirut Girls' Boarding-School also opened in October, taught by Mr. Michaiel Araman and Miss Rufka Gregory, with no support from the Board.

Early in January, during the rainy season, the city of Mecca, the Holy City of 150,000,000 Moslems, was visited by a cloud-burst with terrific thunder and lightning. It commenced at midnight and the swelling flood poured down from Jebel-en-Nur into the midst of the city, and filled up the sacred mosque, the Haram Esh Sherif, with water to the depth of sixteen feet, submerging the famous black stone, and with it thirty unfortunate men who were sleeping in the mosque. The greater part of the fine library of Arabic books was utterly destroyed, a loss beyond repair, as this library contained several books not extant in any other library in the world. Three hundred houses and shops were destroyed, 300 lives lost, and one-third of the city was in ruins. Was it an accident or a Providence, that the British Consul-General Wood of Tunis arrested an agent from Mecca with letters on his person proving

that the Damascene massacre was concocted in Mecca? This coming in connection with the flooding of the Kaaba is a proof that sometimes the plots of the workers of iniquity return upon their own heads.

January 25th—At that date there were six hundred Protestants in the Sidon district, five hundred in Lebanon, two hundred in Beirut, forty in Hums, and thirty in the Tripoli field. A part of the Hasbeiya widows now decided to return to their ruined town and homes. They had a meeting at my house, and one of them, a consecrated Christian woman, addressed them in language which it almost broke my heart to hear. She comforted them with the words of Christ, telling them that He loves them and will be a father, husband, and brother to them, and if they love Him, will bring them home to rest in peace in heaven at last. She said, "Be patient and trusting; have faith in God; love one another and try to bear up under this heavy load of sorrow." I felt that this truly was the sweet fruit of the Gospel and I thanked God that some of these poor suffering ones had been taught to look to Jesus for rest and peace.

It was at this time that the mission voted to set apart Rev. Daniel Bliss to the principalship of the new literary institution.

A spasmodic Protestant movement took place at B'teddin-el-Luksh, near Jezzin. It was a characteristic Maronite device to stop the oppression of their priests. We sent a teacher and opened a school. The bishop and priest arrested and imprisoned several men and began their usual policy of force and excommunication. Colonel Frazier, H. B. M. Commissioner, interfered on their behalf, and they held out six months, when, having carried their lawsuit against the priests, they became reconciled and returned to Rome, and drove out Asaad el Ashshi, the teacher. This is a typical case. In at least a dozen Maronite villages of Lebanon several hundreds at a time have professed Protestantism, obtained a school, frightened the priests, secured their claims, and slid back again to the old sect with the blandest of smiles, as though they had effected a fine business transaction.

Such has been the case with B'teddin-el-Luksh, Cana, Wady





THE BEIRUT NATIVE EVANGELICAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, 1876

1. Michael Gharzuzy. 2. Nicola Tobbajy. 3. Selim Kessab. 4. Francis Shemaoon. 5. John Abcarius. 6. Michael Araman. 7. Ibrahim Hourani. 8. Yusef Abd en Nur.

Shehrur, Deraoon, Mezraat-Yeshua, Kornet-el-Homra, and other places, until all that is necessary in a Maronite village, when the tyranny of the priests becomes too galling to be endured, is to threaten to become Protestants en masse, and then the clergy surrender. Yet each such movement lets in a little light, sows a few Bibles, teaches the children a few hymns and Scripture truths, and in most cases removes old prejudices against Protestantism. The people tell us that the very presence of Protestant missionaries in the land is a shield over the people against the extortions and oppressions of their clergy.

A new movement now took place in the Evangelical Church in Beirut which was a blessing to the people. An evangelical missionary society was formed on the systematic benevolence plan, every one, old and young, agreeing to give a fixed sum, however small, every week. The amount thus raised surprised every one. The officers were all Syrians. Similar societies were organized in Abeih, Sûk, El Khiyam, and Deir Mimas. The great part of the Damascenes and Hasbeiyans, widows in the school of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, who were wretchedly poor, insisted on writing their names, and took delight in giving of their deep poverty for the spread of the Gospel. The cheering news from Hums that a multitude was seeking instruction, that two Greek priests had doffed their robes and opened shops, that three villages near Damascus were asking for teachers, and a general awakening in Zahleh, Shweir, and Aitaneet, inspired the Beirut society to assume the entire support of M. Sulleeba Jerawan in Hums. The letter from Hums signed by thirty-six men was very touching. They said that they had been taught by Mr. Wilson to study God's Word and they had done so for two years and now they longed for a spiritual guide, for "We are as sheep without a shepherd. We are ready to suffer persecution and loss. Come over and help us." A month later hot persecution arose, imprisonment, beating, and anathemas. Many who were forced back into the Greek Church formed a Bible class and were aided by an enlightened priest, Aiesa, who largely aided the Protestant movement.

This was the first movement towards "Christian Giving" in Syria. One of the brethren said to me, "Truly the Lord has prepared our hearts for this." Another said, "There is a great preparation for this among the people, and it will be good to feel that we are giving to the Lord, and helping others as the Lord has helped us."

The Greek priests in Hums, having exhausted all their own means of persecution, had recourse to the Moslems of the baser sort, telling them that these Protestants are Free Masons or worshippers of the sun, who deny the existence of God, hoping thus to stir up violence against them. Mr. Jerawan went and remained for years as their leader and guide, and was at length ordained as their pastor, and in 1872, Rev. Yusef Bedr succeeded him. In writing to Dr. Anderson of these new accessions in Syria, I urged him not to expect too much from them. "The almond trees, now in full bloom, are loaded down with their mantles of snow-white blossoms, yet their fruit may be so small as hardly to repay the gathering. Yet, however we may be disappointed in human appearances, we know that the Lord's promises are not always almond blossoms."

The rehabilitation of the refugees from Damascus, Hasbeiya, Rasheiya, and other places, proceeded slowly. Not one Druse had been executed, and the people feared to return to their ruined homes and confront the murderers of their friends. Lebanon was more secure under a Christian ruler, Daûd Pasha.

The Druse leaders, in order to educate their boys, set apart some of their "wukf" revenues and opened a boarding-school in Abeih, calling it the Davidic School, from Daûd Pasha, and he was present early in February at its formal opening on Sunday. The attractive feature of Abeih was the existence of the Abeih Seminary of Mr. Calhoun, a man held in profound reverence by the entire Druse nation. And the first principal of this Druse school was a former pupil and teacher of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Asaad Shidoody.

Syria was now outwardly quiet. But nothing can give it permanent quiet but the prevalence of the pure Gospel of Jesus

Christ which is a religion of righteousness and peace. The great bane of Syria is the multitude and virulence of the conflicting sects. There can be no true peace until these hostile elements are reconciled, and nothing can reconcile them but a common faith in Jesus Christ. Mohammedanism has ceased for the present to be aggressive. Romanism, with its creature worship, can never appeal to Mohammedans. A pure Gospel can conquer both.

On March 20, 1862, the city of Beirut received from the Sultan "three hairs from the beard of the Prophet Mohammed," to be placed in one of the mosques. The military was called out and marched with music and banners to escort the wonderful and sacred gift of the Sultan, while crowds of long-robed Moslems and filthy dervishes and sheikhs joined the procession which bore the holy relics to the Great Mosque. The whole Moslem population was excited, and the baser sort uttered threats against the infidels, etc., but Ahmed Pasha kept the town in quiet. Some thought that Abdul Azîz sent it at this time, in order to counteract the rapidly increasing European and Christian influence in Beirut which is leaving the Moslems in the minority. Another more likely explanation is, that it is to effect a compromise between the Egyptian and the land route of the holy Hajj or pilgrimage to Mecca. The Egyptians wish the Hajj to go via the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The interior towns wish it to go via Aleppo, Damascus, and down east of the Jordan to Mecca. This raises Beirut to high religious rank, and as Damascus is "Bab el Kaaba" (or "Gate of the Kaaba"), so Beirut is the port of the Kaaba, and it became necessary to give it the needed sanctity by sending three holy hairs of the Prophet's beard. The effect on the Beirut Moslems was various. Some ridiculed them as spurious. Others insisted that the use of any relics of any kind is forbidden in the Koran, and say, "Are we to imitate the Christians in creature worship?" In 1890 two hairs from the same beard were sent to a mosque in Tripoli and received by the populace with frantic demonstrations bordering on idolatry. So Moslems as well as Maronites and Greeks hold to the veneration of the hair, teeth, and bones of their saints.

The people of Hasbeiya were notified on returning to their homes that indemnity would be paid them for their losses, but no Christian testimony would be received as to the amount of the losses. They bring Moslem or Druse witnesses. As the leading Moslems of the Shehabs had been killed, and the Druses were the very persons who had massacred the Christians and sacked the town, the case was simply exasperating. The Druses knew that they would have to pay whatever was assessed, so they swore down the Christian losses to the lowest possible figure. It is hardly credible that Fuad Pasha could have known of this iniquitous procedure. But who could blame the Turks when the European Powers looked on in silence and suffered such things to be done!

On the 29th our boys' day-school was examined and the son of the sherif of Mecca was present and after listening with much interest, expressed his satisfaction with the work of the pupils. Dr. Robson wrote from Damascus that the Algerian body-guard of the Emir Abd el Kadir in Damascus has been reduced to a handful, and the emir says, "Damascus is like a fire in the desert smothered with sand. A blast of wind may kindle the flames again."

April 5th—A letter came from Mr. Calhoun, dated Alexandretta, March 31st, telling of the murder of Rev. Mr. Coffing. Mr. Calhoun was on his way to the annual meeting of the Aintab Mission, Mrs. Coffing and Dr. Goodell of Constantinople were in Antioch, and on reaching there, he received the sad news. Mr. Morgan and he set out at once, reaching Alexandretta after sunset March 26th, finding Mr. Coffing already dead. Mr. Coffing left Adana, Monday, March 24th, intending to reach Alexandretta Friday evening. The first part of the way he had a government guard of three men, but dismissed two and came on with his servant, the muleteers, and a single guard. Within three miles of Alexandretta, robbers in ambush in the jungle fired on the party. Two balls struck his left arm, shattering the bone and severing the large artery. The servant had a ball through his lungs and a chance native traveller had his arm broken.

Mr. Coffing was brought to Alexandretta that night to the United States vice-consul, Mr. Levi, and died at five o'clock the next morning. The servant died after four days of suffering. It was supposed to be the work of fanatical men from Hadjin, whence Mr. Coffing had been driven last summer, who had threatened his life.

On the 6th of April, the French admiral took the American consul of Beirut on his flag-ship, the corvette *Mogadore*, to Alexandretta to investigate the facts as to Mr. Coffing's murder. This act of courtesy was highly appreciated by all Americans in Syria. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Goodell went immediately on to Aleppo and Aintab to the annual meeting. It was afterwards learned that the murderers were two Moslems from a village above Alexandretta. They had confessed the crime. The villagers for a time defied the government. The two murderers were arrested May 21st and one escaped. And in September, one named Ahmed was executed in Adana in the presence of five thousand spectators. He was beheaded and the Turkish executioner was seven minutes hewing off his head with a huge dull knife. Ahmed confessed the crime and said he was instigated by none but the devil.

The statistics of the Beirut church at this time showed thirty-seven members, a Sunday-school of one hundred and fifty, and a native missionary society of one hundred and seventy-five members, with weekly offerings of seven dollars and a half. I had a weekly singing-class of three hundred and fifty children. We had two boys' day-schools with ninety pupils, a girls' school of seventy, and a dozen boarders in the girls' boarding-school. Miss Mason opened her school in Sidon. Miss Temple sailed for America to enter one of the "united" states.

On Tuesday, May 6th, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley, entered Beirut and received an ovation unparallelled in Syria. The Damascus Road for three miles was lined by tens of thousands of Beirutians and Lebanon mountaineers, and he entered the city with the thundering of cannon firing a royal salute, amid the shouts of the multitude. After receiving and returning official visits, he visited the British Syrian

Schools of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, and I had the honour to conduct him through them, and explain their origin in caring for the widows and orphans of the massacres of 1860. He expressed himself as much pleased with the school, and all present were delighted with the mild and modest demeanour of the Prince. In Damascus, Rev. S. Robson, who was in the midst of the massacre, conducted His Royal Highness through the ruins of the Christian quarter and narrated to him the story of those days of horror and blood.

My son William (now stationed at Zahleh) was born April 26th, while Dr. Goodell was here, and Dr. Goodell remarked, "It will be no more remarkable should this child become a missionary and preach in the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Stamboul, than it was when we were born, that we should come to this land and live to see what we now see in Beirut." At this writing, in 1908, that infant is the Rev. William Jessup, of Zahleh, Syria, who has a devoted wife and four daughters, and is labouring faithfully for the people of Lebanon and the Bookaa. He has not yet preached in the Mosque of St. Sophia, which is a church turned into a mosque, but he and his colleagues in Turkey are doing what they can to preach the Gospel to people of all the Oriental sects.

When in Beirut, Dean Stanley called on Rev. Dr. Van Dyck to inquire with regard to the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. Dr. Van Dyck showed him the New Testament which was completed in April, 1860, and told him that the Old Testament was finished as far as Job and considerable work done on the prophetical books.

Between Hebron and Mar Saba, in that howling wilderness, the party of the Prince was surrounded by a body of armed Bedawin Arabs. The Turkish guard made no resistance. The Arabs demanded the surrender of a certain Turkish officer they supposed to be in the party. On finding that he was not there they demanded money. The dragoman then said to them, "Do you not know that this man is the son of the Great Queen of the Angliz?" "Oh," said they, "is that so? then minshan Khatroo

(for his sake or pleasure) we will let you off," and thus the future king escaped through the condescending permission of these barelegged robbers of the desert. They could have carried him off to the trans-Jordanic wilderness, in spite of the ridiculous guard sent by the Pasha of Jerusalem, but they allowed him to pass.

We took a step forward this month by requiring pay from the pupils of our day-schools. This was the first demand for payment in a mission school and the people have accepted the situation. It is a step in the right direction and there will be no retrograde.

May 13th we were visited by Rev. and Mrs. H. Guinness. I bought a bay horse of Mrs. Guinness for $38.80. He was strong, a good trotter, but a hard backed animal. I once loaned him to Dr. Van Dyck for a trip to Suk el Gharb. On his return, Dr. Van Dyck said, "Brother Jessup, I would like to buy half of that horse." "Why?" said I. "I would like to buy one-half of him and shoot my half." His hard trot, like a four-post bedstead, thump, thump, was most painful to the doctor with his distracting headaches, and he thought the horse ought to be abated.

Violent persecutions broke out against the Protestants all over the Lebanon and in Hums. In Lebanon, Daûd Pasha proved a pliant tool in the hands of the priests, and Colonel Frazier, British commissioner, declared his utter disappointment in the narrow-minded, illiberal course of the pasha, who yielded slavish obedience to the priests. French influence was predominant, and the Jesuits were given a free hand in Lebanon, because it was the policy of Napoleon to support the papacy. As England, through the policy of Lord John Russell, had shielded the Druses from punishment, the nominal Christians of Syria, notwithstanding the munificent charitable aid of the English people, hated the Angliz, and as Protestants were known by the name Angliz, they were persecuted by the bishops and priests of the old sects in the most relentless manner. At B'teddin-el-Luksh, where the Maronite peasants had been ruined by the Druses and their houses burned, a large body who became Protestants were in turn driven

from their newly built homes by the pitiless fury of the monks and priests. Daûd Pasha, anxious to please France, gave full liberty to the priests to root out Protestantism. Colonel Frazier, disgusted and chagrined at finding himself unsustained by the Foreign Office in his attempts to secure religious freedom in Lebanon, declared his intention to resign and to labour for the removal of Daûd Pasha. Two American young men, Rev. J. Hough, a classmate in Cortland Academy, and Carter, a brother of my Yale classmate, visited me in Beirut and went on through the Holy Land. While bathing in the Jordan, Carter was drawn under and swept away by the muddy current and his body after four days' search could not be recovered. Hough went on home in great sadness.

The withdrawal of troops for Montenegro led to an increase of murder and outrage, which the pasha checked by hanging two Moslem murderers in Damascus and a Druse murderer in Hasbeiya. And *per contra*, a Greek Catholic, who murdered a Druse near Deir el Komr, was hung at B'teddin, in the palace of Daûd Pasha. News came of the murder of Rev. Mr. Merriam of Philippopolis by brigands. The English residents sent us a telegram forwarded from Alexandria, that "General McClellan had surrendered his whole army to Lee." As my brother Samuel was in McClellan's army, the news filled us with great anxiety although we did not credit it for a moment. We found all the British residents on the side of the South, and it became very difficult to have any intercourse with them. It was a great relief afterwards to find that the rumour was false and it was an equal relief to learn that my brother was safe and was about to resign and prepare for Syria.

In July the vowelled edition of the Arabic New Testament was issued from the press, marking an era in Bible work in Syria. Hitherto it had been printed without the vowels, so that non-Mohammedan children have found it very difficult to learn the Arabic correctly. Now the Christian schools can be supplied with this beautiful book, and learn to pronounce the Arabic language as correctly as the proud Moslems who boast of their Koran.

The last act of the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee was performed August 11th. Sixty thousand piastres were voted for the relief of Hasbeiya widows and orphans in Sidon and Tyre, twelve thousand for medical aid in Damascus, ten thousand for needy cases in Lebanon, the surplus to be devoted to keeping up the Beirut hospital until the next January.

In the summer of 1862, I had the joy of seeing a children's hymn-book published at our Beirut Press, "Douzan el Kithar" ("Tuning of the Harp"). I wrote my musical friend, Dr. Charles S. Robinson of New York, who had aided me in bearing the expenses, as follows: "It has sometimes been a question with me whether the Arab race is capable of learning to sing Western music well. (This is partially due to the one-third intervals between the whole notes as against our one-half intervals.) The native music of the East is so monotonous and minor in its melody (harmony is unknown), so unlike the sacred melodies of Christian lands, that it appeared to me at one time that the Arabs could not learn to sing our tunes. It is difficult for the adults to sing correctly. They sing with the spirit, but not with the understanding, when using our Western tunes. But the children can sing anything, and carry the soprano and alto in duets with great success. All that is needed is patient instruction. I have had more real enjoyment in hearing the children sing in Syria than in almost any other thing in the missionary life. They sing in school, in the street, at home, in the Sabbath-school, in public worship, and at the missionary society meetings. There is a tide and a power in children's singing which carries onward the older people and not only drowns out the discords and harshness of older voices, but actually sweeps away prejudice and discordant feeling from older hearts." Sacred music has achieved great triumphs in Syria since those days. Thousands of copies of our hymn and tune books have been sold; the teachers of boarding-schools for boys and girls have trained their pupils to sing; pianos have become quite common; and the Oriental taste is becoming gradually inclined to European musical standards.

In Mohammedan mosques and Oriental Churches, a woman's voice is never heard, and when the voices of women and girls were first heard in the Protestant Churches, many of the old conservatives declared they would not allow it. But that day has passed, and the women and girls now sing with both the spirit and the understanding also. I have often asked whether the idea of harmony in music is natural to the European or a matter of cultivation. It was not known in the early centuries but since its introduction it has become universal. In Asia it is still a stranger. The Arab scale, founded on an ancient Greek scale, gives nothing but melody, and that with intervals impossible to all European instruments but the violin. But education and cultivation are developing a genuine musical taste in the rising generation in Syria which is already bearing remarkable fruit. A Syrian teacher in Beirut and his wife had both been trained to sing Western tunes. Their second son in early years developed a passion for music, taught himself to play the piano, borrowed of Mrs. Jessup bound volumes of music of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn and played them at sight. He then composed an oratorio with an orchestral accompaniment which was performed by the Anglo-American chorus in Beirut. With the aid of friends, he went to Paris, studied, supported himself by playing at evening meetings of the McCall Mission and the Y. M. C. A., entered the Conservatoire, achieved great success, and is now organist of the largest French Evangelical Church in Paris. His sister is organist of the Syrian Evangelical Church in Beirut. He is a modest young man of exemplary character.

Another Syrian boy, who was blind, went to London with letters of introduction to the director of the Upper Norwood Musical Institute for the Blind, made good progress, and is now piano tuner to a large music house in London. He excelled both in vocal and in instrumental music.

In September, 1862, Colonel Frazier, British high commissioner to Syria, resigned and left the country, universally esteemed. He had saved the country more than one outbreak of violence,

and was a man of stern and sterling integrity. His health was impaired by his incessant labour.

On the 23d of September word came that brother Samuel had resigned his office as army chaplain after the battle of Malvern Hills, and would at once prepare for sailing to Syria. We were overjoyed and thanked God that the Board had the courage, in the midst of the dreadful war for the Union, to send out new labourers into the great harvest field. The apprehension of privateers on the high seas led us to write him to come on an English steamer to Liverpool and thence by steam via Gibraltar and Alexandria to Beirut.

The Board hesitated long before indulging in the expense of sending out a missionary by steam, and actually engaged his passage on a clipper bark, but rumours of danger on the sea compelled him to come by steamer. He was the first Mediterranean missionary to sail from America by steamer.

In October a Maronite student, Selim Toweel, in Abeih Seminary, passed through a remarkable experience. He entered the school a devout Maronite, full of suspicion of Protestantism, and had never had a Bible in his hands. In a few weeks he began to think and inquire, and for several successive nights had trances, which excited greatly all the teachers and pupils. He was heard talking aloud after midnight. There was a dim light in his room and the students sprang up and came to his bed. He was sitting upright, his eyes wide open, but he did not notice them. Mr. Calhoun was called, and Selim went on with his preaching. He seemed to be addressing Maronite priests and monks and preaching free salvation in Christ. After waiting for their reply, he said, "You have now found Christ, pass on, the next." Then he preached to another and another imaginary convert, telling of his own spiritual change and experience and joy in his Saviour, the great change he had met, to the amazement of his fellow students, who stood listening and who tried in vain to rouse him from his trance. His language was eloquent and profoundly spiritual, but the next morning he had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred. After that day he

was a consistent praying Christian, surprising all by the profoundness and clearness of his spiritual views, and was full of zeal for the salvation of his fellow countrymen.

In the latter part of 1862, the policy of Daûd Pasha of Lebanon became more liberal. He appointed an Englishman chief of police and a Syrian Protestant, Mr. Naameh Tabet, to a secretaryship. From this time onward, Protestantism in Lebanon was at rest from the open assault of the ecclesiastics. Mr. Hanna Shekkoor was made kadi of the Protestant sect in Lebanon. The pasha issued peremptory orders for the construction of cemeteries in all the towns of Lebanon. Up to that time burials had taken place in plots adjoining the churches in the villages and, on each new interment, the bones of those previously buried were thrown out upon the surface to be exposed and trodden upon, and in every village skulls and bones were visible in the little burial places. The pasha forbade burying twice in the same grave.

On December 26th I addressed one hundred and twenty children at the Christmas festival of Mrs. Bowen Thompson's schools, and the same day over a hundred Arab orphan girls at the Prussian Deaconesses' Orphan House. As Mr. Hurter was absent, I had all the secular work; press accounts, post-office, purchasing, customs house, shipping and receiving goods, besides Arabic preaching. Mr. Bliss had gone to America but Mr. Bird had returned to Lebanon and we had the cheering news that brother Samuel Jessup was on his way to Syria and Mr. W. W. Eddy would return in the spring, and thus our ranks be full again. At the close of 1862, the mission had six stations: Beirut, Abeih, Suk el Gharb, Sidon and Hasbeiya, Hums, Tripoli, and two outstations. There were nine missionaries, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Van Dyck, Mr. H. H. Jessup, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bird, Mr. Ford, Mr. Lyons (Mr. Bliss and Mr. Eddy in the United States), and Mr. Hurter, printer; five native preachers and sixteen teachers. Petitions for schools poured in from all parts of the land. The Sunday-school and Bible classes were full of interest. The pocket edition of the New Testament of five thousand copies

was speedily exhausted and one thousand two hundred and thirty four copies of the other edition sold. A number of copies of the uncompleted Old Testament translation were subscribed for, the sheets being taken as they issued from the press. There were new zeal and interest in the native churches and the outlook was more encouraging than ever before.

Soleyman Effendi the Adanite, and the Nusairiyeh

In November, 1862, a rough and repulsive-looking man came to my house in Beit el Jebaili in Beirut, bringing an Arabic letter of introduction from the famous Dr. Meshaka of Damascus. He was short of stature, had a low forehead, projecting chin and negroid lips, ruddy countenance, and altogether as repulsive a man as I have ever met in the East. I opened and read the letter. Dr. Meshaka stated that the bearer was a convert to Christianity from the mystic Nusairi faith; that he was a man of learning and wide reading, and that Dr. Meshaka had obtained his release from the military conscription on the ground of his being a Christian,—that he had been arrested in Adana as a renegade from the draft, and was now coming to Beirut to enjoy liberty of conscience and of worship.

I bade him welcome and found him a room to lodge in, and was not long in discovering that my guest was truly an extraordinary character. I had travelled among the semi-pagan Nusairiyeh of Northern Syria and met some of them, and heard much of their secret rites, initiations and passwords, but this was the first time I had met at close range an authorized expounder of that weird system of truly diabolical mysteries. Day by day he told me his life's story. He was born in Antioch, a Nusairi, about 1834, and when a child seven years old, removed to Adana near Tarsus. He was taught by a sheikh to read and write, and on reaching the age of seventeen, was initiated into the mysteries. This initiation extended over nine months. An assembly of notables of the Nusairis of Adana was convened and he was summoned before them, and a cup of wine was given him. Then the leader stood by him and said to him, "Say thou, by the mys-

tery of thy beneficence, O my uncle and lord, thou crown of my head, I am thy pupil, and let thy sandal lie upon my head." The servant then placed the sandal of the leader on his head, and the leader began to pray over him that he might receive the mystery. He was then enjoined secrecy and all dispersed. After forty days another assembly was convened, another cup of wine drunk, and he was directed to say: "In the faith of the mystery of Ain Mîm Sîn (*Ain* stands for Ali, or the archetypal Deity, the Maana; *Mîm* for Mohammed, or the expressed Deity, the Ism; and *Sîn* for Salman al Farsi, or the communicator, the Bab) and he was charged by the imam to repeat the cabalistic word A. M. S. five hundred times a day. As before, secrecy was now enjoined, and the so-called "King's Adoption" was accomplished.

After seven months more, he was called to another assembly, where, after numerous questions and imprecations he was asked, "Wilt thou suffer the cutting off of thy head and hands and feet, and not disclose this august mystery?" He answered, "Yes." Twelve sponsors then rose, and the imam then asked them, "In case he discloses this mystery, will ye bring him to me that we may cut him to pieces and drink his blood?" They answered, "Yes."

Then he swore three times that he would not disclose the mystery of A. M. S. and the imam said, "Know, O my child, that the earth will not suffer thee to be buried in it, shouldst thou disclose this mystery, and thy return to earth will not be in a human form (in the transmigration), but to a degrading form of beast, from which there will be no deliverance for thee forever."

They then put a veil over his head, the sponsors placed their hands on his head and offered three long prayers, then gave him a cup of wine. The dignitary then took him to his house and taught him sixteen formulas of prayer in which divine honours are paid to Ali.

Being naturally of a shrewd and inquisitive mind, he devoted himself to the study of that faith (which none but the initiated can understand), learned the worship of the sun and moon and adopted the horrible and gross superstitions of the sect. They

hold to the transmigration of souls, that the souls of all men at death pass into new bodies, and that unbelievers are at death transformed into some one of the lower animals. They believe that the spirits of Moslem sheikhs at death take the bodily form of asses; that Christian doctors enter swine bodies; that Jewish rabbis take the form of male apes; that wicked Nusairis enter into domestic animals; great sceptics among them into apes, while persons of mixed character enter bodies of men of other sects.

They simulate all sects, as do the Druses, and on meeting Moslems swear to them that they likewise fast and pray. But on entering a mosque they mutter curses against Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman and others. They say, "We are the body, all other sects are clothing: but whatever clothing a man may put on, it does not injure him, and one who does not simulate is a fool, for no reasonable man will go naked in the market-place." So they are Christians with the Christians, Jews with the Jews, and all things, literally, to all men.

They have secret signs, questions and answers by which they recognize each other. For example, one says on meeting a stranger, "Four, two fours, three and two, and as many more twice over in thy religion, what place have they?" Answer: "In the Journeying Chapter," etc. They use signs, and they use the interlacing triangle. In their secret worship they partake of bread and wine. They have borrowed from the Bible, the Koran, and from Persian and Sabian mysticism. They teach that out of man's sins God created devils and Satans, and out of the sins of those devils He made women, and hence no woman is taught their religion. When the initiated meet for prayer to Ali, guards are placed to keep the women at a distance. Their most binding oath is to swear by the faith of the covenant of Ali, prince of believers, and by the covenant of "Ain Mîm Sîn." Soleyman bribed one of the chiefs of the "Northerner" sect of Nusairis to tell him the "hidden mystery," which proved to be that the heavens are the impersonation of Ali Ibn Abu Talib: the wine-coloured river in heaven is Mohammed; and the milk-

white river is Salman al Farsi; that when we are purified from earthly grossness, our spirits will be elevated to become stars in the Milky Way, etc.

But the more he read and thought of his religion, the more he doubted its divine authority. One of the tenets of the faith is that on the death of a Nusairi a planet descends and takes up the soul of the departed which becomes a new star in "derub et tibban," *i.e.*, the Milky Way. Several times when holy sheikhs were dying, he stationed himself outside the door and watched the hole over the door which is left in every house as an exit to departing souls, and saw no planet descend and no star ascend. This shook his faith, and on going about Adana, he began to examine the other religions. He decided that there must be a better religion than the pagan Nusairi absurdities, and went to a Moslem sheikh as a seeker after Islam. They read together the Koran and the sheikh explained. He was a Mohammedan about a month, when, as he said, he found in the Koran "three hundred lies and seventy great lies," so that he was unwilling to remain longer a Moslem. He then studied the books of the Greek Orthodox Church, turned Greek and was baptized by a merchant of Adana. Entering on this new faith, he frequented the church and was horrified to find that though professing to worship the true God, the Greeks actually worshipped pictures, the holy "ikons." Attending the mass, it was explained to him that the priest blessed the wafer or bread, whereupon it was transformed into the perfect humanity and divinity of Christ. "What," said he, "does it become God?" "Yes, certainly." "And then what do you do with it?" "We eat it." "Does the priest eat it?" "Yes." "What! Make a god and then eat their god?" This was too much. He said he had read in an old Arabic version of Robinson Crusoe about men eating one another, but here were people eating their god!

Finding Christianity to be of such a nature as this, and knowing of no better form of it, he decided to become a Jew, as the Jews read the Old Testament in the original Hebrew, and all sects acknowledge the Old Testament (the "Tourah") as true.

For four years he continued a professed Jew, and learned to read the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Talmud. He was at first greatly troubled lest God could not admit a heathen among His chosen people; but says he was quite relieved when he read that Ruth and Rahab, both heathen women, were among the progenitors of David. Two things led him at length to leave the Jewish faith, viz., the absurdities and blasphemies of the Talmud, in which he read that God Himself studies in the Talmud three hours every day; and also the prophecies regarding the coming of Christ. He then decided to become a Christian again, hoping to do so without adopting picture worship and transubstantiation. As he was baptized before by a layman, he now applied to a priest, but found no special difference, as he was obliged to worship pictures again, and, as he said, to eat his God. He could not remain a Greek; he had tried Paganism, Judaism and Islamism in vain, and now began to look for something else.

The Greeks had told him of the "religion of the Angliz" (Protestants) and that they were an heretical sect, who denied the Resurrection; and he wrote a tract against their heresy, bringing proofs from Scripture for the doctrine of the Resurrection. A Greek from Beirut, living in Adana, told him that there were learned Greeks in Beirut who could convince him of the truth of transubstantiation, and the propriety of picture worship. While visiting this man he saw a book lying on the table, which he took up and began to read. It was a copy of the famous work on the papacy, in Arabic, by Dr. Michaiel Meshaka of Damascus. He was so absorbed in the book that the Greek, who had bought it for his own use against the Catholics and not to make Protestants, became alarmed and took it from him. He then went out determined to get it for himself, and finally found Rev. Mr. Coffing, American missionary, and Adadoor, the native helper, whom he had regarded before as Sadducees, and obtained the book. He was delighted. Here was Christianity which neither enjoined picture worship nor taught transubstantiation. He became a Protestant at once and wrote a letter to Dr. Meshaka in Damascus, thanking him for having written such a

work. The Mohammedans and Nusairiyeh were now leagued against him, took away his wife and child and property. He was thrown into prison and two Moslem sheikhs came and tried to induce him to become again a Moslem or Nusairi. They pictured before him the sensual delights of Paradise, but he replied that they were welcome to his share of their Paradise; he was rooted in the religion of Christ and would not leave it. While in prison a Nusairi sheikh said to hi , "You have laid up a great store of merit by your devotion and learning and now it will all be lost, unless you will sell it to me." "Done," said Soleyman, "I will sell it." He finally sold out all his religious merit for four piastres, or sixteen cents!

He remained in prison twenty-one days, and then was sent as a conscript to enter the Turkish army in Damascus. While in prison he wrote several prayers, which he read to me, in which he pleads that God who rescued Joseph and David and Daniel and the three Hebrew youths, would rescue him from prison and from the hands of his enemies. Though illegally arrested, being a Christian and not liable to conscription, his hands were put in wooden stocks and he was marched by land all the way to Damascus, some 600 miles.

On the way to Damascus he stopped at Nebk, where he found Protestants, and requested them to write to Dr. Meshaka in Damascus, to use his efforts for his release, after he reached that city. After a month's search, Dr. Meshaka found him in a loathsome prison. Though his fellow conscripts declared that he was a Christian, the Turkish military authorities refused to release him, until, providentially, Colonel Frazier, the British commissioner to Syria, visiting Damascus, heard of the case and procured his release. He remained a month with Dr. Meshaka, and came to Beirut in November, 1862, bringing a note of introduction from Dr. Meshaka. He said he was anxious to labour for the conversion of the Nusairiyeh people who are in gross darkness and ignorance. I gave him a room near my house and had frequent interviews with him. He soon made the acquaintance of Dr. Van Dyck and of the Syrian Protestants, and we encouraged

him to write a book, describing the tenets and mysteries of the Nusairi religion. His memory was remarkable. He could repeat whole chapters of the Koran, and from the Arabic and Hebrew Scriptures, and he had at ready command the poetry, history and strange mystic teachings of the Nusairiyeh. In a few weeks he had finished his book. He then went, on invitation of the Rev. R. J. Dodds of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission, to Latakia, Northern Syria, where he remained six months, and then returned to Beirut and printed the tract at his own expense. While staying with me, he came in one day with flushed face and breath redolent of strong drink. I asked him if he had been drinking. He said yes, he was used to it. (In the Incense Mass described in his book, wine is spoken of as "Abd-en-Noor," or "servant of light," and wine is an image of Ali, who is revered as God. No wonder that the Nusairis are noted for drunkenness, which places them on a far lower plane than the Moslems.) I then said to him, "My friend, we Protestants do not drink liquor, and if you drink again, I cannot allow you to enter my house." He said, "Give me a paper." I gave him a sheet and he wrote on it and handed it back to me. I read it. "I, Soleyman of Adana, do hereby pledge myself never to drink a drop of liquor again, and if I do, my blood is forfeited, and I hereby authorize Rev. H. Jessup to cut off my head, and drink my blood." I told him that was rather strong language, but I hoped he would keep his pledge. Alas, he did not, and as I never had any other sword but the "sword of the Spirit," his head remained on his shoulders, even after his often relapses.

His book attracted wide attention. The Syrians bought and read it eagerly and copies were sent into the Nusairi districts where it made a sensation. A council was called. The young sheikhs were clamorous for sending a man at once to Beirut to kill him. The old foxy sheikhs, however, were wiser. They said, "We have a right to kill him, but if we do, the world will say he was killed for revealing our secrets, and all will know his book is true. But let us deny the truth of the book, declare it a false invention, and let him alone and men will soon cease to

talk of it." So they let him alone, at least for the time being.

We sent a copy of the printed work to Prof. E. Salisbury, Professor of Arabic in Yale College. There could be no better proof of Professor Salisbury's fine Arabic scholarship than his lucid and accurate translation of this mass of Oriental mystical twaddle. Professor Salisbury read his translation of it with notes before the American Oriental Society, May 18th and October 27, 1864, and it was published in their *Journal*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, 1865. I cannot give even a résumé of the peculiar features of this strange faith. It was founded by Mohammed Bin Nusair, whose third successor was Al Husain al Khusaibi, their greatest author and teacher. He taught that the Messiah was Adam, Enos and all the patriarchs; also Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Job, St. George, Alexander and Mohammed; also Plato, Galen, Socrates, Nero; also Ardeshir and Sapor. He calls Abu Bekr, Omar and Othman (the three first successors or caliphs of Mohammed) incarnations of Satan. In this he adopts the Shiah or Persian hatred of Orthodox Islam and deification of Ali.

The feasts of the Nusairi include the Udhiyah or Moslem Feast of Sacrifice and other Moslem feasts; Christmas, New Year, Palm Sunday, Pentecost and the Feast of John Chrysostom.

In the mass of Al Ashara, Ali is adored as God, and the Nusairis seem to know no other God.

"Praise be to Ali, the light of men, to Ali the lord of glory, to Ali the seed burster, to Ali the creator of the breath of life, to Ali the fountain of wisdom, the key of mercy, the lamp in darkness,—the worker of miracles, whose love is unfailing, lord of the last and first of time, the render of rocks, the cause of causes, the elevator of the heavens, the originator of time, the veiled mystery, the knower of secret thoughts, the omnipotent sovereign, who was Abel and Seth, Joshua and Simon Peter. To this archetypal Deity we give glory, reverence, laudings, magnifyings, extollings and ascriptions of greatness. This is the adoration of our inmost souls, in simple confidence in Ali, the mysterious, the uncompounded, the indivisible, whom no number

comprises, who is neither conditioned nor finite, to whom periods and ages bring no change; to whom, to the magnificence of the glory of whose awfulness, and the greatness of the splendour of the lightning of whose divinity,—to whom all necks bow, and all obstacles and difficulties give way."

It seems almost incredible that Soleyman could have known by heart all these extraordinary disjointed writings which combine the ridiculous with the sublime, and the æsthetic and beautiful with the horrible and revolting—for some of the passages are too indecent for translation. Yet he wrote from memory and his quotations tally exactly with other reports of their secret teachings.

After remaining some months in Beirut, he returned to Latakia. In March, 1863, Rev. R. J. Dodds wrote to me: "Soleyman is setting the mountains on fire. He assails with his arguments every fellah who enters the schoolhouse, and is sending out letters in all directions. It is with difficulty that we restrain him from going out among the villages. He often attacks the fellahin whom he meets on the street, but we restrain him as much as possible from this open-air preaching. There is a screw loose in his head somewhere, but I think that he is doing much good."

As he could neither teach nor preach and knew no handicraft, the matter of his livelihood became a problem. At length he married the daughter of a Greek priest, and not long after returned to his drinking habits. Years after, he revisited Adana, his birthplace. The Nusairi sheikhs now used the greatest finesse in gaining his confidence in order to destroy him. They called upon him, complimented him as the sun of learning, the crown of wisdom, the boast and glory of their sect. They consulted him and lauded him in Adana and all the villages of the plain. Then the leaders invited him to feasts, and sent gaily caparisoned horses to bear him from village to village, until he was completely off his guard and in their power. Then one day he was invited to a village feast. Mounted on a spirited horse and escorted by young men who sang and fired their guns as a token of honour and joy, he was just entering the village, on a path among the

immense manure heaps which are allowed to accumulate around many of the Oriental villages, when suddenly he was dragged from the horse and thrown into a deep grave, dug in a dunghill, and buried alive! Some days after, the body was exhumed, the tongue cut out and preserved in a jar of spirits. In May, 1888, when I was in Adana, a Syrian teacher told me the Nusairi villagers informed him that at their evening gatherings the sheikhs would place this ghastly and gruesome relic on the table, and pour upon it their weird imprecations, cursing it and him and consigning him to the torments of the damned!

1863—My brother Samuel and his wife arrived January 24th, on the steamer *Atlantic*, in a rough sea, after lying off the coast for twenty-four hours through stress of weather, as shore boats could not venture out to the offing. When they anchored, the ship was rolling fearfully, and I went out through the breakers, and after many perilous approaches to the ladder, got them all aboard the boat and safely to land and to my house. Our cup of joy seemed full. It is not often that a foreign missionary can welcome a beloved brother as a fellow labourer. I wrote to my father on his arrival, "I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel this morning in welcoming dear Samuel and Annie to our Syrian home. We can only give praise and glory to God." He was stationed in Sidon, as Mr. Lyons' failing health required a return to the United States.

Saïd Pasha of Egypt died, aged forty-one years, and he was succeeded by Ismaïl Pasha (second son of the famous Ibrahim Pasha) who was in his thirty-first year. He was superior in many respects to Saïd. The Emir Abd el Kadir of Damascus, on his way to Mecca, was entertained by M. de Lesseps that he might influence the new pasha in favour of the completion of the Suez Canal. Saïd, as one of his last acts, prepared to send 1,000 Sudanese black troops to aid the French in Mexico, but through the protest of the European consuls, the project was abandoned. Port Saïd received its name from him, as Ismailîyeh did from Ismaïl Pasha. The three murderers of Rev. Mr. Merriam of

Adrianople were executed in that city January 5th, and a salutary impression has been made on the surrounding population.

Three earthen jars, containing 3,000 gold coins of Philip and Alexander, have just been dug up in Sidon. The government seized the bulk of them, but many found their way into private hands. I saw at a Beirut jeweler's a necklace being made for the pasha's wife, with twenty-five of these antiques, each weighing as much as two English sovereigns.

In Damascus a Christian was rebuilding his house in the ruined district, when he found his well filled with the dead bodies of seventy-two men who were killed in July, 1860. They were in a remarkable state of preservation and the sight must have been similar to that at the Bloody Well of Cawnpore. When the procession went out to bury them, the Christians were insulted by Moslem hoodlums.

The first telegraphic despatch went through from Beirut to Constantinople February 1, 1863. The Moslems were filled with wonder and say it is a pity that Mohammed did not know it, as, had he known of it, all the world would have gone after him. Nor was Beirut unworthy of being ushered into the society of Europe. In 1823 it had 6,000 population; in 1840, 10,000; in 1856, 22,000, and in 1863, 70,000. Seven lines of European steamers touched at Beirut and the streets of Beirut were being widened and macadamized to allow the carriages of the French Damascus Road Company to pass.

A terrific storm raged along the Syrian coast February 20th, and the range of Lebanon from the summit, 9,000 feet high, to the very seashore, was one white mass of snow. In Tripoli and Sidon a little snow pyramid crowned every orange and lemon in the gardens. The French steamer *Jourdan* was driven on shore in Beirut and broken in two, but the passengers were all safely landed by a line thrown from the shore.

I made a tour to Tripoli with my brother, and we received several earnest petitions from villages for schools and teachers. In Beino, a good brother, Weheby Aatiyeh, was seized by the people and taken out with hammer, nails and ropes to crucify him.

He made no resistance but said, "Oh, happy day! Oh, blessed hour! for the Lord has given me grace not to deny His name in the midst of severe temptation and in the face of death. I am not worthy to die for Christ. Thus they did to Stephen and thus they did to my Lord. I am not afraid to die." Just then an influential Protestant from Halbe rode up and persuaded the excited people to desist, and Weheby was set free. Many of his relatives have embraced the Gospel and one of them has become distinguished as a preacher and author.

On Sunday, February 15th, in the midst of the Arabic service, a deputation of thirty men from Rasheiyat el Wady entered the Beirut chapel. They were of the Jacobite Catholic Church. They had come to beg for a school and a teacher. Their priests had robbed them of a great part of the indemnity paid by the government, and they were so incensed against the priests that they resolved to abandon them and embrace a purer faith. They went away with Arabic Scriptures, and the missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus sent them a teacher. It was recorded as a remarkable fact at this time that the people had begun to buy the Arabic Scriptures. Heretofore they had refused to purchase, insisting on receiving them gratis. But since that time, excepting in rare instances, the Arabic Scriptures have been paid for by the people.

In March, the native missionary society held its anniversary and reported receipts of 10,000 piastres, or $400. Many of the members were poor widows and orphans, who gave cheerfully out of their deep poverty. The mission was greatly embarrassed by the flood of petitions for schools which poured in from every quarter. Mr. Bliss reported from America good progress in raising an endowment fund of $100,000 for the college.

On Easter, 1863, Daûd Pasha held a reception for the notables of Lebanon and made them an address. In it he used the following illustration: "A doctor fell sick, and called in a fellow physician and said to him, 'We are three, you, I, and the disease. If you will help me, we will conquer the disease. If you help the disease you will conquer me.' So we in Lebanon are three; you,



SYRIAN PROTESTANT GROUP, 1863

Back Row (beginning at left): Khalil Rubaiz, M. Musully, K. Mejdelany, S. Sarkis, R. Ata, H. H. Jessup.

Front Row: Tanoos Haddad, E. Fuaz, R. Konawaty, Nofel Nofel.



the people, I, the ruler, and the traditional animosity of races in Lebanon. Help me and we shall conquer it. Help it, and you will ruin me and yourselves together." This was a pithy and just way of stating the case. And nothing but popular education will do away with these racial hatreds. The Druse High School in Abeih, taught by Mr. Shidoody, a scholarly Protestant, and supported by the sacred "wukf" funds of the sect, will go far towards levelling down the feudal begs and sheikhs, and levelling up the Druse peasants. And the fact that the two sons of the late Saïd Beg Jumblatt, the wealthiest nobles in Lebanon, are being trained by Rev. S. Robson, an Irish Presbyterian missionary, at the expense of the British government, is a guarantee that the future of the Druses will be under a pacific régime.

The Sultan Abdul Azîz visited Egypt in April and conferred decorations on the head men of the Christian and Jewish communities. He was attended by Fuad Pasha and his brother's son. Notice had been sent that he would visit Beirut and the house of Moohyeh ed din Effendi Beihum was prepared to receive him, but changed his plans and failed to come. After the Sultan's departure, a young Mohammedan professor, a graduate of the Kosr el Ain Medical School in Cairo and in government employ, became convinced of the truth of Christianity and wrote an article for a French journal attacking the Koran and the religion of Islam. The article was reprinted in the French journal of Alexandria and the young man was arrested, tried in haste, and condemned to banishment to the Sudan, which in those days meant that he would be taken up the river, tied up in a bag, and thrown in the Nile. The matter was brought before the foreign consuls and his release secured. The article may have been needlessly acrimonious, and all writers on Islam in the empire need great wisdom in treating so perilous a subject. England demands religious liberty in the empire. The Sultan agrees to it, but the local authorities do not admit that this means the right of a Moslem to apostatize. They say it means the right of every man to remain unmolested in his original sect, and yet they not only

allow Christians and Jews to become Moslems without let or hindrance, but reward them with honours and office and freedom from military service. The Turks have learned intolerance largely from Russia, which insists that all Russia must conform to the Greek Church. So, they say, we demand that Islam shall be the favoured sect in the empire.

In April I made a seventeen days' tour to Tripoli and Hums, finding open doors and loud calls for missionary instruction everywhere. The people were overjoyed at the expected arrival of Dr. Post for that field. One merchant in Hums had bought one hundred Testaments in Beirut and had them on sale in his shop. One hour south of Tripoli, at Kolamoon, I found splendid specimens of fossil Pectens and Echini of large size, which I put into my mule load for Beirut.

In May Dr. Van Dyck, having finished the translation of the Psalms, took a much-needed sea voyage on an English steamer to Liverpool and was gone two months. Dr. Riggs, of Constantinople, visited Beirut on his return from a health trip to Egypt, for the sake of his daughter. In those days there were no first-class hotels in Cairo, and in none of them a stove or a fireplace, and Dr. Riggs said that they had suffered more from cold than they would have done in New York, that it was a poor place for invalids.

June 12th—Rev. J. L. Lyons and family left for America. For six years he had struggled bravely with racking headaches and weak eyes and finally consented reluctantly to take a furlough. He went to his wife's home in South Berwick, Maine, where he lay helpless in bed for several years. The doctors could find no organic disease. The connection between will and muscle seemed severed. He could not raise his hand nor stand alone. At length his brother, Theodore, in Montrose, Pa., some four hundred miles distant, resolved to make a heroic effort to rally him. He went to South Berwick, arranged with Mrs. Lyons at evening to pack his brother's trunk and get his clothing ready for a journey. He did not see his brother till morning. In due time a carriage was at the door, the trunk put aboard, and Theo-

dore went to his brother's room. "Lorenzo, what are you doing here? Get right up, we are going to Montrose."

He replied faintly, "I cannot. I cannot stand or walk."

"No matter, get right up."

Then he took him out of bed and stood him on his feet. "Dress yourself at once, no time to be lost, we must catch the train."

He obeyed. The dormant will was wakened. He dressed, walked with his brother down the stone steps to the carriage and on they went to Boston and New York. Every hour he grew stronger, until he reached his mother's home, to the astonishment of the whole community. He recovered fully and laboured as agent of the American Bible Society in Florida, Georgia, and Tennessee for many years, his home being in Jacksonville, Florida, where he lived until his death, March 14, 1888. He wrote me that he travelled over the mountains and often preached five times a week. We were boys together although he was eight years my senior. His daughter, Mary, returned to Syria in 1877 and taught in the Sidon Seminary three years when ill health obliged her to return to America.

June 25th—Rev. W. W. Eddy and family returned to Syria and were stationed in Sidon. This enabled the mission to transfer Rev. Samuel Jessup to Tripoli where he was joined by Rev. George E. Post, M. D., in November. In October, Rev. and Mrs. Philip Berry reached Syria, located in Sidon, and returned to America in exactly two years, owing to a breakdown in health.

July 9th—A Metawileh Moslem was hung in Sidon for the murder of an Austrian Jew near Tiberias, the first time, it is said, that a Moslem has been executed for killing a Jew. The Sultan, Abdul Azîz, contrary to precedent and prejudice, has had his photograph taken in Constantinople. The dervishes and fanatics will protest but they are impotent to prevent it.

News came of an earthquake in Rhodes destroying thirty villages, killing five hundred and maiming thousands. The seaport city was nearly destroyed. The shock was felt slightly in Beirut.

The Okkals, or religious initiated class of the Druses, have tried to break up the new Druse high school in Abeih on the ground of misappropriation of "wukf" property, but as the school is named for Daûd Pasha "El Madriset ed Daûdiyet," he will not allow it to be interfered with. A fire recently destroyed the ancient palace of the Sultan Selim in Constantinople, one of the finest structures in the empire. The grand vizier, Fuad Pasha, nearly lost his life in trying to rescue the fair inmates of the hareem. He made his escape through a window just before the roof fell in. The Pasha of Adana, in trying to arrest the second murderer of Mr. Coffing, attacked his village, when the Moslem villagers fired and killed several troops and the murderer escaped.

September 8th—The American bark *Fredonia*, Captain Birk, arrived in Beirut from Boston flying the British flag, through fear of rebel privateers.

At this time Mrs. Watson, an English lady, used the fund given her by the London committee in opening a boys' school in the house of Mr. Bistany of Beirut. She had thirty boys. Mr. Bistany took charge and the school soon developed into the "Wataniyet" which continued for several years with two hundred pupils, and was subsidized for a time by the college local committee to prepare boys for the college. Mr. Bistany was a man of remarkable ability and industry. He aided Dr. Eli Smith in the Bible translation, conducted the school, published an Arabic grammar, two large Arabic dictionaries, and nine volumes of an Arabic encyclopedia, besides editing a weekly paper, the *Jenneh* and a monthly magazine, the *Jenan*. He was an elder in the Beirut church for thirty years and taught a Bible class for twenty years, and was the most influential Protestant in Syria. He was also dragoman of the American consulate in Beirut for many years. He died in May, 1893, greatly lamented, aged sixty-four years.

One hundred and fifty of the exiled Druses returned to Lebanon, and some of them signalized their return by attacking two French Jesuit padres en route from Zahleh to Deir el Komr. They robbed and stripped them naked and cut off one ear from

each of them. Daûd Pasha at once arrested the culprits and they were condemned to long imprisonment.

Daûd Pasha had a difficult rôle. He had not only to reckon with the animosities of the old feudal sheikhs and peasantry, but to circumvent the intrigues and secret schemes of the Philo-Russian Greeks, the Philo-French Maronites, the Philo-English Druses, and the Philo-Turk Moslems. Lebanon is easy to govern if left to itself. The great peril after the initial trial of the new order of government by Daûd Pasha was not from Zahleh or Deir el Komr, but from Paris and St. Petersburg.

The Pasha of Damascus recently tried to enforce the military conscription among the Druses and Bedawin of Hauran. The result was the decimation of the troops sent to enforce it. Some one asked a veteran missionary how he thought missions would succeed among the Bedawin Arabs. He replied, "That would depend to a great extent upon how fast a horse he rode," meaning that the Bedawin live in the saddle and any one to reach and teach them must turn Bedawy and follow them into the desert.

"The Roving Englishman" has just roved through Syria en route for Bagdad and Bussorah to aid in the laying of the India telegraph. He is a character of some note and was known as "Percival the Detective" or, the "Secret Service Man." He has been in the East for years, disguised now as a Bedawy sheikh, now as a black Moslem slave, and now wearing the uniform of a British officer, and mingling with all classes of society, speaking Arabic, English, or French, as suits the occasion, playing the "hail fellow well met" with Moslem kavasses of the various consuls in the khans and coffee-houses, ferreting out the secrets of consular gossip, ascertaining how consuls are liked, and whether they are faithful and honest and pay their debts, and learning everything in general and particular about everybody and then writing it home to some mysterious persons in some mysterious way, having confidential access to the Palmerstonian or Lord Russellian ear. He met me, called me by name, and said, "How are you?"

I replied, "I beg your pardon, you have the advantage of me."

"Yes," said he, "don't you remember once having a call from a black Moslem slave with white turban and flowing robes, and that he addressed you in English, and you complimented him on having acquired the language so thoroughly? I am the man. I am now a British officer and understand pretty well all that is going on in the empire." He was felt to be a dangerous man, a very chameleon, and especially feared by consuls, to whom it was not the most comforting reflection that "a chiel's amang ye taking notes, and faith he'll print them."

Two Syrian brethren of the Hums Church made an eight days' missionary tour among the pagan Nusairiyeh and the entire expense of the trip was two dollars. They walked and had a lame donkey to carry their books. That church has been noted for forty years since that time, for just such voluntary labours for their countrymen and the fruit is seen in the little churches growing up in all simplicity and faith throughout that region. They wanted a foreign missionary, but have always had native pastors with occasional visits from missionaries.

At the close of the year 1863, there were in the mission ten missionaries and nine native preachers, three churches, and one hundred and twenty-eight members. At the press, 6,869,000 pages were printed. There were twenty-four common schools with nine hundred and twenty-five pupils. In Abeih Seminary there were twenty-two pupils and four theological students. Within eight years, thirteen missionaries, male and female, have entered the Syrian field, and twenty-five have left it.

Rev. Geo. E. Post and Mrs. Post arrived November 28th, and proceeded immediately to Tripoli where they remained four years. He made remarkable progress in the Arabic language. In 1867 he visited America on account of health and was called to the professorship of surgery in the Syrian Protestant College. He has been distinguished as the greatest surgeon and botanist in the East, and as an Arabic preacher. He is the author of books on surgery, zoölogy, an Arabic concordance and Bible dictionary, and an English Flora of Syria and Palestine. "*Nihil tetiget quod non ornavit.*"

It was at this time that I first made the acquaintance of Rev. H. B. Tristram (Canon of Durham Cathedral). He came to Palestine on a scientific tour, bringing with him a body of young men, a geologist, a botanist, an ornithologist, zoölogist, photographer, and taxidermist. He was himself familiar with all these sciences and after about five months of work east of the Jordan and in Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon, came to Beirut. I was able to give him valuable specimens, and as he had discovered at the Dog River bluff on the floor of an ancient cavern a fine deposit of bone breccia, I undertook to excavate it. I did so, and shipped to him half a ton of fine specimens of breccia, bones, flint, and teeth, some of which I afterwards saw in the British Museum. The acquaintance then begun continued until his death in 1905.

Xenophon, in his account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, says that when in Colchis, within two days of Trebizond, a strange accident happened. The soldiers, finding an abundance of beehives and honey and eating the same, were seized with violent vomiting and fluxes attended with delirious fits. "The earth was strewn with their bodies as after a defeat; however none of them died and the distemper ceased the next day." Last week, a small sailing vessel reached Beirut from Asia Minor bringing a large quantity of honey in skin bottles. It was sold so cheaply that multitudes of people bought it and took it home. That night there was a running after doctors such as has not often been seen. All who ate the honey were seized with vomiting blood, and bloody discharges from the bowels. At first the cause was not known, but by daylight the next day it was traced to the honey, and the pasha seized and destroyed all the Cilician honey in the market. All who ate of it recovered, though greatly weakened. The origin of the poison in the honey is the flowers of the poppy and wild oleander on which the bees feed. Why it does not poison the bees is a question for the naturalists.

Aghîl Agha of the Ghor below Beisan, on whom Dr. Thomson and I called in February, 1857, visited Beirut at this time with a vast retinue of mounted Bedawin warriors, armed with spears and

swords, muskets and pistols. He came to pay his respects to the pasha but had the air of a sultan. He is now at peace with the Turks and the Jordan valley is quiet.

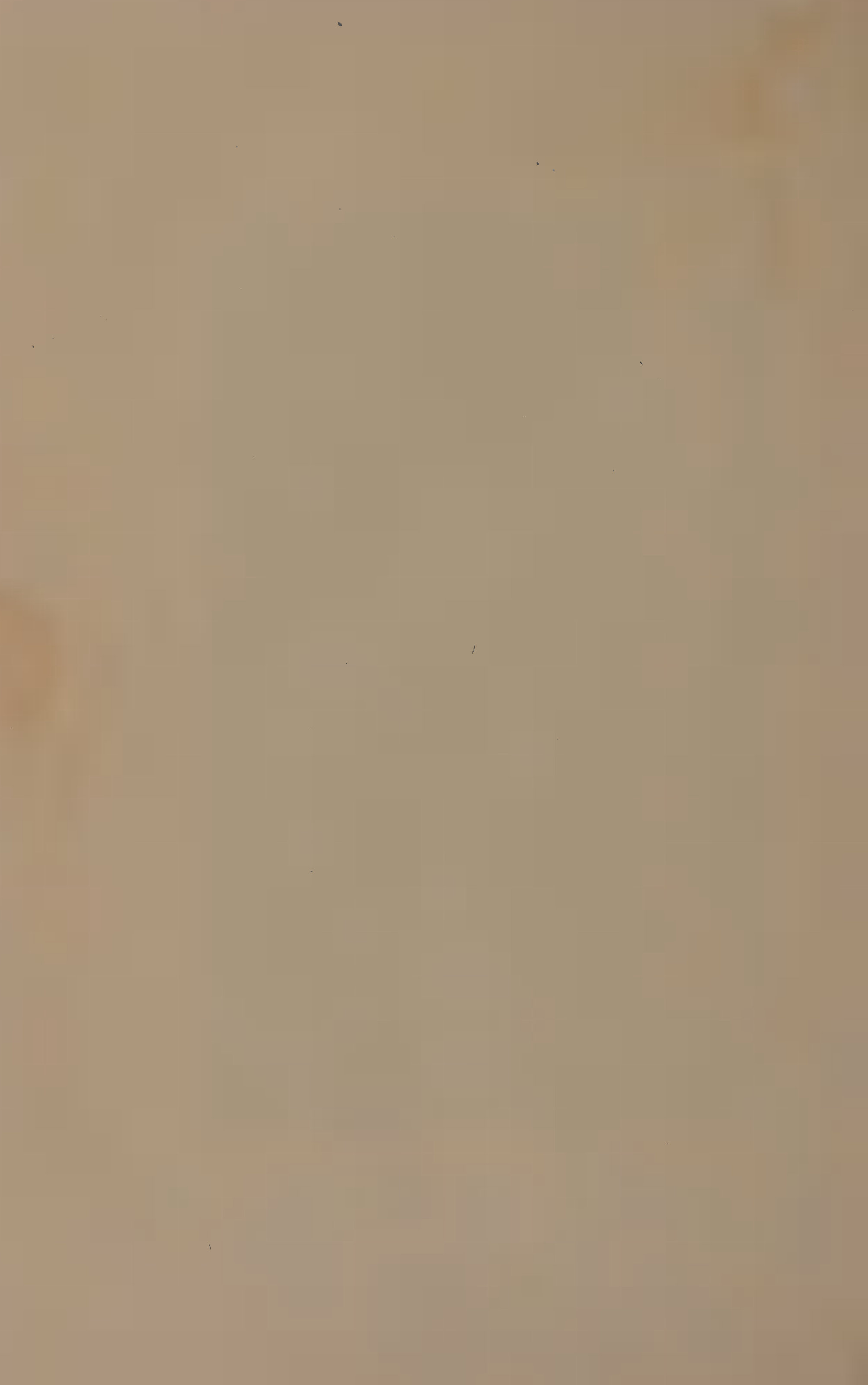
On December 30, 1863, a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut, attended by Dr. Van Dyck and Messrs. Ford, H. H. Jessup and Hurter of the American Mission, Rev. S. Robson of Damascus, James Black, Esq., British merchant of Beirut, and J. A. Johnson, Esq., United States consul. The by-laws forwarded by Rev. D. Stuart Dodge for the Syrian Protestant College were discussed and approved. In our reply, we insisted on the evangelical character of the college and that every professor must be an evangelical Christian. The creed, or doctrinal basis of the Evangelical Alliance was adopted as the standard to which every professor should subscribe, and continued as such until the year 1902, when, although it continued as the basis of belief, no one was obliged thereafter to subscribe to it.

Towards the end of the year, several of the oldest and most prominent members of the Beirut church were in an unfortunate quarrel, not even speaking to one another. Argument and persuasion seemed of no avail. At length we appointed a day of fasting and prayer. A meeting was held which was very solemn. I then made personal visits to all parties concerned, and at nine o'clock at night, in a pouring rain, went with my lantern to the house of two of them to go with me to the third, the oldest of all, and after prayer there was a melting and a falling on each others' necks, and asking pardon, and our hearts were filled with praise and gratitude. It was a fitting close to the year and a preparation for new joys and trials, both of which soon followed.



BEIRUT, CITY, BAY, AND MOUNT LEBANON

Beirut is the port of Syria. It has no Bible history. The bay is protected on the north by the mountains of Lebanon. Population about 120,000. The American Protestant College is the chief attraction.



XII

Obstacles to Success

1864–1866—Conversions slow—Mrs. Jessup's death—A sorrowful furlough—Cholera epidemic—A new church building.

AT the opening of 1864, Dr. Thomson was in Egypt en route to Sinai, engaged in Biblical researches, accompanied by Dr. E. R. Beadle (of Hartford and Philadelphia and formerly a missionary in Syria), and Rev. Arthur Mitchell.

January 3d six adults were received to the Beirut church, one of them a daughter of Shaheen Barakat, the elder of the church in Hasbeiya who was killed in the massacre while praying for his enemies. The Sunday-school and Bible classes were well attended and there were seven hundred and fifty children in Protestant schools in Beirut and about two thousand in all Syria, not including Palestine.

January 11th I wrote to Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, who had just removed to Newark, N. J. In the letter I said, "I feel more and more that whatever else we may do as ministers of the everlasting Gospel, our work is vain, if we never hear the inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and although the missionary work in Syria is by no means a failure, yet I often long for a few weeks or months in some church at home where God is pouring out His Spirit in great power. Thus far in Syria, conversions have occurred in isolated cases, here and there an individual coming out on the Lord's side, but we have not yet seen a general revival, enkindling all hearts and giving such a foretaste of heaven on earth as *you* have often witnessed during your long ministry, and such as, I pray, you may often witness again. We have just received six persons in our church. Some of the cases were deeply interesting, evincing a deep spiritual experience such as is

not often met with in this land. Dr. Van Dyck has proceeded with the Old Testament translation to Isaiah 30th, and 6,869,000 pages have been printed during the year; 12,419 books were issued from the press, of which 6,142 were Testaments and parts of Scripture. A great impulse has been given to education. Mr. Bistany, a Protestant Syrian, has a boarding-school of 117 paying pupils. A few years since, the people could hardly be hired to send their children to school. Now they are willing to pay eighty dollars a year for their boys and forty for girls, in Protestant schools."

In my diary of this year I noted: "An intelligent French gentleman, who was present at the marriage of the Nile and the Red Sea at Suez, has just told us of that historical event, when the sweet waters of the Nile were let loose on the briny waves at a point where fresh running water was never known before in the history of man. If M. de Lesseps has achieved no other success than supplying Suez with fresh water, he would be worthy of lasting honour." Up to that time all the fresh water used at Suez had been transported by rail from the Nile, a most difficult and expensive undertaking. The ceremony of joining the sweet and bitter waters in wedlock was one of not a little excitement. A crowd of invited guests, European gentlemen and ladies from Cairo and Alexandria, had assembled to witness the memorable event. The water was to be let through from the canal to the sea by the hands of fair ladies, and to trickle down in a gentle rivulet for the entertainment of the spectators, while eloquence and music were to commemorate the august event. But no sooner had the decorated spade removed the first little barrier of earth, than the crumbling sand of the embankment melted away and the turbid tide swept through with such violence, that the distinguished guests only escaped sharing the fate of Pharaoh's army by a general stampede. The reddish, muddy water of the Nile then flowed forth unchecked, staining the greenish water of the sea for several miles and giving it reason for once, if never before, for having the title of the "Red Sea."

On the 20th of January my son Henry Wynans was born; and

with one daughter and two sons, my cup of joy seemed full. Months passed on. On April 3d brother Samuel baptized little Harry at a Sunday evening meeting at our house, at which Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck were present, also Dr. Norman McLeod, Rev. Donald McLeod, Mr. Alexander Strahan, the publisher, and a large company of friends. These eminent men proposed to us the establishment of a Jewish mission and English chaplaincy in Beirut, under the auspices of the Church of Scotland, their missionary to occupy the pulpit of the American Church at 11 A. M. The first missionary was Rev. J. Robertson, D. D., afterwards Professor of Semitic languages in Glasgow University, who laboured for thirteen years until 1877. He opened schools for Jewish boys and girls, and preached most acceptably during this period. At first he confined his labours to Jewish children, but on our suspension of the day-school for boys, he opened his school to all sects, and this school has continued to this day. In 1880 Rev. George M. Mackie, D. D., took up the work and still continues the beloved pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation and active in every good work. He has instructed hundreds of Jewish children and has a hold upon their confidence and affection which shows the advantage of continuity in the missionary work. Dr. McLeod's remarks on Numbers 14: 21, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord," made a profound impression upon my mind. The divine voice of bright promise speaking out in that darkest hour of Israel's history gave me a new vision of the glory of Christ's kingdom.

During those spring months we had visits from many Christian tourists, among whom were Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Dr. Beadle and a second visit from Canon Tristram, also Dr. Geo. W. Wood and Mr. Goss, a remarkably promising young missionary from Adana, who after only a few months was cut down by a malignant fever. My time was taken up with Arabic preaching, visiting, and the custom-house business of the mission. Messrs. Calhoun and Hurter left for England and America on May 31st. On the 13th of June I went to Suk el Gharb and engaged a house for the

summer. Mrs. Jessup was now attacked with a severe nervous affection which did not yield to medical treatment, and on the 21st Dr. Van Dyck decided that a sea voyage was necessary for her recovery. Brother Samuel and his wife came on from Tripoli and aided in the needed preparations, and on the 30th we sailed for Liverpool on the English merchant steamer *Isis*, taking only Anna and William, as Harry's nurse refused to go, and he was left an infant in the loving care of his Aunt Annie.

That night of embarkation was one of peril. The weather was intensely hot. The steamer had gone to Juneh Bay, twelve miles up the coast, to take on fifteen hundred sheep, and as it would not return to Beirut roadstead until ten o'clock P. M., Captain Horsefall agreed to signal with rockets on leaving Juneh. We saw the rockets and walked down half a mile to the landing, porters carrying the sick one on an iron travelling bedstead. In those days there were no carriages available. We reached the landing in pitch darkness, having one small lantern, brother Samuel and Dr. Thomson being with us. I was nearly exhausted from want of sleep and the great heat. We wound sheets over the bedstead, securing it to the boat, Dr. Thomson being with me; Samuel was in another boat with the two children. The steamer was far out and had not anchored. We went up alongside the stairs, and Samuel with the boatman carried the little ones up to the cabin, walking over the backs of a dense mass of sheep which covered the deck from stem to stern. The captain's boat lay alongside and he gave orders to transfer the bedstead to his boat and then it would be drawn up to the davits and we could easily lift it on the deck. We had just removed it from the shore boat when the screw began to back water, and as we were close to the stern, the boiling, foaming waves around us rocking the boat, nearly threw us all into the awful roaring waters. We shouted ourselves hoarse in calling to the sailors on deck to haul away on the davit pulleys and just then they hauled on the ropes attached to the bow of the boat, and it began to rise until it was almost on end. Dr. Thomson and I grasped the sides of the boat and the bedstead, and it seemed as if we should all be pitched

down into the water, when providentially, some one saw the mistake, and the other end was raised and we finally reached the deck. How the bed reached the saloon over the crouching, bleating mass of sheep I do not know. I fell back and fainted from sheer exhaustion. The sick one was placed in a hammock in the ladies' cabin, and soon the steamer started on its way. Seasickness, the horrible filth of the decks occasioned by the sheep, and a very rough head wind made the run to Alexandria most trying. In forty-four hours we reached the port of Alexandria, Friday evening. On Saturday, July 2d, Drs. McKay and Ogilvie came on board and declared the case of the patient very serious, and at 2 P. M. she fell asleep in Christ. The funeral service was conducted the next morning, Sunday, at 7 o'clock by Rev. Andrew Watson, of the American United Presbyterian Mission. The burial was in the English cemetery. Dr. Watson kindly invited us to his house. After full consideration, I decided to reëmbark on the *Isis*, with the two children, for Liverpool and Samuel returned, July 6th, to Beirut. I sailed on the 7th, and after eighteen days reached Liverpool July 25th, where I was welcomed by that dear brother, Mr. Hurter, who had preceded me.

While in Alexandria, I met the Maharajah Duleep Singh with his Christian wife. He was rejoicing in his honeymoon. The son of one of the richest princes of India, he was living in honourable exile in England on a princely stipend, and had long since embraced the Christian faith. He told me that he could not marry an Indian princess, as she would be a heathen, nor an English princess, as her tastes would be so different from his own, but he had found in the mission school in Cairo a maiden who was of mixed English and Abyssinian blood, a cultivated Christian girl, having both the Eastern and Western characteristics. Out of gratitude for this wife of his choice, he for years sent an annual gift of £1,000 to the American Mission in Egypt.

On July 27th I sailed from Liverpool with the two children and Mr. Hurter on the *City of London* for New York. The voyage was cold and rough. On the 3d of August we saw nine icebergs and the sea was full of floating ice. In the distress of seasickness

and the chilling air, I kept my room the most of the way, and Mr. Hurter, in the kindness of his heart, cared for the two children. We reached New York August 8th.

The past months looked like a dream. The sudden breaking up of my home and the scattering of my children had come upon me as a fearful shock. What did the Lord mean by sending me home? I was not long in discerning His hand and His providential guidance. The Beirut School for Girls was as the apple of my eye. I felt that the future of Syria depended on the education of its girls and women. Our school had started, but it had no building and already had to turn away applicants for want of room. Yet the Board of Missions declined to erect a building and we saw no way to raise the needed funds. When it was decided that I go to America, the mission gave me a vote approving the raising in America of a sum of ten thousand dollars for a building. Could it be done? In September and October I visited New York and Philadelphia and laid the subject before a few friends of missions. The American Board gave me their sanction on condition that it should not interfere with their regular income. Mr. William A. Booth and Mr. William E. Dodge of New York were my advisers and they both subscribed liberally. Matthias W. Baldwin, John A. Brown, and Jay Cooke of Philadelphia did the same. I went from city to city and from one man to another until in the middle of November the greater part of the sum was raised, and I went back to my Syrian home with a thankful heart, leaving the dear daughter and son with loving friends, William with his grandparents and Anna with her Aunt Mary Chandler. Few children separated from parental care have been more wisely and tenderly trained than were these three little ones, and they have all proved to be faithful followers of their Lord and Master. During that visit of thirteen weeks the Lord used me in not only insuring the erection of the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School but in awakening wide interest in missions and in the support of the school. Early in October I attended the meeting of the American Board in Worcester and had to speak five times. Mr. A. Yanni, our

zealous brother in Tripoli, Syria, had sent by me two boxes of cones of the cedars of Lebanon, sea-shells, and other Syrian curios, to be sold for the benefit of the wounded Union soldiers in the hospitals. A number of young men and women in the church in Worcester took charge of the sale, and handed me at its close one hundred and eighty dollars. My old college friend and my brother's classmate, E. P. Smith, was then active in the Christian Commission and for this sum bought seven hundred and twenty Testaments for the boys in blue. It was a very gratifying incident, and filled Mr. Yanni's heart with joy.

On the 26th of November I sailed on the *City of London* for Liverpool, reaching London December 8th, where I took lodgings in the same house with Dr. Bliss and family. He was engaged in raising funds for the Beirut College, the endowment of $100,000 having been already raised in America. While waiting in London to make connection with the Marseilles steamer, I visited Canon Tristram at Greatham, Stockton on Tees, and spent a week with his delightful family. He had a wonderful collection of shells, birds, and birds' nests. He was an authority on botany and ornithology and we had many tastes in common. He took me to Hartlepool where we saw fast steamers being built to run the blockade to Charleston to bring out cotton. Dr. Tristram was, like most Englishmen, in sympathy with the South, but before I left he admitted that he had modified his views. His ten children, all under thirteen years of age, were a delight to me and they showed me through the two almshouses, "for twelve old fathers and twelve old mothers," all over sixty years of age, describing the peculiar characteristics of each. Father William was pointed out as "greedy" and always wanting the biggest piece of everything.

On Sunday Dr. Tristram drove me six miles to Norton where he preached a charity sermon for Rev. Clements. After service we went into the rectory and the sisters of Mr. Clements brought in a tray with decanters and glasses with two kinds of wine. They were amazed at my declining wine, and said they had never before seen a person who drank only water. Returning

to London, I had a brief visit with Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. Dr. Bliss had many opportunities to address public meetings in London. He once addressed the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Exeter Hall. Lord Shaftesbury presided. A Church of England clergyman, with that spirit of fawning to the aristocracy which is so common in English public meetings, said, "I congratulate the Bible Society in being honoured by your Lordship's presence as chairman," etc., etc. Dr. Bliss followed and said, "Your Lordship, I do not congratulate the Bible Society in having your Lordship as chairman but I do congratulate you on being allowed to preside at a meeting held to promote the distribution of the Word of God." At the close Lord Shaftesbury took Dr. Bliss by the hand and said, "It was refreshing to hear from you such a sensible remark. I am sick of this constant flattery."

1865—I landed at Beirut January 11th. I was welcomed to the hospitable home of Dr. Van Dyck where I remained a month. I then set up housekeeping with my cook Assaf Haddad and his wife Margarita in the house of Amaturi near the Damascus Road. Assaf continued to be my cook ever since until October, 1908, and is a grandfather.

January 17th the annual meeting of the mission was held. Nine missionaries were present, among them Rev. J. E. Ford. Rev. Mr. Williams of Mardin had requested us to send Mr. and Mrs. Ford to reinforce that station, but in view of the needs of the mission and the health of Mrs. Ford, it was decided that Mr. Ford and family visit the United States, and they sailed June 30th with Miss Mason, whose school in Sidon had given such excellent satisfaction.

The translation and printing of the Old Testament having been completed March 10th, it was voted that Dr. Van Dyck be authorized to go to New York and superintend the electrotyping of the Arabic Scriptures. The celebration on March 10th is noticed in the chapter on Bible Translation. On March 12th we had a public service in commemoration of the completion

of the translation of the Bible, and addresses were made by Rev. J. Robertson, Mr. B. Bistany, and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. Dr. Van Dyck and family sailed June 3d, and he remained in New York until October 20, 1867, when he returned, having accomplished successfully his great work. He brought with him Mr. Samuel Hallock, electrotyper, who was a son of Mr. Homan Hallock, the ingenious American who made the first punches and matrices for the Beirut font of Arabic type. In June, 1865, we broke ground for the new girls' school building in Beirut, the new edifice including the old press building, so long known as "Burj Bird."

In July cholera appeared in Egypt and there were five hundred deaths a day in Cairo. It was brought to Beirut by the refugees and the city fell into a frightful panic. Not less than twenty thousand people left the city in a week. I saw them surging by my house, the "Im Beshara" house on Assur, old and young, mounted and walking, faces pale with fright, and all this before there had been a single case in Beirut; but after a few days the disease broke out. I removed to this house June 2d and had Mr. Calhoun as my first guest. In March we had a visit from Rev. Frank F. Ellinwood and Mr. Alling, of Rochester, and on the 20th I went to Damascus with them and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. Four days later, at 4 A. M., Mr. Dodge and I walked the whole length of Damascus from Mr. Crawford's house to the Diligence Station, fighting our way against almost innumerable colonies of dogs. Mr. Dodge and the servant carried the baggage and the lantern, and I was armed with stones with which I kept at bay the ferocious barking "curs of low degree" as we went through the little doors in the numerous gates which divided one quarter of the city from another.

The old chapel in the "Burj Bird" in Beirut was at this time enlarged, owing to the growing congregation.

Early in April, Sir Henry Bulwer, H. B. M. Ambassador to Constantinople, visited Beirut. It was understood that he was on his way to Egypt to interfere in some way with the completion of the Suez Canal, or at least to prevent its becoming a

French affair. Several months before, two Moslems in Damascus who had professed Christianity had been imprisoned in the Great Mosque, and another was imprisoned in Beirut in February with chains about his neck. The case was laid before the British consuls in Damascus and Beirut and they said they could do nothing as they would not be supported by the British embassy in Constantinople.

On February 13th I wrote a private letter to Dr. Daniel Bliss in London as follows: "Two Mohammedans have become Christians in Damascus and one of them has been brought to Beirut in *chains*, and is now confined in the barracks here, exposed to insult and suffering. Chains are on his neck and he will probably be speedily put out of the way. We shall do what we can, but the Turks have all read in the Arabic newspapers an account of the conduct of Sir Henry Bulwer in Constantinople, and they care absolutely nothing for European protest against such barbarous persecution. We can pray for this poor persecuted man but no one is allowed to see him. It reminds one of the old days of pagan Rome in her persecuting hatred of the Christians. These cases of converted Moslems are multiplying in every part of the East. There are forty in one part of the empire inquiring in earnest and I trust that their place will be kept secret, for there is nothing so fatal to inquiry in this part of the world, as to have the names of the secret inquirers published. The case of the man now in bonds in Beirut is so public that I do not add to his danger by speaking of him. If we can do nothing for him, we can at least call public attention to this new and glaring violation of the principles of religious liberty. Will the time not come, when the voice of Protestant England will again be regarded in the East?"

Dr. Bliss was then in daily communication with the secretary of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, Rev. H. Jones, and with Dr. Schmettau and the leading men of the Evangelical Alliance. He naturally informed them of this letter. Mr. Jones asked the loan of it, and without consulting Dr. Bliss, sent a copy of it to Earl Russell, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Earl Russell at once

sent a copy of it with a letter to Sir Henry Bulwer and the mail reached him on his arrival in Beirut. He was, to speak mildly, furious. The next day he called on the American consul, J. A. Johnson, and at once began to use violent language. "Who is this American named Jessup? I demand that he be expelled from Syria." He then used expletives about the American missionaries generally and myself in particular which could hardly be repeated in polite society. The consul replied that American citizens were not easily expelled from Syria and added, "Sir, I demand an apology for this insulting language in my house." He then turned and left Sir Henry alone in the room.

The next day, Sir Henry having had time for reflection and probably having made some inquiries as to the facts of the case, returned and humbly begged Mr. Johnson's pardon for his language on his previous visit. My letter having been a private letter, and made public without Dr. Bliss's knowledge, I did not feel responsible for the wounding of Sir Henry's sensibilities. But it was the testimony of all Englishmen in Syria and Constantinople with whom I came in contact, that Christian England was grossly misrepresented in the character of Her Majesty's ambassador at that time. His visit to Egypt did not stop the digging of the Suez Canal, and the Prince of Wales was glad to attend its historical opening in October, 1868, and later on Disraeli made a master stroke in securing for England a controlling interest in this magnificent work.

The months of April and May were full of exciting events. We heard of Lee's surrender, the end of the war, and the assassination of President Lincoln.

Dr. Thomson returned from his journey to Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine with a rich treasure of photographs. On this trip he discovered the site of Ai near Bethel.

The Church of Hums, which had written us an insulting letter because we would not send them an American missionary to be their pastor, now wrote a letter full of regret and penitence at their language, begging us to ordain over them a native pastor, and on the 28th of May, Rev. Mr. Calhoun and Dr. George E.

Post ordained and installed Rev. Sulleeba Jerawan as their pastor. Previous to this, Dr. and Mrs. Post had buried their first-born son, Arthur, aged six months, who died during his father's absence in Beirut.

In May, 1865, the demand for the Arabic Scriptures was so great that it became absolutely necessary to hasten the electrotyping of the Arabic Bible. Before Dr. Van Dyck sailed, he made an estimate of the working capacity of the press in Beirut, and of the probable time required to supply every person of the one hundred and twenty millions of the Arabic-speaking race with a copy of the Scriptures. The sixteen workmen in the Beirut Press can print an edition of 10,000 Bibles in six months or 20,000 a year. At that rate it would require 6,000 years to supply the Arab race with the Bible. Giving one to every family of five persons, it would require 1,200 years. With the electrotype plates, the Bible Society in New York may be able to print in a year two hundred thousand Bibles and even then would not be able to supply the Arab race in less than six hundred years. Surely there is room for all the presses of all the Bible societies in this great field.

The departure of four missionaries this year threw heavy burdens upon those remaining. Dr. Van Dyck sailed June 3d, with his family, to electrotype the Arabic Bible in New York. On June 30th, Mr. J. Ford and family left by medical advice. In October, Mr. and Mrs. Berry were ordered to leave on account of feeble health, and on December 16th, Dr. W. M. Thomson left for England. I was thus left alone in Beirut, and was called upon to do extra work. Preaching twice on Sunday, with Sunday-school, Bible classes, the care of the press, proof-reading and editing, a large correspondence, the custom-house and post-office work, pastoral visitation, and the planning and erection of the female seminary edifice and new building for the press, I had few idle hours. But my health was perfect, and nothing is better for a healthy man than hard work.

The outbreak of cholera in July and the stampede of 20,000 people to the mountains broke up our congregation, the press

work, and the building, as the workmen had all left the city. It was a time of great solemnity. The sight of such a city as this almost deserted through a mere panic, when no case of cholera had occurred, impressed one with the mighty power of God. The press men deserted in a body and went off to Lebanon. The new building was left without a workman. Leaving our faithful deacon, Elias Fuwaz, in charge, July 12th, I made a visit to my brother Samuel and Dr. Geo. E. Post in Duma and six hours further to the Cedars of Lebanon. My companion was Mr. Pye-Smith of Alexandria, a nephew of Dr. Pye-Smith, the English geologist. On our return south through the upper range of Lebanon, we found ourselves blocked by quarantines at every village and had to prove that we had been away from Beirut at least ten days. On reaching Abeih, July 28th, I found that all communication with Beirut was cut off by a quarantine, in the open field, of fifteen days. Letters brought up by muleteers were fumigated in the field in the quarantine tent. The loads were dumped on the ground and left to sun for a day or two and then brought into the village.

August 1st came a telegram from Tripoli of a murderous attack on Dr. Post and Mr. Samuel Jessup in Duma, by a drunken Maronite named Nasîf Bu Kemal of Bekfeia. One man snapped a gun at Dr. Post's head which missed him. Another struck him on the shoulder with a huge club, but it only inflicted a slight bruise. I wrote at once to Bhamdoun to consult the American consul, and he telegraphed to the acting governor of Lebanon, and to Mr. Yanni in Tripoli. Daûd Pasha, governor of Lebanon, had gone to Constantinople to get troops to suppress the rebellion of Yusef Keram of Ehden, near the Cedars. The whole mountain was in disorder and roads unsafe, as Yusef Keram's peasant soldiers and the horsemen of Silman Harfoosh, a Metawileh outlaw, were plundering at their will. In view of the complication which might arise, were two American families left in that disturbed region, Mr. Bird and I were instructed by the mission to go to Duma with mules, and bring the two missionaries to Abeih. On our arrival we found that Yusef Keram, the Ehden rebel, and

sent and offered to come and burn Duma and punish Nasîf, the Kesrawan criminal. His object was to show his authority in Northern Lebanon. The offer was declined, as the attack was not made by the people of Duma, and further, we would not allow the burning of the village on our account. Samuel and family went first with me, and Dr. Post and family a week later with Mr. Bird. The culprit was punished and obliged to pay the entire expenses of the trip to remove the missionaries. This the consul insisted upon and for years after that time the American missionaries in Tripoli summered there with a hearty welcome from the people.

On my return to Abeih with Mr. Pye-Smith, I found a letter from President McLean, announcing that Princeton had conferred on me the degree of D. D. As I had never been in Princeton, and belonged to the New School Presbytery of Montrose, I was much surprised. I could not say "an enemy hath done this," nor was I sure that a friend had done it, and it remained a mystery, until a letter from my friend and my father's friend, Rev. S. H. Cox, D. D., explained his intervention in the matter. In acknowledging this honour to President McLean, I wrote, "I trust that this act of your institution is but an omen of that coming day, when the Presbyterian Church shall be one in outward union again, as it is one in doctrine and traditions and sacred associations, for we are 'one body in Christ.' I am confident that if the question of reunion were left to the missionaries of the Old and New School in foreign lands, it would be speedily consummated."

Just before the cholera outbreak in Beirut, a Mohammedan sheikh, Abdul Khalily, who had read a vowelled Testament brought to him by one of his pupils, became a Christian. His wife raised an alarm and he was hurried off to prison. This information was brought to me by Moslem friends. It is not likely that he will ever be heard from. Cholera epidemics prove convenient times for disposing of obnoxious persons. Sheikh Yusef el Asír told me that he had been sent to Damascus.

During the cholera epidemic in Beirut, every village in Lebanon put a quarantine of fifteen days against Beirut. The Moslems,

being fatalists, will not flee nor take medicines. But the New School Moslems believe in running away, and they hired a learned sheikh to preach in the mosque on the doctrine of fate as affected by cholera. He said the doctrine was no doubt applicable and well enough in the days of the prophet, and did apply to the plague. But as there was no cholera in his days, it was not a violation of the Koran to flee from cholera. The result of this "fetwa" or legal decision was a great exodus of Moslems from Beirut to Lebanon. This cholera visitation swept off 46,000 in ten days in Mecca and 1,000 a day for some days in Cairo and moved northward. Not less than 3,000 died in Beirut, chiefly Mohammedans. Whole families were swept away. All business ceased. The labouring classes were on the verge of starvation. In Damascus the ravages of the pestilence were frightful. At the same time locusts appeared in Syria and devastated whole districts, adding to the dismay of the afflicted people. The cattle murrain also ravaged Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, in some places destroying all the cattle. There has hardly been a year since I came to Syria when some one or more of these plagues have not visited the land.

In Safita, Northern Syria, a cruel and barbarous persecution was carried on against the Protestants by Beit Bashoor and the Greek priests and bishops. The people were turned out-of-doors, their houses plundered, their grain burned on the threshing-floors, their women and girls turned over to Turkish soldiers, and women with children beaten with clubs, until the whole little community were driven into the wilderness. They appealed to Rashîd Pasha, the new Waly of Syria, in Damascus, and he arrested the chief persecutors.

Truly that summer of 1865 was one of trial, affliction and sorrow, and out of the depths we cried unto the Lord. But there was one relief. Sir Henry Bulwer resigned and left Constantinople to the great joy of all British subjects in Syria, and was succeeded by Lord Lyons.

Among my correspondents was Rev. W. F. Williams of Mardin and Mosul. He agonized over the Arabic gutturals,

and once, in a letter, asked me, "Do you really think that a man who speaks easily these awful guttural sounds can enter the kingdom of God?" At another time, speaking of the desperate poverty of some of the villagers, he said, "The children are so wretchedly ragged that there is not cloth enough in their garments to make borders for the holes." During this summer, in spite of cholera, I sent off supplies through our Beirut agent to the missionaries in Northern Syria and Asia Minor.

Early in October the cholera ceased, and the refugee population came back to Beirut. Many found that their houses had been robbed during the months of cholera, and the business losses had been immense. But they had saved their lives and that was enough to make up for all money loss. Then the Abu Rikab or dengue fever broke out and hardly a man, woman, or child escaped, though it was not fatal.

The press workmen returned, and the stone masons and carpenters resumed work on the girls' school edifice, but in a few days they too were down with the fever, which lasted a few hours, but left the body exhausted and enfeebled for weeks. Then came, on October 16th, a burning sirocco east wind with stagnant stifling heat by day and night. And how we longed for rain, the "early rains"! May, June, July, August, and September had passed without a drop of rain, and the ground, as usual at this season, was parched, the grass dry, and the leaves of the trees white with dust. The siroccos generally come in April and May, but this year the fierce east wind seemed to roll waves and billows of furnace-like hot air down over Lebanon into the sea, for at such a time it is as hot on Mount Lebanon (Sunneen 8,600 feet above the sea level), as it is on the plain.

About November 1st Daûd Pasha returned from Constantinople with plenary authority to suppress Yusef Keram's rebellion. After various engagements in which Keram's motley army of peasants, priests, and monks were defeated by the pasha's troops, he surrendered in March, 1866, at the request of the French consul-general, and went into exile. Yusef Keram was a devout

Maronite, fond of the clergy, but fatally ambitious, and his fall was a blessing to distracted Lebanon.

After the first battle between Keram's and the pasha's troops, a stalwart Maronite peasant came to my house. He was a tall robust fellow bristling with arms, a gun, pistols, and sword. He said at once, "Beddi akloob Angliz" (I want to turn Protestant). "Why?" said I. "Oh, because yours is the only true religion, and I love you very much." I said, "Do you know what we believe?" "No," said he, "but I can learn." "Well, supposing we worship the devil?" "All right," said he, "whatever you worship I'll worship." "Nonsense," said I, "what is the use of your talking about religion? What did you come here for? Tell me the whole case." "Ah," said he, "I'll tell you. I belong to Yusef Beg Keram's army and was captured by the pasha and have escaped, and if he catches me a second time he will shoot me, so I want to turn Angliz and get the protection of your flag." I gave the poor fellow some instruction in gospel truth, and then said, "Yusef Beg has surrendered, and the pasha has granted an amnesty to all his army." "Thank you," said he, "then I'll go; good-day, sir," and bolted out of the house.

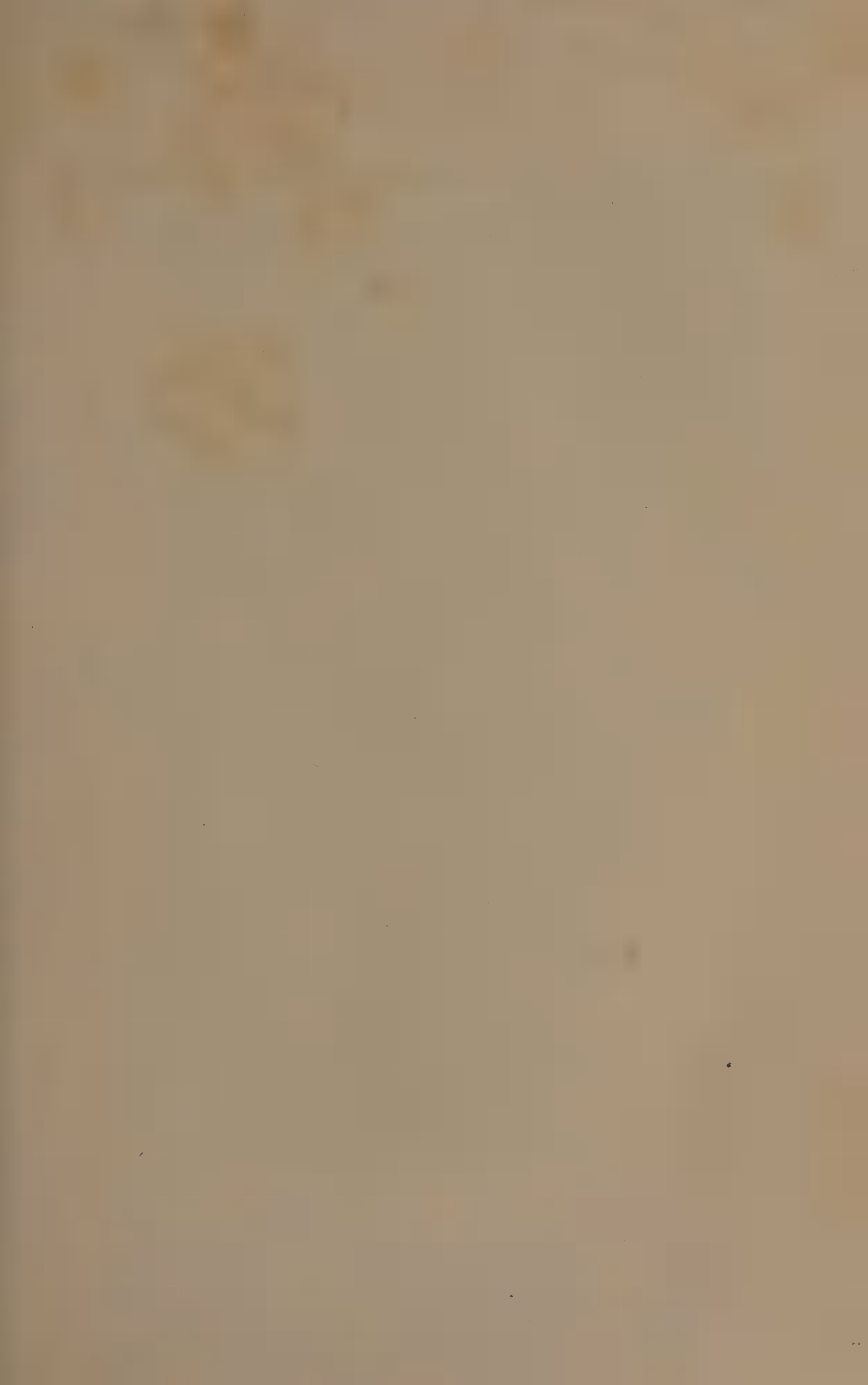
In December the learned Mohammedan of Beirut, Abd el Kadir el Khalily, came to visit me again, night after night, like Nicodemus, and seemed deeply interested in the Gospel of Christ. He has narrowly escaped death for his course and been in prison and bonds, but still continues to inquire. One of our school-girls was taken from school to be married, being twelve years old. Another one, aged ten, was married, and when she came to visit her teachers brought her dolls with her. A young Copt from Abyssinia named Selim called on me and wished to learn about Christianity. He said he had been brought up as a slave by a Moslem who taught him nothing; then he was taken by Armenian monks in Jerusalem who did not teach him, "and now I am eighteen years old and have no religion. Can you tell me what to do? I cry every night when I go to sleep because I have no religion and do not know how to pray and am afraid of God. Do you think God would send me to hell if I should die

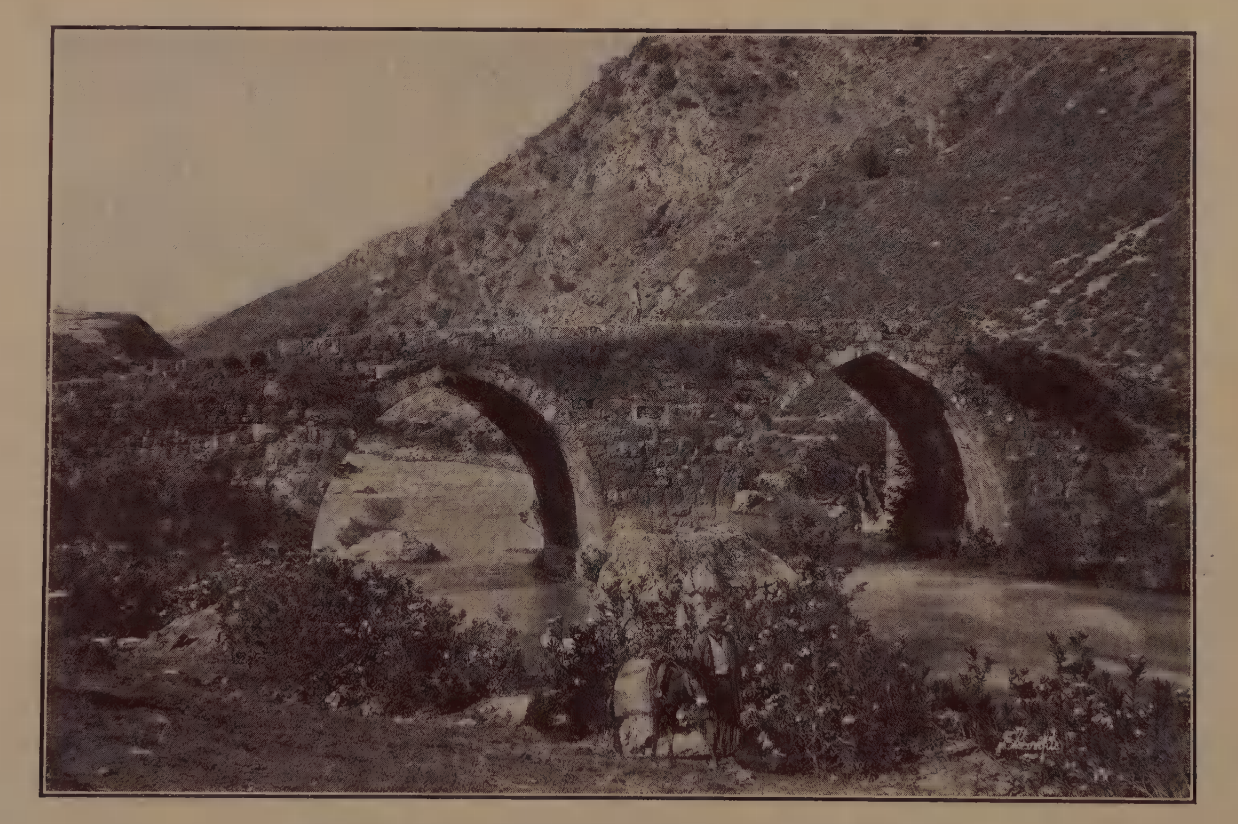
without knowing how to pray?" I told him of Christ the Saviour and explained the way of salvation by faith, read to him from the New Testament, and showed him how to pray. The tears came to his eyes and he thanked me, and often came to get instruction and seemed to have found peace in believing.

The year of 1865 was one of bitter persecution in Safita, where the little flock was sifted like wheat, crops burned, cattle stolen, houses attacked, women insulted, and all by a feudal family of Orthodox Greeks who had enough influence with Turkish local officials to commit every outrage without fear of punishment. Years after three boys from Safita were in the Syrian Protestant College, one from among those persecuted, and two were the sons of the chief persecutors. They were staunch friends and the poor boy placed his bed between theirs.

The number of Scriptures issued from the press in 1865 was 4,333, of which 2,120 were sent to Egypt. Not the least of my personal burdens during 1865, when my colleagues were absent, was the voluminous correspondence required to carry on the girls' boarding-school in Beirut and complete its building. I wrote not less than five hundred pages of letters to pastors and Sunday-school superintendents, and raised about thirty annual scholarships of eighty dollars each to support charity pupils. Nothing was received from the American Board, and we had to carry the load as individuals. As I look over those letters in my copy-book now I am amazed at the amount of work laid out and the eyesight expended.

To my great relief Mr. Henry E. Thomson took charge of the business department of the mission and the press. But I was not able for many years after this to shake off the custom-house business of the mission, and I have spent many precious hours and suffered from many bruises in my body and rents in my garments, from climbing over boxes, barrels, and bales in the custom-house amid the yelling, crowding and cursing of a score of rough porters and the jostling of merchants and traders protesting against the ruthless smashing of their goods. These porters designedly tear open sacks of rice and sugar and boxes





JISR EL KHARDELI, OVER THE LITANY (LEONTES).

Which Dr. Jessup crossed in 1866 for Deir Mimas.

Note the typical Arab double keystone to the arch.

of valuables in order to steal the contents in the confusion. A Turkish custom-house is the best earthly type of pandemonium.

The last of September, 1865, we received a copy of the Sultan's order giving us the same privileges as the French, in allowing all missionary goods to enter the custom-houses free of duty. We never asked this privilege, but as it was given now to all clergy, rabbis, moolahs, priests, nuns, monks, teachers, and doctors of the hospitals native and foreign, we accepted the offer. But some years after, when the Turks found that some of the foreign monks and nuns were importing European goods and handing them over to native merchants for sale, then the rule was modified and gradually greater and greater restrictions have been put on the missionaries, and we had (in 1907) the anomalous condition that while the American Missions in Constantinople and Smyrna had no duty to pay on imported goods, we in Syria were subject to full duty on all importations. But through our ambassador, Mr. Leishmann, the custom-house immunities have been partially restored to us (in 1908) thus placing us on the same footing as other foreigners in the empire.

1866—In January of this year the Syria Mission, having decided to build a church edifice in Beirut which should at the same time be a home for the Syrian Evangelical Church, and also for the Anglo-American Congregation, began to raise the needed funds at home and abroad. After forty years of conducting the English preaching service at Beirut the mission had invited Rev. James Robertson, missionary of the Jewish Committee of the Church of Scotland, to assume this service, and this committee, with a desire to make the work permanent, agreed to give £450 sterling, on condition that they have control of the pulpit at 11 o'clock A. M. every Sunday. After ten years, if either party terminated the agreement by giving one year's notice, then £300 must be refunded to the Scotch Committee. Dr. Robertson afterwards accepted a professorship in the divinity school of Glasgow University, and was succeeded by Rev. George M. Mackie in 1880, who has continued to the present time.

During this month I again engaged a Maronite from Kesrawan to blast the bed of bone breccia discovered in 1864 by Canon H. B. Tristram on the Dog River promontory. After the rock had been thoroughly broken up, I went out and selected several camel loads and shipped two boxes to Canon Tristram, to the British Museum, and five blocks also to the cabinet I was collecting for the college.

I also sent specimens to my old professor, James D. Dana of Yale College, and said in a letter to him, "You will find in the masses sent sharp elongated chips or fragments of flint, some of which are not unlike the American Indian arrow-heads. I also send a package of these flints broken out of the rock. From the small fragments of bones and teeth sent to Dr. Tristram last year, scientific men in England have inferred that they belonged to a species of gigantic bison. I should be interested to know the opinion of yourself and Professor Silliman. The central deposit is sixty feet in length, thirty feet in width, and ten feet in thickness. The fossil geology of the Lebanon range has hardly begun to be explored. Dr. Anderson's report in Lynch's "Dead Sea" was necessarily meagre. It does not touch the fossil fish or the fine pectens and echinoderms of the Northern Lebanon. In every missionary journey we continually stumble upon new specimens, and the collection which I am now making for the Syrian Protestant College will contain numerous interesting fossils which have never been described. The rock surrounding the bone breccia is a compact tertiary limestone containing fossil corals and sponges."

In March, 1869, I received from General Cesnola, American consul in Cyprus, a box of minerals, supposed to be cupreous ores, which I sent to Professor Dana of Yale College for analysis. As the ancient supplies of copper came chiefly from Cyprus there must be extensive deposits of the ore in that classic island.

During that winter the mission kindly brought brother Samuel and his wife from Tripoli to Beirut. Samuel had been trained to bookkeeping when a merchant, and he soon reduced my press and mission accounts to order. Being the only trained business

man in the mission up to that time, his business knowledge was invaluable and has been so for the forty-six years of his missionary life. He and his wife had charge of my youngest child Harry, and this visit gave the little boy, two years and a half old, his first opportunity to get acquainted with his father.

The ex-Jesuit William Gifford Palgrave was in Beirut January 10th. His moral and religious history is a curious study in ethics. Before his journey through Arabia he was a zealous Jesuit missionary, disputing with the Syrian Protestants and was known as "Kus Mikhaiel."[1] After his journey and when he no longer needed French Catholic aid, and when he *did* need the good-will of his kindred in England in order to get his share of the inheritance, he went to Berlin, openly renounced the Pope and papacy, and became a good Protestant again. He was a moral chameleon.

The death of Sarah Bistany in January made a deep religious impression on all the young people in the schools and the church.

During this year we began to raise funds for building a new church in Beirut. It was the policy of the American Board to leave the erection of new buildings to the natives, but in view of the fact that this building was to be used not only for the Arabic but also for the Anglo-American Congregation in which scores of tourists worship every year, they consented to give the land and one thousand dollars towards the building. This edifice was completed, the tower finished and the bell and clock set up, early in 1870, as will appear later in this volume.

This month of January, 1866, was full of financial anxiety. I was engaged in building the girls' school edifice and had finished the lower story, when the funds began to give out and I wrote to the New York friends a new appeal. As we were very properly obliged to accompany our appeal with a request that the donations should not interfere with the regular gifts to the Board, we made slow progress. For economy's sake I had postponed building the lateral partition walls on the upper story, but a

[1] Kus=Reverend.

hurricane on March 1st, which blew off the upper tier of stones, compelled us, funds or no funds, to strengthen the walls and build the partitions. God in His providence interposed, and funds were given to finish the building; Mrs. M. B. Young, of Fall River, gave $800 to dig a rain-water cistern to hold 10,000 jars of water which has been an untold blessing to the school. At that time we had no water-works in Beirut. All water for drinking and washing came from wells and was expensive. This cistern saved the school $200 a year. Carlyle once proposed that instead of a monument to a man they sink a coal shaft to him. Mrs. Young's cistern has been a noble monument to her liberality.

The sheikh of the village of Mahardee, northeast of Hamath, came to Hums to get a Bible. Not having the ready cash he gave his sword for a Bible. My brother Samuel secured the sword and it was sent on to New York and hung in the room of the American Bible Society where it remains. That Bible wrought wonders. An evangelical church was established, schools opened, and it is (in 1908) one of the brightest spots in Syria. No better exchange could a man make than to give a sword of steel for the Sword of the Spirit.

February 13th—A touching incident occurred in the girls' school. One of the little girls, aged seven, came to her teacher and said, "I am Jesus' girl now. Last night I gave my heart to Jesus and He took it." Truly out of the mouths of babes has the Lord perfected praise.

Dr. Post and family moved from Tripoli to Abeih this week, to aid Mr. Calhoun in the seminary. They brought word that Mr. Samuel Mitchell, brother of our dear friend Dr. Arthur Mitchell, will join our mission this fall. He was in my Sunday-school class in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in 1854-55. As I had agreed, in taking possession of the old mission house (the Burj Bird) for the girls' school and thus turning the press out-of-doors, to erect a new press building above the cemetery, I did so, and thus expended 34,000 piastres (about $1,200) of the

seminary building fund, but we gained the old building which we could not have erected for twice that money.

On the 2d of March we welcomed back from America and England Rev. Dr. Daniel Bliss, Mrs. Bliss and four children. They occupied the Kamad house in the eastern part of the city and summered in Aitath, Mount Lebanon. Dr. Bliss began at once his teaching work in the houses leased from Mr. B. Bistany. A selected class of boys was put in training for the first college class. During his eighteen months' stay in England he had secured about twenty thousand dollars for current expenses of the college and made many friends for the institution.

XIII

The Syrian Protestant College

THE Syrian Protestant College is the child of the Syria Mission, and but for the mission work done in Syria from 1820 to 1860, it could not have existed. The American preachers and teachers who had founded the native evangelical church and trained a native ministry, planned and proposed a literary institution which should control the higher education of the future in the Orient in the interests of religion and the Bible.

The exclusion of the English language from the Abeih Seminary in Lebanon, and the girls' boarding-school of Beirut, and confining all instruction to the vernacular Arabic, had begun as early as 1858 to lead prominent families to withdraw their children from American schools and send them to the French Lazarists and Jesuits. And thus the edict of Dr. Anderson excluding English from all mission schools of the American Board was largely the occasion of the founding of the Syrian Protestant College. The Abeih Seminary which had stood at the head of Syrian high schools now shrank to a third or fourth place. It was training men solidly in Arabic, in the Bible and the sciences, and could fit men to be native preachers in the villages, but its instruction was largely gratuitous.

But the country demanded something more than this. Steam had brought Europe face to face with Syria, and the Syrians demanded French and English. They also needed medical science and educated physicians. The land was suffering and groaning under a dynasty of ignorant and conceited quacks. Who would come to the rescue? Who would initiate, adjust, guide and control such a system of education? Was it to be left to the Jesuits, those enemies of a pure Gospel, those masters of intrigue and

duplicity and perverters of the human conscience? This must not be. The men were ready. Those who had started the first steam printing-press in Syria and the first boys' and girls' boarding-schools, were the first to initiate what took final form as the Syrian Protestant College.

The massacres of 1860 had brought Syria anew to the attention of England and America. Many intelligent men from both countries had visited Beirut, and expressed a desire that more should be done for the future education of the Arab race. The missionaries concurred in the desire and had frequent consultations on the subject. Various plans were proposed. The Malta Protestant College, founded years before, had gathered students from Greece, European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt, but had not been a success. They had not proved to be a benefit to their native lands. The experiment of educating the youth of a country in a foreign land is a dangerous one, especially if it be gratuitous. Dr. William M. Thomson's favourite theory was to found a school, with native Arab teachers and principal, as soon as practicable, but to assist it by endowments from abroad. This was also his plan in the Native Protestant Female Seminary, founded in 1861, as a successor to Dr. Henry De Forest's high school for girls. October 17, 1861, I wrote Rev. D. Stuart Dodge in New York as follows: "We have now in contemplation a plan for establishing a Protestant college in Beirut, to be under native professors and teachers, to relieve the Board of the expense of higher education in Beirut and Syria. We have the men for the teachers, and Europeans and Americans will constitute the board of trustees to control the funds which we hope to raise in England and America, if it can be done without necessitating a Church of England control of its affairs. We should have made the appeal in America as did Dr. Hamlin of Constantinople, but the Civil War forbids."

On December 20th Rev. J. A. Ford left for England at the invitation of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society with the understanding that Mr. Butrus Bistany, a learned Syrian Protestant, would follow him ere long to aid in raising funds for a higher

literary institution where the president and professors should be native Syrians.

Even as late as January 4, 1862, I wrote to Rev. John Wortabet as follows: "If war does not break out between England and America, immediate steps will be taken to establish a large Protestant native institution of a high order in Beirut, with the coöperation of all the missions in Syria, Palestine and Egypt."

But after extended correspondence and mature deliberation it was found that none of the educated Syrians had had experience with modern college methods and training; and it became apparent that the liberal donors in Europe and America would not give money unless the institution were under Anglo-Saxon control.

The Beirut Girls' School was carried on for six years with Syrian teachers, when the principal broke down under the load, and as no available Syrian woman was qualified to take her place at that time, it became necessary to secure American teachers.

After repeated conferences and thorough discussion of the question in all its bearings, it was decided by the Syria Mission, January 23, 1862, that Dr. Thomson and Mr. Daniel Bliss be a committee "to prepare a minute in relation to a contemplated literary institution to be located in Beirut." Mr. Bliss was also proposed as principal.

The minute was presented January 27th and adopted, and Mr. Bliss was elected principal. One of the clauses of the minute was as follows: "It is deemed essential for the success of the undertaking that the contemplated institution should be guided and guarded by the combined wisdom and experience of the mission and have for its principal a person who shall be able, with the divine blessing, to infuse into it that elevated moral and religious influence without which scientific and literary education may prove a curse and not a blessing." The plan was then referred to the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. for their consideration and sanction, and they were asked to authorize the appointment of Mr. Bliss.

In reply the Prudential Committee gave their approval of the

plan, but with evident misgiving, and consented to the appointment of Rev. D. Bliss as principal, his salary as missionary to continue for the present.[1]

Their letter was a masterly statement of the objections to a high grade English teaching institution on the mission field, and their approval of the ground taken by the mission, that such a school should not be supported by ordinary mission funds, but have its own independent endowment and board of trustees. They also insisted that the vernacular institution at Abeih could *not* be modified to meet the wants here contemplated; but that the college could in time relieve Abeih Academy of its literary department, leaving it thereafter to pursue only theological studies. They quoted from the Liverpool Conference of Missions, that "it is difficult to educate, without, to a certain extent, denationalizing, and that the denationalizing tendency is to be corrected by emphasizing the vernacular part of the educational course, and that it is difficult to get those acquiring an English education to pay attention to their own language." It was also urged that Asiatics acquiring civilized habits will be unfitted to live at home in their native region, and do good to their own people. Dr. Anderson, who was the writer of the Board's reply, summed up his views by saying in substance that the education given should *not be gratuitous;* that it should involve no necessary change of habits and tastes; and that "we confess to an apprehension that Beirut will not be found the place for the young men preparing for the ministry." He quotes Dr. Alexander Duff as saying that "the missions want men with a simple but sufficient education, especially adapted to the condition and wants of the rural population, who will be cheerfully willing to labour for moderate salaries; but that a smattering of English fills men with conceit, makes them unwilling to labour in the villages, and that they will be dissatisfied and heartless grumblers, were we to offer them less than double or treble the sum cheerfully accepted by those educated in a vernacular course." He quotes Dr. Kingsbury of the Choctaw Mission as saying that "with a few interesting ex-

[1] Anderson's "Missions to the Oriental Churches," Vol. II, p. 388.

ceptions, those that have acquired the most English seem to be the furthest from embracing the Gospel." Dr. Anderson insists that the education be *evangelical* as opposed to the Jesuit scheme. Their education is showy but deceptive. They fear to cultivate the reasoning powers; we fear nothing in the region of logic, nothing from the light of truth. "But do not attempt to educate the masses. That must be done by the people themselves and they must support their own native pastorate and their own village schools."

This letter was read by the mission and carefully considered, but there was nothing suggested that made us hesitate to go forward with the enterprise. Reasons of health requiring that the family of Mr. Bliss visit the United States, he was authorized to go, and reached New York September 17th, in time to attend the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in Springfield, Mass. There he met Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge and their son, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. The interest of the latter in foreign missions, and the fact that he had hoped to become a missionary to Syria, made him a hearty advocate of the new college scheme, not only in his own family, but in the pulpit and the press. It was decided, after mature deliberation, to form a board of trustees, and Mr. William A. Booth and Hon. William E. Dodge consented to act, and through their influence Messrs. David Hoadley, Simeon B. Chittenden, Abner Kingman and Joseph S. Ropes were induced to serve. A local board of managers in Syria was then appointed, composed of American and British missionaries, American and British consuls and British merchants, eighteen in all.

An appeal was issued for an endowment—we had asked Mr. Bliss to raise, if possible, $20,000. But the sagacious and far-seeing trustees insisted that the sum be $100,000. Hon. W. E. Dodge headed the subscription with $15,000, and Mrs. Dodge with $10,000.

In February, 1863, a circular appeal was issued by the trustees, and Mr. Bliss and Mr. D. Stuart Dodge set about the work. It was in the midst of the war for the Union, and a dark time, but

money was plenty and "greenbacks" were being multiplied. In 1857 I gave President Woolsey, of Yale, several antique bronze coins of the Emperor Probus. He observed with a smile, "We have 700 coins of Probus in the Yale library. Probus was the S. P. Chase of antiquity; he seems to have done little but manufacture coins."

The local government of the college was vested from 1864 to 1902 in the board of managers and the faculty. The board of managers met annually and often held special meetings. In the outset, it was responsible for the financial management of the college, and received every year the official report of the president and faculty, which it ratified and transmitted to the trustees. But after thirty-six years, in view of the increase in the number of the members of the faculty and their large experience and admitted ability to manage the internal affairs of the college, and the fact that, owing to the rapid growth of the college and the multiplication of its departments it was impossible for the managers to give the needed time and study to the needs and interests of the college to enable them to vote intelligently on questions of policy and administration, the managers decided, after long and prayerful consideration, to withdraw and leave their functions and responsibilities to the faculty. They at the same time expressed their unfailing interest in the college and their willingness to aid by counsel and coöperation whenever the faculty or trustees should ask their aid.

When Dr. John Wortabet was nominated by the managers in Beirut as professor in the medical department in September, 1866, objection was made on the ground that he was not an American but a native of Syria. Dr. W. M. Thomson was a strong advocate of his appointment and said emphatically, "If the appointment of native professors is to be impossible simply because they are native, I must decline to have anything more to do with the college." But this ground was never taken. The objection which came from beyond the sea was based on the experience of certain institutions where there was evident incompatibility between men of different nationalities trying to work together.

Germans and Englishmen had not worked well together in certain well-known cases. Dr. Wortabet was elected and did excellent work as a teacher. He is the author of "The Religions of Syria," a standard book, which in its line has no peer.

After the completion of the endowment in America, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss spent about a year in England where they were cordially received by public men, clergymen, statesmen and civilians, prominent among whom were Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Culling Eardley, the Duke of Argyle and others, and the sum of $20,000 (£4,000) was received for purchasing needed furniture and apparatus, and paying current expenses.

In March, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss returned to Beirut, and in the autumn the college was opened with sixteen pupils, all received gratuitously. A preparatory class had been formed the previous year in connection with the national school or "Wataniyeh" of Mr. Butrus Bistany, an eminent, industrious and learned Syrian Protestant scholar. The faculty of the college in the outset consisted of Rev. D. Bliss, President; Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Rev. George E. Post, M. D., D. D. S., Professor of Surgery and Botany, and afterwards Mr. Harvey Porter, Professor of History, with Mr. Asaad Shidoody as tutor in Arabic. The first class graduated in 1870. The medical department was organized and opened in 1867, the first class graduating in 1871. The preparatory department was begun in 1871, but was not fully organized until 1880. The school of commerce was opened in October, 1900.

During the early years of the college, Arabic was the language of instruction in all departments. This was later changed to English. The classes of 1880 in the collegiate department, and of 1887 in the medical department, were the first to be instructed through the medium of that language.

The reasons for this change were various. There was, first, a "strong and insistent desire" on the part of the young men of the East to know thoroughly some foreign language, either English or French; secondly, the absence of Arabic text-books in the



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Syrian Protestant College.



various branches taught. Dr. Van Dyck and others had published in Arabic works on geography, arithmetic, pathology and the higher mathematics, but before a scientific text-book could be translated, printed and bound, it might be quite out of date, and the enormous expense of publishing Arabic books with their slow and limited sale made it impossible to keep up with the progress of science, and so English was chosen as the language of the institution. Again, students other than Syrians were debarred by the Arabic language from entering the college. Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Persians desired to come, and by making English the common language, the door was thrown open to all. The British occupation of Egypt moreover created a demand for the English language and for medical and scientific and business men trained in English. Since 1880 the students have had direct access to the wealth of literary, scientific and philosophical works found in the English language; the latest medical and scientific text-books are readily obtained, and highly qualified tutors, graduates of American colleges and universities are annually secured for a three years' term of service. Yet this adoption of English has not been at the expense of the Arabic, for "the Arabic instruction is so efficient that the graduates average higher ability to use the tongue acceptably than those of any other missionary institution in the Arabic-speaking world. The thorough Arabic instruction supplies the channel through which our graduates can communicate to their peoples the thought of modern learning; the English equipment supplies thought worthy to be communicated."

The rumour of the opening of a Protestant college stirred up all the various sects of the land to action. The Papal Greek patriarch built a large edifice in the Museitebeh quarter and brought out a Parisian to teach French and an Irishman to teach English. The patriarch did not know that his school was just what we all rejoiced in. For we felt sure that the Syrian Protestant College would yet compel all Syria to be educated, and this hope has been realized. The Jesuit Fathers removed their college from Ghazeer, Mount Lebanon, to Beirut and constituted it a university.

The Maronite archbishop also opened a college in the eastern quarter in Beirut.

The Turkish government has opened several high institutions for Mohammedan youth, and the Israelitish Alliance an academy for Jewish boys.

The details of the college property, equipment, faculty and student body are well shown in President Bliss' report for 1901–02 and in the annual catalogue of 1908–09 in which is announced the new training course for teachers. Table II in the catalogue shows the annual growth in student enrollment from sixteen in 1866 to 876 in 1908.

The model of the campus and its buildings made by me in 1902 for the college I reproduced at the request of Morris K. Jesup, using one of the rooms in the American Museum of Natural History, where Mr. Bumpus courteously gave me every facility and assistance required. It was enclosed in a mahogany and plate glass case and sent to the St. Louis Exposition, being awarded a gold medal.

I had the pleasure of explaining the complete model with exact reproductions of each building carved out of "Malta" stone to a gathering on February 13, 1903, invited by Mr. Jesup and his fellow trustees.



PANORAMA OF THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE



XIV

Progress and Revival

Ishoc es Shemmaa—Locusts—A native pastor—The meteoric shower of 1866—Elias Saadeh.

RETURNING to 1866 it must be noted that in March the Yusef Keram rebellion was still raging in the northern part of Lebanon, and we were straining every energy to complete the new girls' school building and to raise funds for the new church edifice. The French government had joined the other European Powers (England, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy) in aiding the Turkish government to suppress the Keram rebellion of priests and monks, Metawileh highwaymen and uncouth peasants. On April 29th, Rev. Khalil Maghubghub was ordained native pastor in Ain Zehalteh, Mount Lebanon. He was converted in 1846 by reading a Bible stolen in a Druse raid on a Christian village in the civil war of 1845.

Just at that time we heard the sad and stunning news of the sudden death of our colleague, Rev. J. Edwards Ford, in Geneseo, Ill., U. S. A. He rode out on horseback Sunday morning, March 25th, six miles across the prairie, to preach. It was a bright, mild morning and he wore no overcoat. On his return a fierce northwest blizzard began and before he reached home it had literally congealed his blood; double pneumonia set in, and in nine days, April 3d, he passed away.

The mission was thus deprived of one who was one of its strongest, ablest, and most efficient men. Mr. Ford was a master of the Arabic, a clear and cogent preacher, of commanding personality, sagacious in counsel, calm and patient and greatly beloved by the people. He was eminently a man of prayer. No one could be in his society or communicate with him in any way without being impressed with this fact. He was a wise counsellor.

His judgment was sober, calm and clear, and his opinions, though modestly expressed, were well weighed and of great value.

In missionary labour he was indefatigable, of an iron frame, and with great physical vigour he endured what few other missionaries could. He seemed capable of doing anything without fatigue. He was thought to be the strongest man in the Syria Mission.[1]

On May 1, 1866, Rev. S. H. Calhoun took his elder children to America for education, and returned January, 1867.

In March a young silk dealer from Hums, a member of the church, named Ishoc es Shemmaa, gave up his business and announced his purpose to give up his life to preaching the Gospel. Preparatory to entering a course of training under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih, he went on a preaching tour in the mountains west of Hamath. His life history is full of thrilling incidents. His grandfather, also named Ishoc, a Greek of the Orthodox Church, was a wild, fearless youth in league with the robbers and murderers of Hums. His weapon was a sharp sickle and night was his day. He was a famous swordsman and once put to flight a body of men with a walnut pipe stick. Being arrested for crime, he was taken out of the city by the governor and troops, to be hung. The governor said, "Ishoc, turn Moslem, and we will save your life and make you a governor, for you are a worthy man." He replied, "Impossible. I have been a man of blood and it will go hard with me. I cannot deny what religion I have. Whatever you wish to do, do it." Then he sprang and attacked the commander of the guard but was seized and hung to a tree. The Greeks canonized him and said that a star appeared over his grave. Ishoc's father was even worse than the grandfather, and added to the sharp sickle swords, pistols, daggers, and guns, and became a notorious highway robber. He once dispersed fifty armed men. He was famous in the use of the sword, the club,

[1] Rev. Joshua Edward Ford, born in 1825, graduated at Williams College 1844, graduated Union Seminary 1847, reached Syria March 8, 1848, reached Aleppo April 19, 1848, removed to Beirut November 11, 1855, removed to Sidon August 1, 1859.

and the spear, and an expert player on the harp, lute, and cymbals. A large number of enemies attacked him one night by the river Orontes. Some of them he cast into the river, others he killed and others he wounded. He too was a man of blood. Ishoc's account is now given in his own words: "As I grew up he used to beat me and threaten to butcher me so as to teach me to be bold and fight. He also taught me to sing vile songs and to play the stringed instruments. He took me to every haunt of immorality and crime and the people applauded my singing.

"In 1860 I began to think about religion. I had persecuted the Protestants and mobbed them. I bought a Testament to read about the miracles of Christ, and see how great a man He was. A man asked me, 'Have you heard this new Gospel?' I read the Testament, was troubled, saw my error and sin. My father said, 'What is this book? Are you becoming Angliz?' He took a sword and rushed to kill me. Neighbours crowded in. I said, 'Blessed are ye when men persecute you.' Father said, 'That is the talk of the Angliz.' I said it is the Word of Christ. Again he tried to kill me and watched his chance. At night he would say to my mother, 'Let me rise and butcher Ishoc while he sleeps, and be rid of such an iniquitous son.' Mother told him to wait a little and I would return to the Greek Church. So he waited and watched me. When I read the Gospel I seemed to be in the very days of Christ and the years of the apostles. Then all the family and town arose upon me and took my book. I fled, fearing that father would kill me. When I returned he asked me to read from the book. God opened his heart, he believed and rejoiced, went out to preach and was mobbed. People said, 'We thought that he would convince his son, but his son convinced him.' Yet all feared him. He testified for Christ. And when the people saw that he would not sing vile songs for money, nor drink arak, nor lie, they said, 'Truly they are Protestants.' He died trusting and rejoicing in Jesus and was persecuted even after his death, for his grave was insulted and dishonoured, but he was with Jesus." Ishoc after-

wards laboured for thirty years as a faithful colporteur and evangelist in Beirut, Lebanon, and Latakia, where he is still at work.

In March, 1866, the locusts again appeared and the entire male population of Beirut was ordered out to the pines to gather them. When full grown the body of each female locust is a sac of eggs. Each man is required to gather six pounds of the eggs, *i. e.*, the bodies of the locusts. Poor Syria! The land seems to be the victim of successive plagues: cholera, cattle murrain, civil war, locusts come one after the other or all together, so the people hardly recover from one before they are smitten with another. These, with the exactions and cruel extortions of the merciless tax-gatherers almost drive the people to desperation.

Dr. Thomson returned in March from England, having completed arrangements for publishing "The Land and the Book," and having helped Dr. Bliss in securing substantial aid for the college. By April our sorrow and anxiety about the failure of funds to complete the girls' school building were turned into joy. In one week came a draft for £100 from Mr. Henry Farnum then in Paris; £240 from Mr. William A. Booth; and £50 from Robert Arthington, £390 in all. Dr. Thomson, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Eddy, and Mr. Bird were all in Beirut when the news came and we had a service of thanksgiving and praise to God. On that very day Mr. Tod of Alexandria was in Beirut. His wife gave money for the first girls' school building for Mrs. Eli Smith in 1834, and he said he wished to contribute £100 towards this second edifice.

April 3d—I wrote to Dr. H. B. Tristram, "As soon as the college gets settled in a permanent building, we hope to establish a Biblical museum of all the plants, birds, animals, minerals, and implements, etc., mentioned in the Bible, for the use of the pupils and the conservation of many things now rapidly going out of use. It is astonishing to see how rapidly the West is encroaching on the East."

At this time one hundred and ten new families came out as Protestants in Hums. The Emir Soleyman Harfoosh was

poisoned in Damascus by a dose of "soleymany" (corrosive sublimate), given to him in coffee in the Damascus prison. The people exclaimed at the correspondence between his name and his bane.

In May the son of an American millionaire came to Lebanon for the summer. He held a nominal political office in Egypt and brought with him a Moslem Nubian servant, who was dressed in Parisian style with a gold-headed cane and high boots. The American did not have any religion to boast of but had evidently a vein of humour in his nature. One day he asked the American consul to inform Mr. Calhoun that his valet Ali was ready to be baptized, as he had become a Christian. The consul said, "What proof have you that he is a Christian?" The millionaire replied, "Tell Mr. Calhoun that he eats pork and gets drunk, and that proves that he is not Moslem, so he must be Christian." Alas, his master also used to get drunk, but neither of them were considered fit subjects for baptism.

June 9th—There are rumours of cholera at Tiberias. No wonder! Many of the Jews of Tiberias have made a vow that they will not change their clothes until the kingdom is restored to Israel; a convenient vow for such a lazy, unwashed rabble, but bad for their neighbours in cholera times.

The ever-recurring question of a Syrian pastor for the Beirut church was most pressing at this time when the foreign missionary force was so depleted and feeble. We were constantly criticized by neighbouring missions at the north and by Board officials at home for not having a native pastor in Beirut. No one regretted our failure more than I did. As acting pastor I urged upon them their duty to have a native pastor. We tried every educated native preacher but none would accept the place. We trained men for the ministry but they were tempted away by the higher salaries paid by other missions. In a letter to Dr. Clark of the American Board, I poured out my soul as follows: "The prospect of securing a native pastor for the Beirut church is as remote as ever. I cannot see a man among the young Protestants in Syria who seems to promise anything like what is needed

in a pastor for this church. The central position of Beirut will require the presence of an American missionary for some time to come, and it is not easy to satisfy the people with a native pastor while a foreign missionary is within reach. For this reason we steadily refused to send an American missionary to Hums. At length they were brought to the necessity of calling Sulleeba, their present pastor. While Hums was in this transition state we had to do our best to prevent any other foreign missionary going there, a point which we could not forcibly carry in Beirut, should we abandon the native church in order to oblige them to get a native pastor. I would like to see the experiment made, were it not that the English or Scotch would be only too glad of an excuse for introducing an Episcopal or other foreign missionary. This is the great bane in this holy land. It is the carcase for all the missionary eagles, and it seems doubtful whether any foreign mission could settle native pastors over native churches and then pull up stakes and leave entirely, without simply opening the way for the entrance of another foreign mission. Yet our duty is not modified by this state of things. We have two native pastors and hope for more. We will preach and pray and print books as long as the Lord allows us to labour here. I believe Syria will yet be evangelized and in the simple gospel way, and true churches be formed on every side.

We feel the pressure as perhaps few missions do. Alas, how many bright hopes have been blasted on this arid Syrian soil. How many young men of whom we had hopes that they would preach the Gospel have been tempted away by commerce or by higher pay in other missions, or become dragomen to travellers, or entered purely secular business. All missionaries feel that commercial centres and European communities in foreign lands are not favourable sites for the development of native independence in any sphere. The inland stations seem to assume more readily the principle of self-support and to demand a native ministry. I served the Beirut church nearly thirty years as acting pastor.

In June, 1867, I endeavoured to persuade Rev. John Wortabet,

M. D., recently called to a medical professorship in the Beirut college, to accept the pastorship of the Beirut church, but he absolutely refused. Mr. Williams of Mardin assailed me by almost every post insisting that I leave the church to itself until it found a native pastor.[1] The church consented to raise a sum annually equivalent to a pastor's salary and continued on this basis until 1890, when, after a very plain talk by Dr. Arthur Mitchell they called Rev. Yusef Bedr to be their pastor. During that twenty years we were training native preachers but the mere mention of the Beirut church terrified them. "There was Mr. So and So," and so many high and lofty characters, each one of whom claimed to be the greatest, that young preachers refused to preach to them lest they be repressed and humiliated.

A few months ago an elderly English lady, very deaf and decrepit, took lodgings at the Bellevue Hotel in Beirut. She had come on to the Holy Land to witness the winding-up of the present dispensation. She prophesied a great earthquake in March which should destroy both London and Paris, and then Louis Napoleon would come to Beirut on a white horse leading the Jews back to the Holy Land. She laboured with some of us in the kindness of her heart and tried to persuade us to be ready

[1] When in New York, January 20, 1879, I was invited by Dr. H. Crosby to attend the New York ministers' Monday meeting at the Fourth Avenue Church, as the subject was to be, "How can foreign missions best honour the Holy Spirit by promoting the independence of the native churches and ministry?" I went and Dr. Clark called on me to explain why the Beirut church had not a native pastor. I explained, and gave a history of my agonizing efforts in this direction and how the church was contributing almost enough for the pastor's salary, and that we should throw the burden on them as soon as the right man should be found. Dr. Clark replied that there was altogether too much suppression of the native element in foreign lands. Then one of the brethren, I think Dr. W. Phraner, called out, "And I would like to ask Dr. Crosby why it is that this Fourth Avenue Church has been for years suppressing the independence of its mission chapel in —— Street, and reporting its members as of the 1,300 members of the Fourth Avenue Church and ignoring the mission chapel which ought now to be independent and self-supporting." There was loud applause at Dr. Clark's having found himself in the same box as myself.

for the coming of the Lord. We did all we could to answer her in Christian gentleness and printed some Arabic one-page tracts for her, containing Scripture texts about the certainty of death and similar themes. March came, but the earthquake did not, nor did Napoleon, nor the white horse, nor the Jews, and she paid her passage back to England in bitter disappointment.

In November, Dr. Post came to Beirut and was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss in Beit Kamad in the eastern quarter of Beirut. Here he had a severe attack of brain fever and his life was despaired of. On the night of November 11th I watched with him, and the delirium of fever was very alarming.

Dr. Post recovered, and took a trip up the Nile, where, owing to the bitterly cold desert winds at night, he had an attack of pneumonia, but was mercifully restored. His physicians and brethren now said to him, "Doctor, no man can carry two watermelons in one hand. You are carrying two professions, that of preacher and itinerant missionary, and that of surgeon and physician. You must drop the one or the other."

The claims of the college were then so pressing that he withdrew the following year from the mission and entered the service of the Syrian Protestant College. He then had one watermelon in his hand, but, none the less, he could not relinquish the other, and has done what the Arabic proverb declares impossible. He has been not only the most skillful surgeon of the Orient, but a preacher, teacher and the author of an Arabic zoölogy, concordance of the Bible, surgery, Bible dictionary, and the Flora of Syria and Palestine.

Drs. Van Dyck and Wortabet were also elected professors in the medical college by the trustees in New York, and it began under the most favourable auspices.

In the fall of 1866, our former mission printer, Mr. G. C. Hurter, brought out for Boston merchants a cargo of kerosene oil and pine lumber. He introduced kerosene oil into Syria and thus conferred an untold blessing on the people. Before that time olive oil was the only oil used in lamps and it was becoming very expensive.

The sale of the American Press to private parties was seriously urged by some members of the mission, but, providentially, it was never effected. As long as matters continue as they are in the East, it would not be wise to subject the whole matter of printing the Bible to the whims of local censors and policemen. It remains American property and will remain so for many years to come; the very stronghold of truth and the fountain for sending out tens of millions of pages of God's Word every year in the future.

In October I had correspondence with Rev. Benjamin Davies, of Regents' Park College, London, about obtaining a manuscript copy of the "Kerm Sedde Kamûs," a famous Arabic lexicon. A priest was engaged to copy it and another priest to copy the marginal notes, and the work required infinite pains in sending messengers, receiving the sheets and mailing them as they were received.

Just as I had finished the girls' school building and installed the teachers in it I began to purchase stone and lime for the new church. Mr. William A. Booth, of New York, always our staunch and wise friend, sent out an architect's plan which was adopted, and we made preparations to carry on the work. Dr. Thomson and his son-in-law, Mr. James Black, took much of the burden, and Mr. Black's labours have been commemorated in a memorial baptismal font of white marble which adorns the church.

Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph, Mr. Geo. D. Phelps, of New York, and Mr. Henry Farnum, all residing in Paris, each sent $500 towards the building of the Beirut church.

This year (1866) a Scotch lady, Miss Jessie Taylor, came to Beirut and began work among the Moslem girls and women in the Bashura quarter of the city. By loving words and acts, caring for the sick and hungry and orphaned, she gained the confidence of the public. Then she took a few needy girls into her own house as boarders and the work extended for forty years during which time she trained hundreds of girls in her home boarding-school. She was a woman of strong faith and courage and her pure, holy life exerted a powerful influence upon the community

at large. In March, 1869, she had seventy-five Mohammedan girls.

The illness of Dr. Post, the removal of Rev. Samuel Jessup from Tripoli to Sidon, and the absence of Mr. Sulleeba Jerawan, left the whole northern part of the mission field without supervision, but the good seed grew and the church in Hums continued to prosper.

The meteoric showers of November 11th and 14th were notable events in Syrian history. My old college friend, Professor Newton, of Yale, had predicted a return of the periodic meteors or Leonids of 1833 in November 11th to 14th, 1866. In order to draw the attention of the people to the subject, we published in the weekly Arabic journal a request to the public to watch during the nights of the 13th and 14th of November for a grand display of falling stars. The notice was read with wonder by some and ridicule by others. The venerable Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, the greatest modern Arabic poet, and the assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible, declared that he would not believe it until he saw it, and that it was a piece of Western assumption to claim to know the future. On the morning of Sunday, November 11th, a little after midnight, some young men saw what they described as a rain of fire, the stars seeming to have got loose, and to be running about the sky in disorder. A few minutes after a terrific thunder-storm set in; there was almost continuous thunder and lightning. On the two succeeding nights nothing was seen, as it was cloudy and rainy. I was watching in the sick-room of Dr. Post, and although I looked out every hour in the night, I could see nothing in the shape of meteors. On the morning of the 14th, at three o'clock, I was roused from a deep sleep by the voice of one of our young men calling: "The stars are all coming down." I arose immediately, called our guests, Dr. Budington and Mr. E. P. Hammond, and we spent the rest of the night on the flat roof of the house watching the wonderful display. The meteors poured down like a rain of fire. Many of them were large and vari-coloured and left behind them

a long train of fire. One immense green meteor came down over Lebanon seeming as large as the moon, and exploded with a loud noise, leaving a green pillar of light in its train. It was vain to attempt to count them and the display continued until the dawn when their light was obscured by the King of Day. The alarm was first given by a native watchman of the preparatory department of the Syrian Protestant College, who had heard of the expected display and was on the lookout. The Mohammedans gave the call to prayer from the minarets, and the common people were in terror.[1]

1867—On Monday, January 7th, the Johanniter Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Berlin was inaugurated at 2 P. M. The German addresses were made by Count Wurtens Leben and Pastor Ebel, and the Arabic address by H. H. Jessup. Thus was begun a noble charity, which has continued for these forty-one years, a blessing to thousands of natives and hundreds of foreigners. In 1871 the medical management was entrusted to the American medical professors of the Syrian Protestant College.

January 26th I wrote to Dr. Holdich of the American Bible Society, asking permission to reprint the minim edition of the Arabic New Testament, as Dr. Van Dyck was then in New York and it would be long before that small edition could be electrotyped. I also stated that Ishoc, the colporteur, had visited 200 villages and been severely beaten by a robber hired for the purpose by a Greek priest. The Protestants of Safita were persecuted almost to death by the Greek priests and feudal chiefs. A Moslem sheikh, owning two lots at each extremity of the village, sold out his land and all the land lying between to a Greek scribe in the village. Owing to bribery he got a deed of nearly every house in the village, and proceeded to eject the Protestants from the houses for which they had legal titles. For two years the persecution went on. One day the entire

[1] On November 27, 1872, there was a similar fall of Leonids which continued from sunset till past midnight. The display was brilliant in the extreme.

body, men, women, and children, were seized by armed soldiers, and shut up in a small room where damp straw was set on fire, filling the room with dense smoke so that they were almost suffocated. Then, at midnight, they were driven out in a driving storm to sleep among the volcanic rocks on the mountainside. Through the interposition of the British Consul-General Eldridge, Kamil Pasha of Beirut sent stringent orders which gave the brethren peace for the time being. The Syrian ecclesiastics, with rare exceptions, have been bitter enemies of the Gospel; using stripes, imprisonment, torture, and cruel oppression without compunction. But the Gospel has moved steadily on, and now in that district between Tripoli and Hums are prosperous churches, among the largest in Syria.

Revival Incidents

My first Arabic teacher in Tripoli in 1856 was Yusef Dîab, who had sixteen years before been Mr. Calhoun's teacher in Bhamdoun. He knew no grammar, but was a voluble talker and story-teller, and helped me greatly in enlarging my vocabulary. But I soon had need of a grammatical teacher and found one, Elias Saadeh, among the crowd of young men who used to throng our houses on feast days and Sundays. He had studied Arabic grammar and logic with the learned Moslem sheikh, Owad, and regarded himself as a champion among the Greeks. He was a special favourite with the Greek bishop who saw in him a hopeful candidate for the priesthood. He respected our civilization and could not conceal his wonder at our libraries, but regarded our religion as little better than Islam. He often said to the Greeks, "Far better turn Moslem than Protestant; these Protestants have no priests, nor sacrifice, nor saints, nor Virgin Mary. They are heretics."

He consented to teach for the sake of the money. Month by month he taught us. We read the Arabic Testament with him from beginning to end. He attended our family prayers and listened with respect, yet with no more apparent feeling than a stone. He was a fine penman and when I commenced writing

Arabic sermons he copied them all out in a clear, legible hand and I read them in the pulpit; but after writing a dozen sermons, I began to preach untrammelled by manuscript, using only brief notes in Arabic and English.

Elias continued to teach Mr. Lyons and myself until 1860, the dreadful massacre year, when I removed to Beirut. Up to that time he seemed unimpressed and unimpressible on the subject of personal religion. He had given up saint worship and picture worship as beneath the dignity of an enlightened man, and seeing that they were essential parts of the Greek Orthodoxy, he gave up all religion and became an open scoffing infidel. Among the young men of Tripoli he taught that Christ was an impostor, and the Bible a lie. He had stifled the promptings of conscience and seemed given over to hardness of heart. He then taught a grammar school for the Greeks in a village near Tripoli, and when Rev. Samuel Jessup and Dr. George E. Post began work in Tripoli in 1863–64, he taught them Arabic and continued through the cholera season of 1865. Previous to this he had spent some time in Hums where he became acquainted with Asaad, and Miriam, his sister, who were apparently the only fruit thus far of the faithful labours of Rev. D. M. Wilson and wife for five years. Asaad and Miriam were persecuted, and she was dragged through the streets by the hair of her head because she would not worship the pictures (the ikons) of the Greek Church. Elias married her and in 1866 removed to Beirut and taught a boys' day-school for us. He was still proud and conceited, quoting Arabic poetry, and displaying his knowledge of grammar and logic among the young men, but utterly without feeling on the subject of religion. We had prayed with him and for him and all seemingly to no effect. The missionaries in Tripoli regarded him as intellectually a Protestant, but in fact an infidel. Miriam taught their little son Hanna to pray, but Elias would not allow it to be done in his presence. He used the New Testament in the school, but had no appreciation of its spirit and its saving truths. He was always at church on Sunday and sat with the college students because he thought it respect-

able to be among students, but he seemed hardened in heart and I began to doubt whether we had done right in bringing him to Beirut to teach. But I continued to pray for him without ceasing.

On Monday P. M., November 12, 1866, Elias Saadeh called at my house, knocked at the door, came into my room and sat down on the divan (mukod) by the door in silence, his face buried in his hands. At length I said to him, "What is the matter, Elias?" He looked up and said, "I know that you are my friend. I am in trouble, great trouble, and I don't know what to do. I have never felt so before in my life. What is the matter I cannot tell. I went to church yesterday afternoon and when I came out my hair stood on end and I trembled from head to foot. As I passed through the gate it seemed as if the ground were opening beneath my feet and I could feel the fires of hell. Just then a voice came from above saying, 'You are a lost man! you are a lost man!' And then, as I went on towards my house I could see those Arabic sermons which I copied for you and Mr. Lyons ten years ago, written as with a pen of fire on the sky. I shut my eyes but there they were. When I reached home I could hear nothing else, see nothing else. I could eat no supper. Miriam said to me, 'What is the matter, Elias?' I replied, 'Nothing, only I do not feel very well.' At bedtime I took little Hanna to put him to bed and he looked up in my face and said, 'Ya abi laish ma b'tsully mithel Imme kobl en noum?' 'Father, why don't you pray with me as mother does before sleeping?' It seemed as if God had raised up my little child to rebuke me and remind me of my sin. And so it was all night long. I could not sleep; that voice was ringing in my ears, 'You are a lost man.' This morning I went to school, but I could near nothing and see nothing, and so it has been all day and if it keeps on much longer I shall lose my reason. Sir, what shall I do? I have never felt so before in my life. What does it mean?" All this time he sat trembling and spoke with a faltering voice. I said to him, "Elias, you do not know how glad I am to hear these words from you. You do not know



HOUSE AND YARD OF LEBANON PEASANT

A woman is stuffing the fatted sheep with mulberry leaves.



how many prayers have been offered for you during the last ten years, and now you ought to fall down and thank God that He has sent His Holy Spirit to show you your sins. You will never see the sweetness of Christ until you first feel the bitterness of sin. I hope you will feel your sins even more than you have and cast yourself upon Christ for mercy. Elias, have you prayed?" "Prayed?" said he. "A man like me pray to Christ when I have so grossly insulted Him? When I have called Him an impostor and His word a lie? Never." I then said, "Would you like to have me pray?" "Yes," said he, "if you think it will do any good." We knelt in prayer, but I could hardly control my feelings so as to speak audibly. When we arose he bade me "good-evening" and left the room.

I saw him no more until the next afternoon at four o'clock, when he came in again, his face beaming with a light almost unnatural. I never saw a human countenance so changed. Every feature seemed softened and luminous. He almost sprang towards me and seizing my hand with a grasp which I can never forget, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Was there ever such love? Last night I took up the Testament to see if I could find anything to relieve my despair when the first passage I saw was this in the first epistle of John, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Why, sir, if that word 'all' had not been there I should have had no hope. But there it was, 'all sin.' That meant mine too. The words seemed to glow with light. They stood out on the page. I looked and wept. 'Can it be,' I said, 'can it be that Jesus whom I have reviled will cleanse my sin? Is He so merciful as that?' And then I looked up and said, 'Oh, Thou blessed Jesus Christ, if Thou wilt accept of me, Thy blood can cleanse my sin. Then I am Thine forever.' Oh, sir, it seems to me as if heaven had begun on earth. I called Miriam and told her, and we wept and prayed together. It seemed so natural to pray then. I could not help it. Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Is it not wonderful that He has spared me until now? Why did He not cut me off ten years ago in my sins? Why did He not smite me when I was

reviling His name? What shall I do? What can I do? There are young men in Tripoli whom I taught that the Bible is a lie and some of them are dead now. Oh, that I could call them back and tell them of the Saviour's love. Do you not think that I had better go at once to Tripoli by the first steamer and speak to those young men? Oh, if I could but be the means of saving one soul I should be perfectly happy." I said to him, "Elias, would you like to pray now?" "Yes, indeed," said he, and he prayed such a prayer as I had not heard for many months. We spent that hour in prayer and praise. Now and then he would burst out in some new expression of wondering love. Said he, "When I read the Bible now the name of Jesus seems so new and so sweet that I can hardly contain myself." I asked him if he had never seen that verse in 1 John 1:7 before, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He said, "I copied a sermon on that text, but I did not know its meaning then, but now I do."

I saw that he needed something to do now for Christ, and as he could not well leave for Tripoli I urged him to labour for some of the young men in Beirut whom he knew. Said he, "I know a few and I will try to do them good."

On Wednesday afternoon he came in again bringing with him another young man, Beshara Haddad. I had known him for years. He was the first Protestant child baptized in Syria, and his aged father, a saintly man, was one of the first who came out on the Lord's side long years ago and went through the fires of persecution which raged so violently in the days of Jonas King, Isaac Bird, and the martyr Asaad es Shidiak from 1826 to 1830. The good old man died a few years previous, mourning that his first-born Beshara had not yet found the Saviour. Beshara had been trained under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih Seminary and was now teaching in the preparatory department of the Syrian Protestant College.

After a few words of salutation I turned and said, "Beshara, what brought you here to-day?" He said, "I think God brought me here. I had long known the truth, but I had hardened my

heart and at length came to the conclusion that I had committed the unpardonable sin. But a few Sabbaths ago I heard you preach on that subject, and you said that if any one had a desire to be free from sin it was a proof that he had not committed the unpardonable sin. Well, I thought I did desire to be free from sin, and I thought it over more and more, and last Sabbath I determined that this week I would begin to think of my soul's salvation. Yesterday I decided to give up the hour after eight in the evening to this subject, as my school duties would be over and I could be alone. So I went to my room at eight o'clock and shut the door. Very soon there was a knock. I hesitated, then opened the door. In came Mr. Elias Saadeh. My heart sank within me. I thought, 'Why has he come to take my time? He is the last man in Beirut I would wish just now to see. He has come to jest about religious things and all my good resolutions will be lost.' But to my surprise Elias stepped up to me and seized my hand and said with a trembling voice, 'Beshara, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I could not guess what he meant, and thought he was quoting Scripture to ridicule it; but he held my hand tight in his and said again, 'Beshara, it *is* so, and it has cleansed me and I have come to tell you about it.' If the very stones in the floor had cried out I could not have been more astonished. I fell on his neck and wept. We wept together; we prayed together. I believe that God sent him there at that very hour to bring me to Christ. The Saviour Himself seemed to be present. Oh, sir, such an hour I have never known! Well, after we had prayed a while I told Elias, 'There is Ibrahim Nasif Aatiyeh in the next room; let us call him in and see if he too does not want a Saviour.' So we called him and prayed with him and to-day he thinks he has found the Saviour, and he will be here very soon."

I listened to Beshara's words with the most intense interest, the tears flowing unbidden and unrestrained. Soon Ibrahim came in and we spent an hour such as I had never spent before in Syria. The Saviour Himself seemed to be with us.

The young brethren wanted something to do and they found it. The city was divided into districts, and they went around two and two holding evening meetings, praying and singing, and reading the Scriptures in families where the voice of prayer and praise had not been heard before. The prayer-meetings of the brethren of the church were more numerously attended and ere long eleven young persons stood up in the great congregation and professed their faith in Christ.

When the church session were assembled to examine candidates for admission to the church, there came among them a rough, rustic youth about sixteen years of age, an entire stranger to us all. Deacon Fuaz proposed that he be informed of the nature of the meeting and be asked to retire, but we decided at length to allow him to stay and listen, hoping that he might receive some benefit. Late in the evening, when the examination was concluded and we were about to close with prayer, I turned to the young man and said to him, "What is your name?" "Hanna Bedr." "Where are you from?" "From Shweir, Mount Lebanon." "What are you doing in Beirut?" "Working in the stone quarries." "Why did you come here to-night?" "I came because you gave notice in the church that all who wished to confess Christ before men should come here to-night and I wish to confess Christ, so I came." "Well, Hanna, when did you first learn about Christ?" "Not long ago. You see my brother Yusef is in the Abeih Seminary and when I was in the mountains last summer he came home for a vacation, and said to me, 'Hanna, it will never do for you to live on in this way. You must trust in Christ and follow Him or you will be lost forever. You must read the Gospel and there you will find it all plain.' I told him I could not read. Then he said he would teach me, and he taught me the alphabet and I began, and when I returned to the quarries I began to read at noon and at night and I found it all just as Yusef said. Then I came to the mission church and heard the preaching and it was all the same, all about Christ, and I knew it was true. One day as I was reading I found these words, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' That, I

thought, is the Saviour for me. So I said to Him, 'Jesus, if you will give me rest, then I will be yours.'"

Said I to him, "Do not the quarrymen persecute you?" "Yes," said he, "they stone me and curse me." "Do you then curse them again?" "How can I? I only wish they knew what I know; they know no better."

"Well, Hanna, do you ever pray?"

"Yes, sometimes I say, 'Our Father,' and then I pray a little prayer of my own. I say, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I'm poor Hanna Bedr. I don't know much. I am a sinner. You said, "Come unto Me," and so I come to you. Amen.' Is that right?"

"Yes," said I, "Hanna, that is right. But what do you mean by confessing Christ?"

"Why, I mean that if the Lord has done so much for me, I am not ashamed to tell the world of it."

The old deacon turned to me and said, "This poor, rough boy whom we were going to turn away has passed as satisfactory an examination as any one to-night."

Elias soon after left for Tripoli and laboured in the villages and city, teaching the missionaries, proclaiming the Saviour whom he once despised and preaching the faith which he once destroyed. He became the Arabic teacher of nine successive missionaries in Tripoli. His son Najib, after receiving his theological diploma in June, 1888, preached with great acceptance until his untimely death in February, 1893. Several years later, Elias with his wife joined his children, who were in business in New York and he was chosen pastor of the Syrian Evangelical Congregation there, and won all hearts, not only by his polished Arabic sermons, but by his godly exemplary life. One Sunday in November, 1902, when on his way from Brooklyn to New York to preach, he dropped dead in the street, and went to see his glorified Redeemer. He had the sermon he was to preach in his pocket, from the text Job 4: 5: "But it is come upon thee and thou faintest; it toucheth thee and thou art troubled." It was a remarkable providence that Rev. Geo. E. Post landed in New York the very day of the funeral and made the funeral address in Arabic to a large

assembly of Syrians in the Old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue.

Beshara soon after went to Latakia to labour with the Reformed Presbyterian Mission for the pagan Nusairiyeh and laboured faithfully for many years. He died December 21, 1873.

Mr. Beshara el Haddad, eldest son of Tannoos el Haddad, a name memorable in the early annals of the Syrian Mission, died recently a triumphant Christian death, glorying in the Cross of Christ. He was educated in the Abeih Seminary, and when a boy, although not of brilliant intellectual abilities, was of an amiable and upright disposition. In 1866 he was engaged in teaching in Mr. Bistany's high school, which was then the preparatory school for the Syrian Protestant College, in Beirut. In November the Spirit of God visited us and a number of young men were converted, among them Moallim Beshara. His conviction of sin was deep and thorough and he was driven to the very verge of despair, almost believing that he had committed the unpardonable sin. At length light dawned upon his mind and he took a decided stand as a Christian, and has now for five years been teaching in the mission high school in Latakia, having for his pupils youth from the pagan Nusairiyeh. Two months since he came to Beirut suffering from a cancerous affection, and on Sunday, December 21st, entered into his rest. He said, a few hours before his death, " Jesus is my Friend. I know He is my Saviour." He called his widowed mother, his wife, and his two sons, Rashîd and Tannoos, and his sister Sara, and laying his hands on the heads of the little boys, bade them all a loving farewell, rejoicing that he would so soon be with Christ his Saviour. He was peculiarly grateful to those who had been the means of his conversion, and one day he exclaimed, " Welcome, dear brother, you led me to Christ, you led me to Christ."

Ibrahim Aatiyeh is still living, having been a successful teacher and faithful evangelist under the charge of the British Syrian Mission among the pastoral Arabs of the coast, and among the soldiers and gendarmes of the Lebanon government.

Hanna Bedr, after serving as a volunteer in the Lebanon in-

fantry, resigned and went to Abeih to study to fit himself to preach to the Bedawin Arabs; but in the summer of 1871 was prostrated with quick consumption and after a religious experience which made his sick-room luminous and attractive, he passed away in triumph to meet his Lord and Saviour.

Prof. E. D. Cope of Philadelphia wrote asking me to send him a barrel of snakes and fish in alcohol. I hired a deaf and dumb Druse named Hassan, a snake charmer, to bring me snakes. One day on returning home I saw him standing in the court with a leather bag full of snakes. In order to exhibit his goods he loosened the string and let the whole squirming mass out upon the floor. I made good my escape up-stairs, shutting the door behind me, and motioning to him to gather them up. Looking down from the flat roof I saw him seize the last one, and when I went down he emptied them into the cask of spirits. His sign language and mimicry in describing how he caught these snakes were extremely amusing. I was relieved when the cask was full, headed up and shipped to Professor Cope. The entire cost of snakes, alcohol, small animals, and barrel was twenty dollars.

On the 21st of March we had a visit from what seemed an apparition. I had read when a boy of General Jackson's administration and of his postmaster-general, as though characters of ancient history. When Amos Kendall was announced, I thought it must be his grandson, but it was the veritable venerable Amos with his son-in-law, Mr. Stickney, his wife, and son. It seemed as if Andrew Jackson had risen from the dead and was visiting this ancient land of shadows. It was interesting to see a man of seventy-eight years, General Jackson's old postmaster-general, riding on a Syrian horse through the Holy Land with no more fatigue than his grandson. He has climbed Vesuvius, the dome of St. Peter's, and in Beirut declined the offer of a cane as it was an incumbrance. He was a devout man, a Baptist. He showed the greatest interest in the girls' school and the college with its sixteen freshmen and eighty preparatory students.

Another of what seemed to be periodical panics among the Christians of Damascus broke out early in March. The pasha, in order to raise funds to help the suffering Moslems of Crete, whose villages had been plundered by the Greeks and many of them killed, issued an inflammatory placard asking for help; calling on the Moslems "to remember the blood of their martyred brethren who had been killed by those beasts, the Greeks," etc. The Damascus Moslems were greatly excited and began to threaten the Christians who fled by hundreds to the mountains and Beirut, fearing a repetition of the massacre of 1860. The consuls remonstrated with the pasha, who saw his error, and ordered all the placards to be removed and soldiers to be stationed in the Christian quarter, but it was a long time before confidence could be restored. We say, "A burnt child dreads the fire." The Arab proverb has it, "One bitten by a snake is frightened by the shaking of a rope."

There is something about the fanaticism of a Moslem rabble which is akin to frenzy. The elderly and graver Moslem sheikhs dread an uprising as it will bring disaster upon themselves and their property, but they are equally intolerant with the lowest class and to all of them, all non-Moslems are infidels and enemies.

A beautiful incident occurred recently in Northern Syria. A few weeks since, the colporteur, Ishoc, of the American Bible Society, visited a dark Maronite village where he had heard there was a man who had a Testament. On knocking at the door he was met by a man over sixty years of age, with only one eye and wearing glasses. He had a Testament in his hand, and when Ishoc told him he was a brother in the Gospel, who was going about to preach and sell Scriptures, he burst into tears, embraced him, and wept aloud. He had never before seen a missionary, nor had he seen the Old Testament, and his joy was intense. He called in his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him, and an old man of ninety blessed God he had seen the whole Bible before he died. Some twelve men in that village have become enlightened through that one Testament, without

ever seeing a missionary. They are now undergoing severe persecution, and some of them have been driven from their homes by the violence of the papal priests.

An extraordinary document reached Beirut April 3d, addressed to the United States consul, from fifty-three Persians in Bagdad, petitioning the United States Congress for the release of their leader, Beha Allah, the Babite Persian reformer, who appeared in 1843, and was followed by thousands, 30,000 of whom were killed by the Shah of Persia. He was arrested in Bagdad by the Turkish government, and is now (1867) in prison in Adrianople, European Turkey. His particular doctrine is "the universal brotherhood of man." The petitioners claim that they number 40,000. A German traveller writes from Bagdad enclosing the petition and speaks admiringly of the reformer, and asks for his release on the ground of religious liberty which is now granted by the Sultan to all his subjects. One of the documents appended to the petition is signed with a Free Masonic Seal.

Ishoc Shemmaa, the colporteur of the American Bible Society, was reading the Bible in the public square of Beirut when a great crowd of some 200 people assembled to listen. Some street boys began to shout and make a disturbance and Ishoc rose to leave, the crowd following. Kamil Pasha, governor of the city, was standing near by in a shop door and called to Ishoc, and asked him what he was doing to create such a crowd. Ishoc, holding up a Bible, said, "Your Excellency, I am selling God's Word and the people wished to hear it read; this is the cause of the crowd, and some have made a disturbance." The pasha said, "It is a good book," and sent his guard to disperse the disturbers of the peace.[1]

This pasha afterwards became grand vizier, and held the office

[1] This was our first knowledge of the "Bab." In June, 1901, I published in the *Outlook* an account of these Babites, and my interview at Haifa, with Abbas Effendi, son of Beha Allah, and present head of the Babites. His doctrines are a mixture of Sufism, Islam, and Christianity. His followers believe him to be a divine incarnation.

for twelve years, and is now in his old age Waly of Smyrna. He was a level-headed, liberal man, and loved to see fair play, and hated the persecuting spirit of the Oriental church ecclesiastics. He once said to me when I remarked that all hoped he would one day become grand vizier (prime minister), "I have no ambition that way. That is the summit, and beyond that there is only descent." (1909—He was made grand vizier under the new constitutional government.)

In May I received a visit from one of the most saintly women I have ever known, Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester, Mass., and with her were two young men, choice spirits, Edward G. Porter, and Isaac N. Cochran. Mrs. Baker was my guest together with Dr. and Mrs. Post, and the young men were at the hotel. Mrs. Baker insisted upon my going as her guest to Damascus, Baalbec, and the Barûk Cedars, and I was afterwards her guest in Paris and Dorchester. She became the steadfast friend of our girls' boarding-school and the mission. She paid the whole support of Miss Eliza D. Everett, the first American teacher in the Beirut school, for two years, until the school was taken up by the Woman's Board of the Presbyterian Church.

What made her friendship especially charming to me was the fact that she was the warm friend of my two very dear college classmates, Dr. Theodore T. Munger and Dr. James G. Vose. Dr. Munger in his early ministry was called to the Dorchester church, and Mrs. Baker invited him to spend Sunday with her. He accepted and remained with her for seven years, reminding one of Dr. Watts who lived with Sir Thomas Abney for thirty-six years.

On my way to America in November, 1867, she introduced me to Dr. Jonas King of Athens, and the French Protestant pastors, as I have elsewhere narrated.

On June 5th the corner-stone of the new Beirut church was laid, with religious services. Mrs. W. M. Thomson laid the corner-stone. The northeast corner had been left open to receive it as more than half the walls were built. In the corner-stone were placed an Arabic Bible, the constitution of the native

church, list of American missionaries from the beginning, list of the Anglo-American Congregation, Arabic journals of Beirut, Constantinople, Damascus, and B'teddin, list of publications of the American Press, and a list of Protestant institutions in Beirut in 1867. The church was dedicated March 28, 1869, after my return from America. Before sailing from America for Syria in October, 1868, with my family, I had shipped a fine bell, the gift of the Scranton people, and a $1,200 tower clock, given by the Madison Square Church in New York. But the building funds were exhausted when the tower was but half finished, and neither clock nor bell could be set up. The citizens of Beirut, Moslems, Christians, and Jews, were so anxious to see and hear a clock whose striking could be heard throughout the city, that a local subscription was raised, through the influence of James Black, Esq., and the tower was completed. Thus the Mohammedans who abominate bells, and the Jews who dislike Christian churches, contributed to the erection of a Christian bell-tower. And when the clock was finally in place and began to strike the hours, crowds of people gathered in the streets to hear the marvellous sound.

Since then, five different tower clocks have been set up in Beirut, one of them near our church at the Turkish barracks, and others at the Syrian Protestant College, the railroad station, the Jesuit College, and the French Hospital. Thus in this, as in many other matters, the Americans set the pace and others followed their example.

The funds have been contributed thus far by the American Board of Missions, the Kirk of Scotland, friends in England and America, the Native Evangelical Church, and the Anglo-American Congregation, representing at least seven different denominations, thus presenting a united and harmonious front to the many enemies of the gospel faith in Syria and proving that Christian union in worship and service is possible. Upon the advent of the ritualistic Bishop Blyth of Jerusalem, however, most of the Church of England people withdrew, and set up a schismatic chapel of their own. I use the word "schismatic," as

it is a word the "Anglicans" love to apply to all outside their own sect.[1]

At this time, Mr. Calhoun, in addition to his school duties in Abeih, was teaching a theological class of five young men, four of whom were M. Yusef Bedr, M. Yusef Aatiyeh, M. Yusef Shaheen, and M. Abdullah Rasi.

H. E. Daûd Pasha, at the last Easter, was called upon by the magistrates of the town of Deir el Komr including the Catholic bishops and priests. In reply to their congratulations he said that he had one criticism to make upon them as the spiritual guides of the people. "And what is that?" they exclaimed. "It is that all the shops of your parishioners are kept open on Sunday and business goes on as usual, greatly to the detriment of the people." The priests replied, "Your Excellency, this greatly grieves us, but really we have not the power to stop this evil. The people will not obey us." "Then," said the pasha, "I will help you, and next Sunday any man who opens his shop will be imprisoned." The order was issued, and, after a few arrests, the nuisance was abated, and this notorious stronghold of papal intolerance had externally a well-kept Sunday every week.

At this time, the Sultan Abdul Azîz went to the Paris Exposition taking gifts to the Empress Eugenie to the value of $300,000. As an offset, new taxes, grievous to be borne, are being levied on the people of the empire.

Rev. Samuel S. Mitchell and wife arrived in Beirut in June, as recruits for our missionary force. His wife (Lucy Wright) was born in Persia, daughter of a missionary, and they both gave promise of a life of usefulness, but feeble health soon compelled their withdrawal. Mrs. Mitchell afterwards studied the "History of Art," lectured in Florence and Berlin, and published a book (Dodd

[1] When I was visiting Canon Tristram in December, 1864, he preached in Hartlepool one evening and took me with him. Passing along the street, he pointed to a plain building, saying, "That is Schism corner," referring to the Methodist chapel. Years afterwards we were walking together in Beirut, and as we neared the Church of England chapel, I said to him, "That is Schism corner!" He saw the point and enjoyed having the tables turned upon him.

& Mead, New York) which has become a standard work on art. Mr. Mitchell attained some celebrity as a landscape painter.

On June 22d the annual examination of the girls' school was held. Seventy-five girls were examined in three languages for four days, and no such examination had ever before been held in Syria. Khuri Jebara, a Greek priest who was present, delivered a very excellent Arabic address highly eulogistic of the American missionaries and their work in Syria. Such an address had never before been heard in Syria. He publicly thanked the missionaries for the Arabic Bible and other good books and for their schools and seminaries. This same priest purchased sixty copies of Edwards' "History of Redemption" in Arabic and gave them to his people.

In August I bought a snow-white mare of a native friend by recommendation from my reliable friend, Dr. Daniel Bliss. It was a beautiful creature with a pedigree, and I bought it "unsight unseen," as it was in Lebanon in Abeih, and I was in Beirut. The owner, hearing that I was in Aleih, at Dr. Post's house, sent the mare over there. Mrs. Post was at a loss what to do with such a fiery creature. A young missionary who was her guest finally consented to ride her to Beirut, although he had no experience in riding. She went quietly enough the mile to the Damascus carriage road, but there, alas, she saw a white canvas-topped cart for the first time in her life, and then another, and the noisy train came rattling and thundering along, until she was beside herself, and she sprang forward over the broad macadamized road Beirut-wards. Her rider, paralyzed with fright, dropped the reins and seized the saddle pommel with both hands. The mare flew ahead on a dead run, past the sixteenth kilometer stone, then the fifteenth and on to the fifth and fourth, but just at the second near the Beirut pine grove, a blockade of camels stopped her. The rider slipped off and let her go, and she went on arching her neck and snuffing at her first glimpse of a Syrian city.

He walked on, lame, bruised, and demoralized. About 3 P. M. I heard a knock at my door. There stood Mr. ———. He

called out in a faint voice, "Has the mare got here?" "What mare?" I replied. "Why, your new white mare." He then told the story, and I found that if he had not broken his neck he had broken all records of Syrian horse-racing. I then told him I had never seen the mare and that she had never been in Beirut and how should she know my house? I called Assaf, my trusty servant, and sent him at once to the public "Place de Canon" or "Burj" where the Damascus Road enters the city. In half an hour he brought her drenched and heated to her new home. But she was too aristocratic for me. She danced and pranced, with curved neck and flying mane and wanted to gallop through the streets. It exhausted my strength to hold her in, and at length I sold her to Consul Lorenzo Johnson whom she threw over her head three times on the sand-dunes and as this did not comport with consular dignity he sold her to a Lebanon sheikh.

In a letter to the eccentric but sensible Mr. Williams, of Mardin, I alluded to interference with our schools by other societies, who virtually bribed the children to go to their schools,—and said, "I am not willing to surrender to ——— the fruits of the American Mission's thirty years' toil. My rule is never to fight but if you are forced to fight, fight it out on a straight line. The Arabs say, 'The camel never falls down but when he does fall he never gets up again.' The Syrians are an independent race, but they have been demoralized by having too much done for them and some of them see it and feel it. We must now try to remoralize them. They cannot manage to support first-class institutions as yet, but everything else they ought to support."

In August, 1867, Dr. Thomson returned from England much improved in health. On September 30th, Dr. Post and family sailed for America, and on his arrival he resigned his connection with the American Board, having been appointed Professor of Surgery in the Syrian Protestant College.

On October 20th Dr. Van Dyck and family arrived from the United States. He brought with him duplicate electrotype plates of the vowelled Bible. Mr. Samuel Hallock came with him as electrotyper and mechanical superintendent of the press.

In November, Rev. Isaac N. Lowry and wife arrived from America and were stationed with Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell in Tripoli. As Mr. Mitchell left the mission in the summer of 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jessup were again transferred from Sidon to Tripoli.

The excursion steamship *Quaker City*, Captain Duncan, arrived with Mr. Moses S. Beach and "Mark Twain" on board, on September 10th. I had engaged for a party of them a dragoman for Baalbec and Damascus, and went on board. By order of the mission I presented to each one a gilt copy of the Arabic New Testament. Thirty of them visited the girls' school and Dr. Beach gave two hundred dollars for the school and the new church.

Owing to the return of Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck, and the fact that Dr. Wortabet was also to be in Beirut, the brethren of the mission and the secretaries of the American Board in Boston insisted on my going this fall to America, as I was nervously broken down, and a sufferer from acute insomnia. I was the more willing to go as my absence would facilitate the securing of a native pastor for the Beirut church. Yet the ties which bound me to the Syrian people old and young were not easily broken and I dreaded the parting scenes. I handed over all the lines and threads of work to Dr. Thomson.

Miss Rufka Gregory, the Syrian lady who taught in the Beirut Syrian Girls' School for five years, and who was the ablest Syrian teacher of modern times, was quite broken in health in July, 1867, and we gave her a six months' furlough to visit friends in Egypt. While there she made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Muir, of Melbourne, Australia, married him and went to Melbourne to live, where, after his early death, she conducted a successful school for girls for many years.

With her departure it became necessary to secure an American teacher. I count it one of the providential reasons of my being sent to America in October, 1867, that I was able to find Miss Eliza D. Everett, the accomplished and consecrated lady who came to Beirut with me in October, 1868, and laboured in

Syria for twenty-five years in the Beirut Female Seminary with remarkable acceptance and success.

I sailed from Beirut October 22d, and arrived in Paris November 5th. In Paris I found my friends, Mr. Frederic Marquand and Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Baker insisted on my being her guest in the Rue St. Arnaud, and Rev. Edward Porter obtained a permit and took me to see the Paris Exposition which had been closed to the public for six days. We spent five hours there and I saw the missionary exhibit and a set of the Arabic books of our Beirut Press. Returning we called on Dr. Jonas King and Mrs. King of Athens. He returned the call and brought me an invitation from Count Laborde to speak at the missionary reception to be given the next day by the Paris Evangelical Society to Dr. King whom they sent as their missionary to Syria in October, 1822. That night I was very ill but recovered so as to attend the meeting at the Salle Evangelique at 4 P. M. M. Grandpierre presided. Dr. King spoke in French of his life in Syria and Greece I spoke of the present state of the work in Syria and Pastor Fische interpreted. Among those present were Pressensé, De Casalis and Monod.

Taking the midnight train to Brest, I embarked November 9th on the *St. Laurent*. The ship was crowded. We had two hundred and sixty in the second class in the bows of the ship. The voyage was terrific and the ship rolled violently, but I was perfectly well and clear headed every hour of the passage.

I found congenial company in Rev. Dr. Washburn of Calvary Church and the Hon. David Dudley Field.

Mr. Stuart Dodge met me on landing November 20th, and I spent the night at his father's house, and the next day with joyful anticipation took the train for Montrose. Mr. Dodge and Stuart took me to the ferry. At Scranton two sisters and others met me. At 8 P. M. I entered the dear old home. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews and my dear child Anna greeted me and we sat around the open fireplace until a late hour, recounting the mercies of the past, and closed with family prayers. On November 25th brother Hunt-

ting brought my son William, then five years old, from Branchport.

We had a happy Thanksgiving November 28th, and twenty-six of the family sat at one long table at the dinner. We wrote a union family letter to brother Samuel in Syria, and after dinner we spent an hour in family singing.

On my arrival Mr. Treat of the American Board wrote me enjoining my taking complete rest.

What Mr. Treat meant by "rest" appears from his telegram six days later, instructing me to go to Yale College for December 8th. I went, and was the guest of that beloved man of God, President Woolsey. The weather was severe, mercury ten degrees below zero with a cutting northwest wind.

On Sunday I spoke in Yale Chapel and in Dr. Eustis' Church. On Monday I spoke to the theological students and met Charles Smith, son of Dr. Eli Smith, whom I brought from Syria to America in 1857. That evening I spoke to the Hartford theological students. The next day I went to Boston in a beautiful snow-storm and was the guest of Mr. Charles Stoddard and the next day visited the missionary house. I also visited my classmate Munger at Haverhill and my sick colleague Mr. J. L. Lyons at South Berwick. On December 17th I met the Prudential Committee of the American Board and after full consideration they agreed to appoint a teacher for the Beirut Girls' School in case her support could be secured. This was pledged by Mrs. Baker and resulted months later in the selection of Miss Everett. I also met President Mark Hopkins of Williams College, president of the Board, a man of giant intellect and heart aflame with love for Christ and His kingdom.

The next day I visited South Hadley to inquire about a possible candidate for the Beirut school, but failed to find one with the requisite qualifications who was willing to go.

December 20th I went with Dr. Clark to Andover Theological Seminary and thence to Cambridgeport as the guest of my college friend, the brilliant Rev. Kinsley Twining. Sunday was a most unpropitious day, a foot of snow and water making the

streets well-nigh impassable, but at the Shepherd Church in the evening the Harvard students came out in crowds. Dr. Peabody of Harvard presided, prayer was offered by Dr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Treat and I both spoke. Dr. Peabody offered the closing prayer full of evangelical missionary aspiration and inspiration and closed "in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." I thanked God for such a missionary meeting in old Harvard. It was one of the surprises of my life to find Dr. Peabody so cordially interested in the foreign missionary work.

On Monday, December 23d, I went to New York and in crossing the Connecticut River the ferry-boat stuck in the mud at low tide for three hours. In New York I was the guest of Prof. Alfred C. Post and found there our Dr. Post and his brother-in-law, Rev. Arthur Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell went with me to the ferry next morning and told me that there was a Mr. Dennis in Newark who ought to go to Syria.

1868—In January I went to Newark and had full conversation with Mr. James S. Dennis and he virtually decided to go to Syria. I met old friends and spoke twice in the Sunday-school of the First Church and in Dr. Poor's church. In New York I addressed the Union Seminary students and had private conversation with individuals in Gardner's room.

After various visits I accepted the invitation of my seminary friend, Rev. J. B. Bonar of the American Presbyterian Church and went to Montreal January 22d, where I was the guest of Mr. P. D. Browne. I remained five days, spoke six times, once to a union children's meeting, then to the French Canadian Missionary Society and in the church.

Returning to New York via Springfield I found on the train at Springfield President Woolsey and a New England pastor and we had two hours of delightful conversation. At length the pastor, a well-known person, said to me, "Jessup, you must come to my church. We have ——— there, a former missionary and he has done much harm to the cause by his folly. If you or



1. Rev. George E. Post. 2. Rev. J. S. Dennis, 1868. 3. Rev. Samuel Jessup, 1862. 4. Rev. William M. Thomson. 5. Rev. and Mrs. George C. Hurter, 1862. 6. Mrs. Samuel Jessup, 1862.



some other decent man does not come to us soon it is all up with foreign missions in ———."

Then followed visits to Branchport and Penn Yan, Prattsburg and Susquehanna and then to Rochester on invitation of District Secretary Rev. Chas. P. Bush, who was the means of my hearing of Miss Everett. I spoke in Rochester nine times to old and young, and on Tuesday, March 3d, went to Clinton as the guest of Mrs. Dr. Gallup of Houghton Seminary. The snow was drifted over the fences, and the driver of the sleigh from New Hartford to Clinton dumped me at eight o'clock on a dark night in a snow-drift before a girls' seminary, and drove off. I waded through the drifts to the door and was told that this was the "Liberal Institute" and the "Houghton" was some distance up the street. So I trudged through the deep drifts dragging my heavy satchel behind me and finally reached the door of the "Houghton." Mrs. Gallup gave me a cordial welcome and after hearing the object of my visit, brought in Miss Everett and I explained at length the situation in the Beirut Girls' School, giving them all the facts and documents in my possession. Miss Everett received the proposition favourably, but could not give a definite answer until after consulting her parents in Painesville, Ohio. Her acceptance of the position put new life into the school, and her long connection with it was a blessing to the daughters of Syria.

The next day I called on the pastor, Rev. Albert Erdman, and saw Mrs. Erdman and the children, little thinking that one day his son Paul would marry my daughter Amy. I addressed the Hamilton College students and the church in the evening, although the day was bitterly cold and blustering. In Utica I called on Ellis H. Roberts, a Yale friend, a prominent editor and afterwards controller of the United States Treasury. We recalled the day when he a junior in 1849 stood up in the college chapel and professed his faith in Christ.

In New York I met the Beirut College trustees, Messrs Booth, W. E. Dodge, Hoadley, Kingman, and A. C. Post. Dr. Geo. Post and I were present and plans were made for a public meeting in

behalf of the college. News had just come of the falling of a stone arch in the new Beirut church, and the trip of Mr. Stuart Dodge and Frederic A. Church, the artist, to Petra.[1]

In New York the mission rooms were in the Bible House and in charge of Dr. Geo. W. Wood and Mr. Merwin. Here I met returned missionaries and theological students and was always welcomed by the genial Dr. Wood.

In Scranton I spoke several times and was the guest of my dear sister, Harriet A. Post, visited the ironworks and the coal mines and gathered specimens to take to Syria. Next to Montrose Scranton contained the largest number of my family relatives. Here also were noble men who had founded the town and the church,—Col. Geo. Scranton and Selden Scranton, Messrs. Platt, Archbald, Blair, Hand, Boies, Fuller and Post and others. These good men gave me the money to buy the bell for the Beirut church which has been ringing and striking the hours for thirty-nine years.

In March I spent a Sunday in Williamstown and was the guest of Prof. Mark Hopkins and met his brother, Prof. Albert Hopkins, "par nobile fratrum." One of our Syrian boys, C. William Calhoun, took me to the Mission Haystack, the birthplace of the American Board. We had a rousing union meeting Sunday evening. Dr. Clark and Mr. Treat, secretaries, were

[1] Mr. Dodge afterwards told me in Beirut of how their dragoman, M. Hani, overawed the Bedawin cameleers. The party left Hebron and camped six miles further south. In the morning after the loads had been roped and ready for loading, the Arabs refused to load saying that the loads were too heavy, etc. Argument proved unavailing. Threats did no good. Then Hani yelled at the top of his voice to the Arabs, "Unbind that box." They sprang forward and took off the ropes. He then unlocked the canteen, took out a dinner plate and raising it over his head dashed it to fragments on a rock. Then he took another and smashed that, to the amazement of the Arabs. Then said he, "Thus shall I smash all these hundreds of plates and then the Queen of England will come here with an army and make you pay a pound for every plate and put you all in prison." The Arabs rushed forward and stopped him saying, "Dukhalak (we beg you), don't break another. We'll put on the loads." And they did, and the travellers had no more trouble. The genius of Hani was equal to the occasion.

present. The sight of that company of college students in that historic spot with such a leader as Mark Hopkins was most inspiring and enough to make any man eloquent.

I then visited New Haven and called on President Woolsey and Professors Dana and Marsh, with whom I had a talk about the geology of Syria. I also met Daniel C. Gilman and my beloved tutor, Rev. Wm. H. Goodrich, who was brutally attacked by a Southern student in our freshman year and never fully recovered from the effects of the blow on his head.

In New York I was the guest of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge. Dr. Geo. E. Post was then in New York and we had frequent interviews with Messrs. Dodge and W. A. Booth with regard to funds for the Beirut College. Dr. Hallock of the American Tract Society gave me a selection of electro cuts for our Arabic journal.

On April 4th I was invited to attend the Chi Alpha Society. There were present a noble body of men: Drs. S. H. Cox, W. Adams, Burchard, H. B. Smith, Prentiss, Bidwell, Cuyler, Schaff, John Hall, Eastman, Hallock, Hastings, Ganse, Hatfield, Bonar, Kittredge, Hutton, Skinner, Murray, Wood, Crosby, Shedd, and others. Only four are living now (1906). In all my subsequent visits to the United States this society has bidden me welcome, and I owe its members a great debt of gratitude.

April 9th we had a public meeting in behalf of the Syrian Protestant College with addresses by the Rev. Willard Parker, Dr. Wm. H. Thomson, Dr. Post, Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, and myself. The object was to raise an endowment for the medical department.

I also visited Auburn, speaking in the First and Second Churches and to the students; and then visited Painesville, Cleveland, Elmira, Providence, R. I., and Stonington.

On the 6th of May I became engaged to Miss Harriet Elizabeth Dodge, daughter of Dr. David Stuart Dodge of Hartford, and niece of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge. We were married October 1st by Dr. Wm. Adams, and sailed for Syria October 17th, taking with us my daughter Anna, and Misses Everett and Carruth for the Beirut Female Seminary.

May 23d I spoke in the General Assembly in Harrisburg, Pa. During that assembly at a morning devotional meeting the son of an eminent deceased pastor, who had been a warm friend of my father, made a fervent appeal for foreign missions. A little later his widowed mother came to me and said, "Do urge my son J—— to enter the foreign mission service. It would be my highest joy to have a 'missionary son.'" I went at once to him and said, "Your remarks this morning show that you have the missionary spirit and ought to be a missionary." "Yes," said he, "that is true; but I have a widowed mother to care for and I cannot leave her." I then told him what his mother had said and how earnestly she desired that he become a missionary. He was much affected and said at length, "I would go gladly, but I cannot leave my mother in her dependent circumstances." He has been useful at home.

A week later I spoke at the Boston anniversaries, and May 30th addressed the yearly missionary meeting of the Orthodox Friends in New York.

June 7th I met Dr. N. G. Clark of the American Board at Clinton and we held meetings in Dr. Erdman's church, in Hamilton College, and in Houghton Seminary. Miss Everett decided definitely to go to Syria.

In Boston, July 1st, I called on Father Cleveland aged ninety-six. The Sunday before as city missionary he had preached twice!

Reaching home July 3d I found father much more feeble, being unable to speak.

In Pittsburg, July 13th, Mr. Wm. Thaw gave me $500 for the Beirut church building.

In July I attended Yale commencement. In New York Mr. J. S. Dennis announced his decision to go to Syria, and Mr. Frank Wood of the Astor Library called to consult with reference to going to Syria.

August 20th—In Montrose father's mind became clear and he spoke with animation of the missionary work and the Church and was delighted to hear of the progress towards the reunion of

the two Presbyterian churches, but he could not remember secular affairs. On September 11th I was on the Erie railroad train returning from Branchport when the conductor handed me a telegram of the death of dear father. He died with his staff in his hand, like a pilgrim ready for the long journey before him, falling asleep in Christ. We laid the palm branches brought from Syria upon his coffin, a token of triumph through Christ. On the 14th I wrote to brother Samuel in Syria:

"The long-expected and sad event has at length transpired. Our beloved and honoured father fell quietly asleep on Friday last at ten o'clock. His death was as serene and peaceful as his life had been, and he has attained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. For him we have no tears to shed. He has long waited for his Lord to come and now his triumph is complete. Such a life as his few men have lived. 'The memory of the just is blessed.' What a legacy of piety and virtue and Christian beneficence he has left behind to his family and country! May his mantle fall on us his children who owe so much to his example, his counsel, and his prayers."

September 23d I gave the charge at the ordination of Rev. Jas. S. Dennis as missionary to Syria and his mother then told me of his boyhood resolution to be a missionary.

October 1st I was married to Harriet Elizabeth Dodge, and we went on to the meeting of the American Board at Norwich. At that meeting I met seven former Syria missionaries, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Eli Smith, Mrs. De Forest, Dr. Laurie, Mr. Sherman, Dr. Beadle, and Dr. Wolcott.

October 17th we sailed for Syria via Liverpool, Paris, and Marseilles, myself, wife, daughter Anna and Misses Everett and Carruth. At Messina, Sicily, we were joined by my old friend Dr. David Torrey and his two nieces Ada and Carrie. Dr. Torrey had arranged by correspondence to board our ship at Messina. On our arriving there, November 12th, his courier came on board with a note from Dr. Torrey stating that his party had been so exhausted by crossing from Naples in a small steamer that they had abandoned the trip to the Holy Land. As our

steamer was to stay only a few hours I saw that vigorous action must be taken. I hastened ashore with the courier, went up to Dr. Torrey's room, knocked at the door and shouted to him to get up at once and rouse his nieces and come on board. Hot coffee was ordered and in spite of some feeble protests from the next room, I soon had them ready and they came with me on board and added greatly to our pleasure on the voyage to Beirut. Thence they went through Palestine and Egypt where one of the accomplished nieces married Dr. Grant, the eminent physician and Egyptologist of Cairo. Neither Dr. Torrey nor Mrs. Grant ever regretted my boisterous knock on his door at the Messina Hotel!

We reached Beirut November 22d and received a hearty welcome from our friends native and foreign.

On my return I found that my brother Samuel had again been transferred from Sidon to Tripoli, being his third removal to Tripoli. Rev. S. Mitchell had returned invalided to America, Rev. I. N. Lowry and wife, both in infirm health, had been located in Tripoli, but after two years they both returned to America where both died of consumption within two years. This and similar cases in other fields led the Board of Missions to require all missionary candidates to pass a strict medical examination before appointment. It used to be allowable to send candidates with weak lungs to warm climates in the hope of their recovery, but that plan has wisely been abandoned. It was hoped that Mr. S. Jessup's removal to Tripoli would be permanent, as the Tripoli people had reason to think that the chief end of the American missionary is to move in, rent houses in advance and then move out again. In thirteen years they had seen this done by eight missionaries.

My home was reconstructed, two of my children, Anna and Henry, being with me, the third, William, remaining with his grandparents in western New York, where he grew up with a robust vigorous frame and became fitted to join me afterwards as a missionary colleague in Syria.

The American Board had decided that I was in no case to return to the acting pastorate of the Beirut church. The only

native-born Syrian preacher qualified for the Beirut pastorate was Rev. John Wortabet, son of an Armenian convert and ordained in 1853 as pastor of the Hasbeiya church, and later missionary of a Scotch society in Aleppo, now instructor in the Syrian Protestant College. But he absolutely declined the post. He was receiving a salary equal to, if not greater, than that of Dr. Thomson, Dr. Post, or myself, and could not expect as much from the native church, yet this was probably not the chief reason for declining the office. So the work of preaching was thrown back again upon the missionaries resident in Beirut. I was to leave Beirut and teach in the theological seminary in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, in connection with Mr. Calhoun.

I wrote to Dr. N. G. Clark: "I shall enter upon the work of theological teaching with all fervour. It will be necessary in the first place to find out what my own theology is, for I have not had time to decide thus far, but I suppose that if I follow Hodge, Henry B. Smith, Park and Taylor and stick to the Bible and catechism, I shall be considered orthodox all around. You must come out and see me ere long and set my theology right."

The mission agreed with me that the Beirut church must have a native pastor but were not clear as to the best location for a theological seminary.

On the 10th of February, Rev. Jas. S. Dennis arrived from America and was stationed in Sidon to aid Dr. Eddy who was appointed teacher in the Abeih theological class. The literary labours of Dr. Dennis in preparing in Arabic a treatise on Theology based largely on Dr. Hodge's volumes, a work on Scripture Interpretation and another on the Evidences of Christianity were a noble contribution to Arabic Christian literature. For years he was at the head of the theological seminary after its removal to Beirut in 1873 until his resignation in 1891.

On his arrival in Syria, owing to the fact that his name had an unpleasant significance in Arabic, he received and accepted the name of Ennis which means affable or polite and endured the self-denial of ignoring his own name among native friends for twenty-two years of his residence in Syria.

It was finally decided to begin a theological class in Abeih on the 3d of May, 1869, with Messrs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, and H. H. Jessup as teachers. We had a class of eight men, all of whom had already had experience as teachers and helpers, and four of whom became ordained pastors, Messrs. S. Jerawan, Y. Bedr, S. Hakîm, and K. Zarub. We carried on the class until November 1st and resumed it the following May.

The question of a native ministry was so urgent in 1868 and 1869 that we called a meeting of the Beirut church to give them notice that they must have a pastor and support him. They met and voted, 1st, that it was their duty to have a pastor; 2d, to support him; 3d, that as there is no pastor in view that they will raise annually a sum equal to a pastor's salary and when he is secured devote it to his support; 4th, that 20,000 piastres be raised this year. One said, "I am ashamed to sit in the chapel and hear preaching from the American missionaries for which I pay nothing." Others used strong language and all seemed to feel that self-respect compelled them to pay their own ministry.

In opening a theological class in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, as a summer school from May 1st to November 1st the mission gave the best proof of its determination to train a native ministry. And since that time the class has had varied experiences, being transferred to Beirut in 1873 as a winter school from October to June until 1891, then, from 1894 to 1901 as a summer school in Suk el Gharb, Lebanon; and lastly reopened in Beirut, October, 1905, as a winter school.

The teachers have been Rev. Messrs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, H. H. Jessup, J. S. Dennis, C. V. A. Van Dyck, G. A. Ford, Mr. Ibrahim Haurany, Mr. Rezzuk Berbari, Rev. Beshara Barudi, O. J. Hardin, S. Jessup, F. W. March, F. E. Hoskins, and A. Abdullah.

But it was not until 1890 that we finally succeeded in ordaining a native pastor, Rev. Yusef Bedr, over the Beirut church. Since that time the native pastorate has continued.

March 28, 1869, the new church edifice in Beirut was formally dedicated. I preached the Arabic dedication sermon at 9 A. M.,

and Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh the English sermon at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon Mr. Calhoun preached in Arabic. The congregations were large and there was great rejoicing at entering such a spacious edifice after worshipping in the low crowded arched rooms of the old mission house.

The Church Curtain

When the new church was finished the question arose, Shall the old red broadcloth curtain of time-honoured use in the old chapel for thirty years be hung in the new church to separate the women from the men? We missionaries declined to settle the question and left it to the native brethren. After long and serious discussion they decided that if the curtain were not hung in the new church no Moslem woman would ever enter it and many Christian women would not, and parents of the schoolgirls might object to their being stared at by men and boys. So the curtain was hung with hooks on an iron rod extending from the front pew back to the organ. It hung there for several years and was finally removed by the Syrians themselves without our knowledge and presented to a church in the interior which is still under the sway of old Oriental customs.

The church bell and clock had arrived from New York, but the tower was not finished and so eager were the people of Beirut to see and hear the striking of the clock that with one accord Moslems, Jews, Greeks, and Maronites contributed liberally and the work was completed. By an agreement with the Jewish Mission's Committee of the Church of Scotland the missionaries of that church have maintained the English preaching at 11 A. M. on Sunday from that time until the present, thirty-nine years. Rev. Dr. Jas. Robertson and Rev. Dr. G. M. Mackie have been the incumbents with other temporary supplies and their Catholic spirit and faithful labours have been and are a blessing to the entire Anglo-American community.

On the 2d of April Theodore Booth, son of Wm. A. Booth of New York, died at Hotel Bellevue in Beirut. Owing to the warm friendship of Mr. Booth and family for many members of

the mission we all felt deeply the death of this lovely young man cut off in the spring time of his life.

His remains were embalmed and taken to America. His brother Frederick, who was summoned from Jerusalem, was detained by a storm in Jaffa and unable to come to the funeral.

Mr. Booth founded, as a memorial of his son, the "Theodore Fund" of the Syrian Protestant College, the income of which was to be used for the publication of works needed in the course of instruction, and Mrs. Booth gave the chandeliers for the new church also as a memorial of her son.

On August 17th Dr. and Mrs. Post were greatly afflicted in the death of their infant son Robert, in the Saracenic building in Baalbec. Dr. Bliss and Mr. Stuart Dodge hastened thither, riding all night and returned with the sorrowing parents to Beirut and Mr. Calhoun went down by night to Beirut to conduct the funeral.

In October with the aid of Dr. Eddy's son William I made a collection of the specimens of the rocks in all the strata from the summit of the Metaiyyar Mountain above Abeih to the bottom of the valley below, measuring each stratum and recording its thickness and wrapping the specimens in cloth bags made for the purpose. These were presented to the cabinet of the Beirut College.

The theological class closed in Abeih October 30th and the students went to their fields of labour for the winter. Mr. Calhoun had the chair of Theology; Mr. Eddy Bible Exegesis, and I had Church History, Homiletics, and Evidences of Christianity. It became necessary to prepare lectures at once in Arabic in the two former and for the latter we used Alexander's Evidences. As my preference has always been for preaching, this settling down and preparing lectures was a new and difficult task, but I have kept it up to this day (1907) and have had the satisfaction of aiding in the training of about ninety young men for the ministry.

We decided to teach the theological students English. It was felt that Syria cannot be kept to the standard of Eastern Turkey. The land is full of European Jesuits and European infidel litera-

ture. Our young brethren will be derided unless they are able to cope with the arguments of Voltaire and defend even the text of the Holy Scriptures. Even in Hums books are in circulation which few men in a Christian land could satisfactorily answer. And the young men of that church and community have spent weeks trying to answer the old objections of Celsus, Arius, Voltaire, Hume, and Renan, revamped and eloquently stated in the recent Arabic Mohammedan book entitled "Izhar el Hoc."

But recently (1904) this book has been triumphantly answered in an Arabic work (the "Hedaiyet") written and printed in Cairo. But none the less the Arabic pastors of this generation need a good knowledge of English.

We returned to Beirut where I once more took my turn with Dr. Thomson in the Arabic preaching. The Scotch preaching service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Fenwick.

On November 14th Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson died in London and on Sunday, November 28th, I preached funeral sermons in English and Arabic commemorative of her nearly nine years of faithful service for the women and girls of Syria.

She was a woman of earnest piety, great courage and resolution, undaunted by obstacles, a good organizer, and in the few years of her life in Syria had founded a system of day-schools for girls in about ten towns in Syria, and a Central Training Institution in Beirut. With her sisters Mrs. Mott, and Mrs. Smith and Miss Lloyd, who succeeded her, she worked in entire harmony with the American missionaries, and her teachers and pupils were received to the communion in our native churches. In this she had to resist repeated overtures from the high church party in England, but although a member of the Church of England she would not consent to bring about a schism in the native Evangelical Church. We of the American Mission acted as pastors for her Christian teachers and pupils, and from the day of her arrival in October, 1860, I extended to her a warm welcome and stood by her when not an English resident in Beirut would recognize her. Their conduct was, to my mind, based on misrepresentations, and I saw in her a strong and consecrated character,

capable of great usefulness and in the end she won the confidence and coöperation of all.

In February a deputation from the village of Mezraat Yeshua near the Dog River came to Beirut stating that sixty families of Maronites had "turned" Protestants, or, as they say, wished to "nuklub Protestant" and wanted a preacher. After long questioning and sifting their stories we learned that there was a deadly feud between two families in the village, that one man had been killed but that the government had settled the quarrel. Nukhly, one of my two guests, wanted to be made priest and the other party opposed it. We had little confidence in the sincerity of the men but it seemed a call of God to enter in while the door was open and preach the Gospel. The result, however, was the same as in another case I have instanced at length.

Near this village on the mountainside there was formerly a stone statue of Diana or Artemis. The Arabic name is Artameesh. The monks ages ago built a monastery and called it the Monastery of St. Tameesh, so they are praying to Diana. Higher up is the convent of Bellona, sister of Mars, the goddess of war. She is reputed a saint by the people and offerings are made at her shrine in the convent. There are nearly fifty convents within fifty miles along the coast of Lebanon and some 2,000 monks live on the fat of the land. By terrors of purgatory the priests and monks have for ages extorted from the dying their houses and lands until nearly all the fine fountains, rich arable land, forest groves, and fruit trees belong to the monks and the poor fellahin or farmers are mere tenants at will. And those not tenants have generally borrowed money from the monks and priests so that they are held by a grip of iron. This state of things has made the Kesrawan district of Lebanon a byword and a hissing throughout Syria. The people are in a state of physical and ecclesiastical bondage.

I mention this incident as one characteristic of the Maronites of Lebanon and of some other sects. I have known of about a dozen villages in which from fifty to 500 people have declared themselves Protestants and continued so for weeks and months

and then suddenly *all* gone back except perhaps two or three, and that without a blush or sense of shame. Such movements took place in Aindara, Ain er Rummaneh, Deraûn, and many other places. They had expected foreign consular protection and when that failed they slipped back in their socket like dislocated bones. The threat to turn Protestants or Jews or Moslems is a common weapon with which the people threaten their priests without any thought of a sincere change of faith. An honest movement to evangelical Christianity in masses is unknown in Syria. It is different among the Armenians. The popular movement in Aintab and Marash in 1851 arose from a sincere desire to know God's Word and to follow its teachings, and as a result stable evangelical churches of true, honest men and women were speedily organized and have continued to this day. In Syria the popular conscience has been so warped and corrupted by the confessional and the easy condoning of sin, that men can profess to change their religion with no idea of a real change and with only a sinister object. As a consequence, the Protestant movement in Syria has been chiefly that of individuals, one here and another there, so that the organization of churches has been a slow work and the want of a large membership rendered self-support impossible in the early decades of the mission.

In Safita, Northern Syria, 300 Greeks and Nusairiyeh declared themselves Protestants in 1866, and only a dozen held out to the end. In Wadi Shahroor 250 came out as Protestants in 1876 and not one proved to be sincere. In B'teddin-el-Luksh 150 declared themselves Protestants in 1861 and had a preacher for a year, and all then turned back again. If all the people who have "turned" Protestants in Syria had remained steadfast, the land would soon be Protestant. In the most of these cases, the so-called Protestants present a petition, signed with their seals, declaring that they will live and die Protestants, calling God to witness their sincerity. And yet in a few weeks they violate the pledge without the least compunction, assured that their priests will condone their perjury.

Every man in Syria has a seal with his name and title engraved

on brass or agate or carnelian, and even his signature is of little account without his seal. Placing one's seal on a document is equivalent to an oath and is regarded as sacred.

Mezraat Yeshua was a specimen of the way in which popular movements in Syria towards Protestantism collapse. Such a thing as a village asking for the truth in the love of it has not been heard of in modern times. They generally ask for a preacher to spite somebody or get even with the tyrannical priesthood.

It often happens that when a man is at law, and the priests and bishops take sides with his adversary, he will turn Protestant as a menace, and thus bring over the clergy to his own side, and then drop his Protestantism. So many suspicious characters come to us offering themselves as pillars to the cause of the Gospel, that I not unfrequently ask a man, as the first question after the usual salutations, "Have you committed robbery or murder, or are you in a quarrel with your family or priests, or do you wish to marry a person forbidden by your religion, or what is the reason of your coming to me? Did you ever hear of a man's leaving his religion without a cause? Now tell me plainly, what have you done?" Sometimes it turns out that a man really wants instruction, but the case is generally otherwise. If fifty men turned Protestants in a village, one ordinarily counts upon about ten as likely to stand, but every movement of the kind loosens the grasp of the priesthood and prepares the way for a more thorough work in the future.

In 1835–1836 members of all the Druse feudal families of sheikhs in Lebanon declared themselves Protestant Christians and asked for preachers and teachers. For a time they were steadfast, some of them even going to prison, but the missionaries felt that they were not sincere and when the hope of political protection was cut off they politely bowed the missionaries and teachers out of their villages. On the other hand, the Protestant churches in Syria have grown up gradually from individuals or small bodies of men who have endured persecution from priests and sheikhs, suffering social ostracism and political disabilities, yet standing firm in their faith.

One of the first Protestants, Asaad es Shidiak, suffered martyrdom rather than yield to the patriarch and return to Mariolatry and creature worship, and every little church throughout the land has originated with men who have suffered for Christ's sake. A full account of some of these men would make a valuable chapter in modern church history.

Up to the present time about ninety-five young men have been taught in the theological class, of whom fourteen have been ordained (1908). The poverty of the churches has greatly hindered the ordination of native preachers as the mission first, and afterwards the presbytery, decided to ordain no one unless at least half his salary was paid by his church.

I am almost amazed at the extent to which evangelical light pervades the nominally Christian communities here. The Greek Church in Beirut will go over some day to Protestantism en masse, if the light continues to spread in the future as it has in the past ten years. A prominent Greek said a few days ago, "You Protestants need not trouble yourselves about converting Syria. Our children are all going to be Protestants whether you will or not. The Bible is doing the work."

Another Greek was visited recently by a priest who came to receive the confession of the family, previous to the sacrament. The priest said, "My son, I have come to hear you confess." "All right, your reverence, I have a big score to confess to-day." —"Go on, my son." "Well, I do not believe in the worship of pictures." (This is a cardinal point in the Greek Church.) "No matter about that, as long as you are an Orthodox Greek."—"But I do not believe in the invocation of the Virgin and the saints."—"Ah! you do not? Well, that is a small matter. Go on."—"Nor do I believe in transubstantiation."—"No matter about that, it is a question for the theologians."—"Nor do I believe in priestly absolution."—"Very well, between you and me there is room for objection to that, so no matter as long as you confess."—"But I do not believe in confession to a priest." —Here the priest became somewhat confused, but finally smoothed the matter over, and said, "No matter about that." The man

then replied, "What business have I then in a Greek church? Good-morning, your reverence. I have done with the traditions of men."

The growing enlightenment of the people is greatly alarming the priesthood of all sects, and they are setting themselves and taking counsel together how to check the growth of Protestantism. Every species of annoyance and petty private persecution is resorted to, but where the truth has taken root nothing will avail to check it. Were there entire liberty of conscience here and were the power of persecution and oppression taken out of the hands of the clergy, there would be an astonishing movement towards Protestant Christianity.

Two young men, of good families in Beirut, and both of the Greek sect, have been turned out of their houses within a fortnight by their own parents for attending our church and prayer-meetings but they both stand firm and have now been asked to return home again. One of them brought his father to church last Sunday and his sister to the Sabbath-school.

At a recent meeting of our church session, a letter was sent in, written by a young man who was suspected a year ago of a gross sin and had persistently denied it, but in this letter he acknowledged his sin in bitter anguish of repentance, and begged the church to watch over him and help him in his efforts to live a new life for Christ.

But not all who call upon us as inquirers can be implicitly trusted. A German Jew turned up recently who wished aid, stating that he was inquiring and was therefore entitled to pecuniary aid. He is still here, having been baptized in another part of the country, and says he will be content with six piastres for working half a day as he wishes to study the other half.

An old Maronite papal priest called, about sixty-five years old, and expressed great interest in the truth. Suspecting that something was wrong, I asked him to tell me the whole story in the outset, and then we could get on better together. So he said his wife had died and that he had two grown up daughters who were about to be married and the patriarch was about to divide the

large family property between the daughters. "Now," said he, "I wish to marry again and raise up sons, who will be my heirs and preserve my name, but the patriarch forbids my remarrying, so I threatened to turn Protestant. He imprisoned me in Deir Meifûk but I escaped and fled to Beirut. I want protection from your government to enable me to marry again."

I gave him some books, explained the Gospel to him and advised him to go home and live in peace with his daughters and let the marriage question alone.

Five men called one day from a distant Maronite village, deeply interested in the truth, *profoundly* impressed, as they said, and they wanted a preacher and a school. After an hour's cross-questioning and probing, I learned that they were deeply *in debt*, and wished us to buy their heavily mortgaged property and build a boarding-school so that they could pay their debts or use us as a shield in repudiating their debts.

Another aged priest came and offered to become Protestant, if I would guarantee him a salary of twelve dollars a month with or without work.

Then a monk came and said that he loved me very much and loved the Gospel, and wanted to know if I would advance to him the sum of 6,000 piastres ($240) on a note he held which had no date nor witnesses. He said that in case he could get the money, he and his abbot could buy the control of a better monastery than their present one and have a good opportunity to preach the Gospel! The man had some light and had read many of our books, but lacked the simplicity of the Gospel. I told him that we never dealt in mercantile affairs and he had better sell his note to the brokers.

Such cases as these are constantly occurring, but never discourage us, for we always anticipate a certain percentage of similar cases, and take it for granted that every professed inquirer has some sinister design unless we have previous knowledge of the person, or he gives proof of honest intentions.

Two of my missionary correspondents at this time were prodding the Syria Mission for not having native pastors, and several

in America were insisting on our forming at once a presbytery. Mr. Williams of Mardin declared that we were putting education in the place of evangelization. Dr. Lansing of Egypt urged that we go ahead and form a presbytery. The New School Presbyterian Foreign Mission Committee in New York, which was then connected with the American Board, insisted that the Presbyterian missionaries in Syria under the American Board "have something to show in the shape of presbyteries on mission ground after all these years of labour."

Now I would yield to no one as to the importance of a living native church with its own native pastors, and this has been the aim of the Syria Mission, amid difficulties innumerable, for sixty years. But although I am a Presbyterian by birth and conviction, I cannot put Presbyterian polity above the interests of the native churches in the mission. A presbytery consists of the pastors and elders of churches in a given district. Foreign missionaries are not pastors and should not be. A presbytery in Syria composed of foreign missionaries only, would not be a legal presbytery. Nor is it desirable that a presbytery in Syria should be composed of mixed American and Syrian pastors and Syrian elders. We therefore postponed the organization of a presbytery in Syria until 1883 when Sidon Presbytery was formed and afterwards the Presbyteries of Mount Lebanon and Tripoli. The missionaries here all retain their connection with their home presbyteries in America, and sit as corresponding members of the three presbyteries in Syria; that of Sidon, Beirut and Mount Lebanon, and Tripoli. We decline to vote, but the Syrian brethren entreat us to sit with them and at times even to accept the office of moderator. The twelve ordained missionaries in Syria would, if legal members of the native presbyteries, be able to override and outvote their Syrian brethren.

In the three Syrian presbyteries, where the churches have no pastors, the licensed preacher, if acting as supply, has a seat in presbytery with his elder. This enables the presbytery to cover the field and these young preachers are trained to transact business and to enter into spiritual sympathy with their fellow work-

ers throughout the land. After long discussion and full study and consideration, all the presbyteries have adopted the form of government of the Presbyterian Church.

There has thus far been no attempt to unite in one body the American Presbyterian Mission, the Irish Presbyterian Mission of Damascus, the Scotch United Free Mission in Tiberias, and the Reformed Presbyterian or Covenanter Mission of Latakia, Cyprus, and Mersine. When these three branches of the Presbyterian Church at home unite, the missionaries on the foreign field will no doubt respond with enthusiasm. At present I understand that there is not material enough in the way of ordained pastors and organized churches to warrant the formation of a presbytery in either of these three missions. The close communion principles of some of these churches make it difficult to have even a union evangelistic service. One rather exceptionally radical devotee of psalm singing in Northern Syria requested the Brummana Conference of some 120 Christian workers from all parts of Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, to forego hymn singing and to sing only psalms in order to enable him to come. The secretary, Dr. Mackie, replied kindly to this assumption by suggesting that he could refrain from singing altogether and yet enjoy the benefit of a conference led by the saintly Rev. F. B. Meyer. But he refused to come. The *non possumus* of a pope could not be more unfraternal.

In November, 1869, Dr. Norman McLeod of Scotland passed through Cairo on his return from India. Meeting Rev. Dr. Barnett, a stiff United Presbyterian of the American Mission, Dr. McLeod asked him what he thought of all Christians uniting in foreign fields to form an evangelical church on the basis of the New Testament.

"Not at all," he replied, "as long as so many of these churches will follow 'will worship' in singing human productions" (meaning hymns). "What," said Dr. McLeod, "do you mean to say that you would make a schism in the Church of Christ for such a reason?" "Yes," said Dr. Barnett. "Then," said Dr. McLeod, "I wish your whole church was in the bottomless pit."

That was severe language and too strong and too much like bringing fire from heaven as James and John wished to do, but Dr. McLeod was a man of broad sympathies and strong convictions and could not bear intolerance. We were at that time corresponding with all the missions in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt with regard to holding a Union Missionary Conference in March, 1870, and we had strong hopes of a delegation of the United Presbyterian brethren in Egypt, but none came, and the Covenanter brethren of the North did not even answer the circular invitation. Since that time a much broader and more fraternal spirit has prevailed and we exchange pulpits with our saintly brethren in Egypt and our "mutual love is fervent."

We can explain to the people the difference between presbytery and prelacy, but I have not been able to make an Arab understand why missionaries labouring to lead pagans and Moslems to Christ should refuse to commune with other missionaries because in their church service they sing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and other inspiring Christian hymns of prayer and praise.

In writing on this subject to dear Dr. Lansing in December, 1868, I said, "Really, should our two branches of the church at home unite to-morrow on a basis allowing the singing of both psalms and hymns at pleasure, I don't believe that your mission would refuse to enter into the union."

In those days I found great comfort and inspiration in reading, every night before retiring, from George Bowen's "Meditations." It is the most pithy, terse, and sententious book of devotional reading I have ever read. The author was once a New York infidel lawyer, was converted, studied in Union Seminary, went to Western India as a missionary, where he supported himself by teaching and conducting a journal. He was a remarkable man and has written a remarkable book.

In January, 1869, the mission thanked God and took courage. The Bible had been printed in various attractive editions; thousands of people have heard the Gospel message; numerous deputations had come from different villages asking for teachers; towns and villages long sealed against us are now open and ask-





CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

1. Gharzuz Chapel. 2. Safita Burj (the white building is the church). 3. Batrun School. 4. Tripoli Girls' School. 5. Beirut Girls' School. 6. Minyara—used for services for many years.

ing for missionary labour; baptisms have begun to take place among the Druses; even the Mohammedans are sending their children to our schools; several Christian churches have been organized; and the mission has now set apart three of its members to the work of training a native ministry, while in the department of higher education, the college and girls' boarding-school in Beirut will accomplish all that Syria will need for many years to come.

Yet we had not a single self-supporting church or school. This money question is the bane of all missions. The whole system of paying native Christian teachers and preachers out of foreign funds is an unmixed evil. The "Native Element," as it is called in educational institutions, is important, but only most effective when paid by natives. Every cent of foreign money paid to natives is misunderstood by the native population, puts the employees thus paid in the attitude of hirelings, injures their character for sincerity (and most of them are truly sincere), and weakens the self-respect of the people. It tends to demoralize them.

The Emir Mohammed Smair Ibn ed Dukhy of the Anazeh Arabs said once to me while on a visit to Beirut, "Yes, we would like to have a teacher come to our tribe, but he must be willing to live as we do, travel as we travel, and eat as we eat." Once a Bedawy sheikh, after hearing the Sermon on the Mount, exclaimed, "That command to turn the 'other cheek' may do for you dwellers in towns, but it will never do for us Arabs. We must punish offenders and retaliate for outrages, or we could not live." The fact is that the old Ishmaelitic spirit is wrought into the very fibre of their being, "his hand shall be against every man and every man's hand shall be against him." Though professedly Moslems they waylay and plunder and kill the Moslem pilgrims en route from Jeddah to Mecca. While in one sense they are simple-minded, hospitable, true children of nature, they show that they are also the children of Adam, superstitious, suspicious, and revengeful to the last degree. The system of "ghazu," or midnight raids upon hostile camps, is a part of their

very being, and is as cowardly as it is cruel. When Kamil and Jedaan spent a summer among the Anazeh in 1890, they read and preached to them for two months, and since then Jedaan has induced a body of young sheikhs to agree to give up the "ghazu." Some day, when the present political and military barrier is removed, the Gospel will again reach the Arabs as it did in the early Christian centuries.

In 1864 the Arab Orthodox Greeks of Deir Mimas, west of Mount Hermon, quarrelled about their ecclesiastical revenues. The income from the Church estates was vastly in excess of former years, and the whole village was rent with violent struggles on the part of the people to secure their share of the prize after giving the Greek priest a meagre portion. They cast about them for an agent to whom they could entrust the care of the funds. They could not trust the priest nor the sheikh nor any one of the old men, and at length by unanimous consent they requested the Rev. J. A. Ford (father of Dr. George A. Ford), the American missionary, to take charge of the revenues of the Greek Church.

This confidence of the Syrian people in the American missionaries has appeared strikingly since the emigration to North America and Brazil began. Prosperous Syrian emigrants in those lands have sent thousands of pounds in drafts and postal orders to the missionaries in Sidon, Beirut, Tripoli, and Zahleh, to be cashed by them and the money to be given to the friends of the senders in various parts of Syria. Men of various sects, many of whom the missionaries have never known, send drafts of large sums payable to the order of the missionary, with perfect confidence that the money will be honestly delivered. One of the missionaries had at one time thousands of dollars in his care, which the owners preferred that he retain and invest for them.

With regard to the material gains to Syria through the missionaries, it is worthy of note that Rev. Isaac Bird introduced the potato in 1827 to Ehden, Northern Lebanon, and it has now become a universal article of food throughout Syria.

Mr. Hurter, our printer, introduced kerosene oil and lamps in

1865 into Syria so that by 1870 it had quite supplanted olive oil for illuminating purposes. Previous to that time olive oil was the only illuminating oil in use in the East. Americans also introduced the first steam printing-press in 1867, photographic camera in 1856, iron building beams in 1871, wire nails, sewing-machines, parlour organs in 1854, mimeographs, typewriters, dentistry in 1854, and agricultural machinery; Dr. Hamlin, of Robert College, Constantinople, introduced the Morse telegraph apparatus, and now the empire is netted over with telegraph wires. Telephones have not yet been allowed, owing to some peculiar fear that they might be used to concoct "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," but as electric railways are now constructed in Damascus and Beirut we may hope that the telephone restriction may ere long be removed.

In September, 1869, I wrote to a missionary in Mardin who seemed disposed to denounce the Arabic language as if it were a great sinner in having such rough gutturals and difficult idioms: "I judge from Brother W——'s letter that none of you are very fond of the Arabic language. It is a burden at first, but the Master, while He does not require us to love the burden, does tell us to love to bear it. Every missionary ought to try most earnestly to love the language through which he is to preach the Gospel of Christ to his fellow men, and that, in order that he may learn it well and be able to use it as not abusing it. The perfection of art is to conceal art, and the perfection of preaching in a language is to preach so that the people will not think how you say it but what you say. Correct pronunciation of Arabic is the prime necessity."

By mispronunciation a Greek bishop prayed that the Lord would create a clean dog (kelb, instead of kolb, heart) in each of His people. A missionary lady told her servant to put more donkeys in the bread (using "hameer" instead of "khameer," leaven). A missionary calling on the local governor and wishing to thank him for some act of his, said, "I am crazy to Your Excellency" (using "mejnoon" instead of "memnoon," obliged). Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely—notably Dr. Dennis'

funeral sermon in which by a mispronunciation of K, he confused "trials" with "roosters" to the mystification of the mourners.

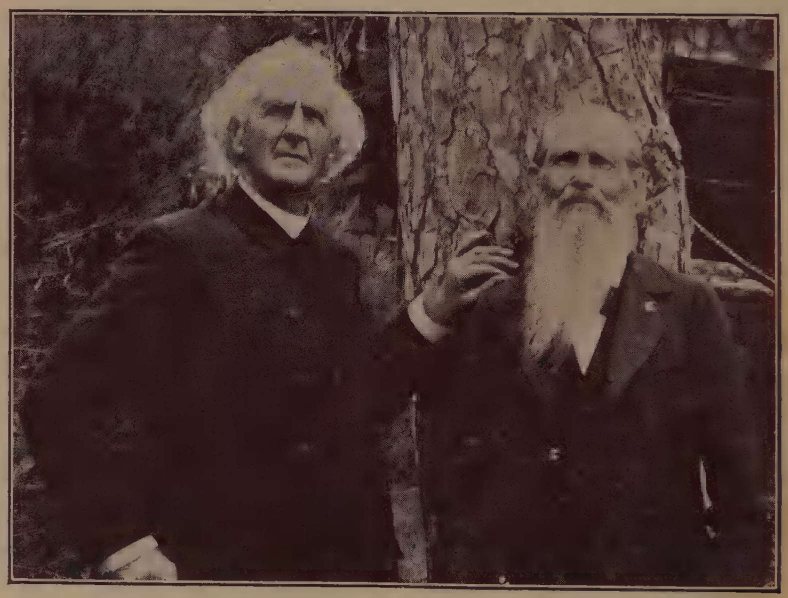
In October brother Samuel made a horseback forty days' tour of 400 miles in Northern Syria, preaching, encouraging all, and rejoicing in signs of progress. He went through historic regions, the land mentioned in Genesis as the land of the "Arkites, the Arvadites, the Sinites, the Hamathites," and when last heard from, he seemed to think that the Nusairi people of that region were very largely "Sinites."

The type of the Beirut Press is becoming more and more widely regarded as the best Arabic type in the world. The distinguished Arabic scholars in Germany, who have hitherto printed the Koran and many other Arabic books in the type made in Germany, have recently written to Dr. Van Dyck asking for specifications as to the price of the various fonts of type, as they have decided to use only the Beirut type hereafter. The Dominican monks of Mosul have purchased $600 worth of type from our press for their Arabic printing work in that city.

Mr. Poole of the British Museum recently visited our press and remarked that this press is the only one in the world which does good Arabic printing. Such testimony confirms the wisdom of Dr. Eli Smith and his coadjutors in basing the Beirut types on the best specimens of Arabic calligraphy.

Since that time the Jesuit Press of Beirut has done admirable work.





DR. DICKSON, DR. JESSUP, DR. HATFIELD
Moderator and Clerks of the General Assembly, Saratoga, 1878.

"THREE OF US"
Dr. Bliss, Rev. Mr. Bird, and a giant pine tree, Brummana, 1901.

XV

Furloughs

A FURLOUGH is a temporary release from service. To the soldier it is a release from bearing arms. To the foreign missionary it is a change of place and generally a change of work, but no relief from work. If the returned missionary be an invalid, he may obtain absolute repose. But if he is in good health, he will probably have as strenuous a period of work as at any time in his life. I have visited America seven times in the past fifty years,—four times on regular furlough, and three times through circumstances beyond my control. This has involved travelling 105,000 miles by sea and 50,000 miles by land. The shortest furlough was thirteen weeks, and the longest two years and three months. While in America, I delivered 901 addresses and sermons besides numerous talks to Sunday-schools. This was an average of 128 addresses each year, or more than two a week. I spoke to the students of nine theological seminaries, fifteen colleges, seven female colleges and seminaries, attended four meetings of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and six General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church.

At the annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in Milwaukee, September, 1878, owing to the illness of Dr. Manning of Boston, who was expected to preach the opening sermon, I consented, on three hours' notice, to deliver the annual address.

In May, 1879, when attending the Saratoga General Assembly as a commissioner from Lackawanna Presbytery, I found myself nominated to the high office of moderator. It was an embarrassing situation. The other nominees were Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, the venerable stated clerk, and Dr. Darling of Albany, both friends of my sainted father. I was seated in the rear of the church when my dear friends, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Dr.

Chas. S. Robinson, were putting me in nomination. Just ahead of me sat several substantial-looking elders, one of whom said to the other in an anxious tone, "Do you hear? They are nominating for moderator a foreign missionary who, they say, has never been even moderator of a presbytery, and knows little or nothing about conducting a great assembly. If he is elected we shall not get away from here for three weeks!" Just then we three candidates were ordered to retire, and as we walked together under the elms in front of the church, I resolved that, if called to that chair, I would let no grass grow under the feet of that body of grave and reverend brethren. Then came the tug of war. I was confronted with the necessity of appointing, before nine o'clock the next morning, seventeen standing committees, each comprising from ten to twenty men, to be selected according to certain fixed rules of priority and propriety from among a body of some 500 men, with not more than sixty-eight of whom I was personally acquainted. I at once sought the advice of that sagacious and experienced man, Dr. Hatfield, and he agreed to help me. I went to his room in the evening and we worked until 2 A. M., arranging and rearranging. He justly declined to take any responsibility, and I assumed it all. It was the hardest night's work I ever undertook, and I expected that many mistakes had been made, but it was a relief to find when the list was read the next morning, that there was no outburst of dissatisfaction. The next week a minister called at my boarding-place and requested a private interview. He asked, "Did you appoint the standing committees?" "Yes," said I, "I only am responsible. But why do you ask such a question?" He said, "Because our large presbytery was entirely overlooked." I said to him, "I am glad to hear that only one was overlooked. I did my best, and if you are ever made moderator you will know how to appreciate the task."

It was no easy matter to decide points of order when a Philadelphia lawyer took one side and a Washington judge the opposite view. But I had Dr. Hatfield at my left hand and Dr. Patton of Princeton near by, and so I piloted the ship through

the breakers. The assembly adjourned at the usual day and hour, and the pessimistic elder did not have to stay out his three weeks. The strain upon mind and body, through that ten days' assembly of three sessions each day, was severe, and it was with great joy and gratitude that I left Saratoga immediately after adjournment for an outing among old friends in Pittsfield, Stockbridge and Boston.

I owe it to the many friends who have opened their homes to me and treated me as a son and brother, to acknowledge their loving hospitality, when I have come among them as a stranger from a strange land. Dr. Goodell used to say that he had already the "hundredfold more in this present life, houses and lands and brethren," etc., for all the houses in Christian America were his. The Arabs say, in welcoming a guest, "beitna beitkum"—our house is your house, and this has been my glad experience in hundreds of houses and homes. And what a blessing it is, after years in a foreign land, to come for a season, and see the American Christian family life, the family altars, the lovely children and breathe the sweet air of liberty.

I believe in missionary furloughs. Some one has written of a traveller who found a missionary in Eastern Turkey, who had been there twenty years and this traveller had never heard of him. Whereupon he was filled with admiration. "Here is the true missionary, who has buried himself in Mesopotamia, done good work and yet never been heard of—so engrossed was he in his great work." I knew that missionary Rev. A. W. and he *had* been heard from. His brethren heard from him, his Board heard from him and published his letters; the churches of the A. B. C. F. M. had heard from him and prayed for him. His college classmates, one of whom was my brother William of the class of '49, Yale, had heard from him. Only this traveller had not heard of him. *He* had not read the *Missionary Herald*, and probably had not attended the missionary meetings. And when he unearthed this good man at his work in a far country he thought he had made a discovery and is loud in his praise of the man who goes abroad and never shows his head in America. But there are two sides to

this question. Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck, co-translator of the Bible with Dr. Eli Smith, came to Syria in 1840. He visited America in 1853, again in 1865 to electrotype the Arabic Bible, remaining two years, but never took another furlough. Before his death in December, 1895, he said to me, "It is twenty-eight years since my last furlough. I have made a great mistake. I should have improved my regular vacations. I have lost touch with the American Church and American life." Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," once made a similar remark to me, and so did my dear friend Rev. Wm. Bird, who, when he died, in 1902, had not been in America for fourteen years.

Paul and Barnabas returned to Jerusalem after a missionary tour, and "rehearsed how God had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." The Church has a right to know what its army is doing at the front, and will feel a deeper interest in men and women whom they have seen and heard. And the missionary is benefited by a change from what are often the depressing surroundings of life in barbarous or semi-civilized lands, to the light and peace and stimulating influences of the home land. He needs it to restore impaired energies and prolong life. It is a Christian labourer's duty to live as long as he can, and it is true as a rule that a year at home adds years to a foreign missionary's life. All the foreign boards believe in this, and provide stated furloughs for all their labourers in distant lands, and their officers are generally considerate of the health of their missionaries while at home.

The variety of labour thrown upon them by the churches is a benefit to both parties. It is an education to the people and a recreation to the missionary.

As it is not probable that I shall live to take another regular furlough in America (in 1911), a word of counsel may be in place for young missionaries visiting home. When speaking to the churches and assemblies of the church, do not waste breath and time in scolding the people for their indifference and want of liberality. Tell them of your work—give them facts, descriptions, incidents. You can find out what they want to know by listening

to their questions as you visit them in their homes. Do not take for granted that they know *anything* about your field or work. What you regard as commonplace or stale will come to them with all the charm of novelty. Above all, do not "curse Meroz." I was once in a General Assembly. It was Foreign Missions Day. Five missionaries were to speak, preceded by two secretaries. We each had eight minutes allotted us, and Dr. Ellinwood enjoined us to condense and be brief. The programme was handed to the moderator. A missionary from China spoke after the secretaries. He began deliberately an exposition of the text "Curse ye Meroz," etc., and he made it hot for the pastors and elders, as he rebuked their shortcomings. And then he reached his subject,—"China is the greatest empire in the world. It has eighteen provinces." Down went the moderator's gavel! "Your time is up!" The speaker turned and said, "Why, sir, I have come 10,000 miles and I have just begun to speak!" Down went the gavel again. "I have no option, the time is limited." The speaker descended, confused and probably very indignant, and sat down by us in the front seat. At the close of the service I said to him, "My dear brother, your mistake was in cursing Meroz in such an assembly as this. These good men curse Meroz all the year around. They wanted to hear about China and you used up your time in your exordium. The next time leave off the exordium, and begin where you ended to-day."

Entertainment by Christian friends is one of the most delightful and at the same time exhausting features of a missionary's home-coming. In February, 1863, Dr. Daniel Bliss, who had been in America six months, raising funds for the new college, found great difficulty in securing board with his wife and three children. Time after time he would answer an advertisement and apply for rooms and board, and be met with the question, "Any children?" "Yes, three." "Then I cannot take you." In writing to me he said, "I once thought that Jeff Davis ought to be hung. Now I think hanging is too good for him. He ought to be obliged to board around and visit around for three years with a wife and three children!"

Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, England, visited Beirut in 1882, but he persistently declined to accept the hospitality of any of our missionary families. He said he could make a few public addresses, but he must then retire to his hotel and have absolute rest, as he could not bear the strain of *visiting*. You will sometimes be asked to speak to a Sunday-school at 9 A. M., preach at eleven, address a Y. P. S. C. E. at 5 P. M., and a union meeting at 7 : 30 P. M., and during the intervals a houseful of lovely children and youth will ply you with questions for "that bear story," or "that tiger story," or, if from Africa, about the biggest python you ever saw, and by eleven o'clock at night you will be exhausted if not an "insomniac." A man once said that "it was not the regular drinks that hurt him, but the drinking between drinks." It is not so much the talking at regular meetings that exhausts one, as the *talking between talks*.

A returned missionary is often exposed to another temptation. Some church which you visit is without a pastor. It may offer you, as some have done, five times the salary you receive abroad, and good opportunities for the education of your children. Some will even dare to say, "Why should you go abroad? Such men as you are, are needed at home. *Anybody* will do for Chinese coolies, Africans and Hindus. Why throw yourself away on such people? Men of culture and learning are needed here in our city churches." You will need much grace, patience and self-control to reply courteously to such low views of the great work of the world's evangelization. Your only way is to keep your hand on the plow and refuse to look back. Resist every such temptation. I can speak from experience. On my first visit to America, in July, 1857, when I went home to be married, I was met on landing with a package of documents, being the correspondence between the faculty and directors of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., and the secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in Boston, in which I was invited to accept the professorship of Biblical literature in Union Seminary, after spending two years in Germany (at the expense of the seminary), studying the Semitic languages and other needed branches. I took the docu-

ments to my room at my sister's house that night, read them carefully and prayerfully, and my decision was made in the negative. However, not to seem wanting in respect to my old teachers, I agreed to meet a committee of the faculty in August, in New York, Drs. Robinson, Smith, Hitchcock and Prentiss. It was a privilege to meet those revered and noble men, and not easy to decline to defer to their judgment. Dear Dr. Robinson, who, under a somewhat rough exterior, had a very tender heart, plead with me to accept, using arguments which in other circumstances would have been overwhelmingly convincing. Said he, "Union Seminary was founded to train missionaries for home and foreign missions. We need a man in the faculty full of the missionary spirit, to train our students for the foreign field, and your knowledge of Arabic will be invaluable in teaching the Old Testament language and literature." The others spoke in a similar strain. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, but told them that as all family obstacles to my returning to Syria were now removed, I could never consent to leave a work to which I had consecrated my life. I said, "You can find men better qualified than I am to take this professorship, but it is hard to find men to go abroad. How could I plead with young men to go, when I had voluntarily withdrawn from the work? I might say to them, 'You ought to go,' and they would reply, 'Why did *you* not go?' 'I did go.' 'Why did you return?' 'I came to take this professorship.' 'Very well, we will remain and take pastorates and professorships without putting the churches to the expense of sending us out and bringing us back!'" I said, "Brethren, if I should now give up my work, my lips would be sealed on the subject of foreign missions."

These honoured and revered men then agreed that, in view of my strong convictions, they would not urge the matter further, and they always invited me to address the students, during my subsequent visits to America.

Years after a member of the American Board said to me that when Judge Wm. J. Hubbard, chairman of the Prudential Committee, heard of the invitation of Union Seminary to me, he

declared that "if Henry Jessup withdraws now from the foreign missionary work, I will never trust another man." He probably had heard of some of my enthusiastic utterances when in Boston, at the time when I declined the St. Petersburg chaplaincy, and thought that I was bound to stand by my word. I am thankful that I did. It would have grieved me beyond measure to have done anything to discredit the sincerity of missionary consecration. It has always been my conviction that the foreign missionary service is a life enlistment. The twelve years or more of study in preparation, and the formal enlistment in the great army of Christ, make it, at the lowest estimate, one's duty to keep at it as long as health and life continue. I well remember the shock I received on learning that a foreign missionary had resigned in order to write a guide-book for travellers, and another to take a professorship at home, and another because he became discouraged and did not see fruit to his labours.

On my second furlough I was offered the pastorate of a metropolitan church, with most liberal salary, far beyond anything I had dreamed of. Yet this made no impression on my mind.

During the furloughs of 1868 and 1883 the Lord permitted me to take part in the last filial offices to both of my parents. How can I express my gratitude for this blessed privilege!

During my visit home in 1882–1884, the trustees of the college asked me to raise $20,000 as a scholarship fund. The lamented Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh, had received a legacy of $10,000 which he offered to the college on condition that they raise $20,000 in addition, and, as I left Beirut in June, 1882, he asked me to undertake the work while in America. I accepted the service, and in a year had raised about $22,000, through the kind coöperation of the heirs and executors of the late Frederick Marquand, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McWilliams, James Lenox, and many others.

The various services of money raising for different objects in Syria have brought me into contact with some of the purest noblest spirits the world has ever known, and I learned how sacredly wealthy Christian men and women regard the property

entrusted to them as God's stewards, and how solemn is the responsibility of those who receive pecuniary aid from their hands. Among these honoured servants of God I might mention Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, William A. Booth, Egbert Starr, Frederick Marquand, Levi P. Stone; Matthias W. Baldwin, John A. Brown and Jay Cook of Philadelphia; Wm. Thaw of Pittsburg; Dr. Willard and daughters of Auburn; Dr. Frederick Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale; Henry Farnum of New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McWilliams, James Lenox, Morris K. Jesup, John S. Kennedy, Elliott F. Shepard and many others.

But the most touching experience of all was when I applied to an elderly widow lady in Philadelphia for aid in building the girls' school edifice in Beirut. It was in November, 1864, just before the reëlection day of Abraham Lincoln. I had been advised to call on this lady although she had but little property. I found her in a beautiful neat residence with the typical white marble steps at the entrance. I sent in my card and she greeted me cordially and with beautiful grace and courtesy. At her request I explained our need of a building for the girls' boarding-school in Beirut. She listened attentively and then said, "My dear friend, I would gladly help you, but I have nothing to give but what I earn. This house is not mine. I am allowed to remain in it while I live. I have just sufficient income to pay my daily expenses. But it is such a privilege to give to the dear Lord that I work every day and earn money and whatever I earn goes into the Lord's bag and is ready at His call. If there is anything in the Lord's bag now, you shall have it." She then went and brought a little bag and emptied seven dollars into my hands, and said, "I give this cheerfully because it belongs to the Lord and you are His servant." I was deeply touched, thanked her heartily, and asked her how she earned money, when she was nearly eighty years old. She replied that she bought up ragged pieces of haircloth, removed from sofas and chairs by the upholsterers, and from the horsehair she made clothes-brushes, binding them with coloured ribbon, and selling them for a half

dollar apiece! In this way she made several hundred dollars in a year, and was able to answer every call for aid. "She hath done what she could." That seven dollars put at least thirty stones in the girls' school building, and this gift will never be forgotten!

XVI

A Critical Year

1870—The reunion in the Presbyterian Church—Our transfer from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

THE year 1870 was a crisis in the history of the Syria Mission. It was also a crisis in my missionary life and cost me a severe struggle, especially on account of two events. The first was the transfer of our mission, *in toto*, with all its personnel and property from the American Board to the new Presbyterian Board, and the second was my election to the secretaryship of the new Board. For fifty years the mission had been under the American Board. From 1810 to 1837 the entire Presbyterian Church and the Dutch Reformed Church supported the American Board. At the disruption in 1837, the Old School formed a separate Presbyterian Board, and the New School and the Reformed Churches continued to support the American Board. The New School Presbyterian Churches had cordially coöperated with the Congregational and Reformed Dutch Churches in carrying on their foreign missions through the American Board, and in the Syria Mission, Fisk and Parsons, Eli Smith, Calhoun, I. Bird, De Forest, and later, Wm. Bird and D. Bliss were Congregationalists; while Whiting, Thomson, Ford, Eddy, Wilson, H. H. Jessup, S. Jessup, Dr. G. E. Post and J. S. Dennis were Presbyterians, and Dr. Van Dyck was of the Dutch Reformed Church.

On the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church a new Board of Missions was formed, and as the New School Presbyterians were about to withdraw their contributions from the American Board, it was agreed that they should assume the charge of a fair proportion of the missions.

Various questions of a practical character had to be decided,

on the completion of this transfer. The title of all the Board's property had to be transferred to the new Board. The mission unanimously adopted the form of government and confession of faith of the Presbyterian Church. Yet we reserved the right to continue our connection with our home presbyteries, and to make the future presbyteries of Syria independent ecclesiastically of the General Assembly in the United States. This policy has continued to this day, and we believe that it tends to promote a feeling of loyalty and patriotic devotion to their Church on the part of the Syrian Christians. The missionaries sit with them as corresponding members and only vote when such action is approved by the Syrian members.

The Franco-German War was then raging, and we feared lest our letters home be interrupted *in transitu*. It was a year of great political excitement throughout the East. On the 25th of October the people of Syria were thrown into consternation by a display of the northern lights or aurora borealis. "This evening we have had a phenomenon such as the oldest inhabitant of Syria has never witnessed, a magnificent red aurora borealis; a perfect glare of red light arching the horizon to the height of about twenty degrees, and shooting out streamers of light to the zenith. No Syrian had ever seen the like, and the people were greatly alarmed. The great aurora of 1837 was seen in Georgia just about our latitude, but was not visible here. Sheikh Hassein, the old Druse who owns our house, trembled with fear when I called him out to see it, and he asked whether it was not the flames of Paris being burned by the Germans. It was certainly startling to see that blood-red arch in the North." The oldest inhabitant had never seen it before and now thirty-eight years have passed and there has not been another display. I was in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, at the time. The Druse begs came to Mr. Calhoun and myself for an explanation of this awful nocturnal glare. They, too, thought it was Paris burning! We explained it, and told them it was a common occurrence in America and all Northern countries, and was the "Shefuk Shemali" known to astronomers and meteorologists.

Another event happened in 1870 which cost me a struggle. On the 18th of July I received letters from Rev. Dr. Robert Booth, Rev. Dr. Lowrie and others, stating that the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reunited Presbyterian Church had unanimously elected me corresponding secretary, with the request that I accept and come on to New York as soon as possible. I read the letter with astonishment. "In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best." It was an attractive offer,—a permanent residence in the home land with facilities for the education of the children, and a position bringing one into contact with the most consecrated of God's people at home, and the devoted missionaries abroad; the confidence of such a body of men as the new Board and the assurance of their sympathy; their taking it for granted that I would come and their conviction that I would be more useful there than here; all these things pressed upon me but did not move me. After prayer and consultation with my wife, my decision was made. I said to her, "I cannot leave my work in Syria, after all these years of preparation. My heart is here. I shall decline." She replied, "I knew you would, and I am with you."

On July 24th I wrote my formal reply to Dr. Booth. After an introduction thanking him and the Board for their kind and flattering letters and expressing my joy in the reunion of the Church, I stated that "I am giving expression to no hastily formed judgment, but to deliberate convictions formed after years of thought and prayer and calm examination."

Among my reasons for declining were the following ones: Any missionary who has been engaged fifteen years in the foreign field, especially in the Arabic language, is of more value to the field in which he is labouring than he can be at home to the general cause of missions. The acquisition of a foreign language is no easy task and it is not a mantle which can be transferred from the aged Elijahs to the youthful Elishas of the service. When a missionary dies, his Arabic dies with him, and when he leaves the country he cannot transmit his facility in using foreign gutturals and idioms to the new recruits.

The same may be said of acquaintance with the mental, moral and religious peculiarities of the people, familiarity with their manners and customs, and readiness of adaptation to their social prejudices. The capital stock laid up by a missionary in fifteen years, in these respects, yields a large and rapidly accumulating interest, whereas a sudden transfer to another land and sphere of labour would render this peculiar knowledge almost valueless.

Should a missionary be *obliged* in the providence of God to leave his field and return to his native land, he would naturally seek a position in which he could best promote the cause nearest to his heart. And his experience in the foreign field would be of the highest value to the cause of missions both at home and abroad, as has been proved in several notable instances familiar to all, both in Great Britain and the United States.

The voluntary abandonment of his field and work by a foreign missionary for any post at home, must have a demoralizing effect on the churches at home and would tend to unsettle the stability of the whole system and theory of foreign missions. An enlistment in this sacred cause should be ever regarded as for *life*. Young men at home should so regard it, and it will not do to lower this standard. No foreign missionary can labour as effectively as he ought, who leaves the matter of his continuance in it an open question. On reaching his field of labour, he should, like Cortez, burn his ships behind him. Then only will the churches and seminaries and institutions at home feel that foreign missionaries are a kind of property which is inalienable. Then only will the missionary boards feel sure that the men who offer themselves for the foreign field have given up all for Christ.

To speak somewhat more personally and very frankly, I cannot conscientiously give up my work in Syria. However feeble and unworthy my labours, my heart is here. I came for life, and I pray that I may be permitted to end my days among this people. Your churches can far better spare their best pastors for this work than can an overworked and feebly-manned mission,

struggling with the hosts of heathenism, Islamism and false Christianity, spare one labourer.[1]

If a man is needed in this office, fresh from the foreign field, "to arouse the enthusiasm of the churches to a new degree of fervour," could not certain of the foreign missionaries connected with the missions about to be transferred to the Presbyterian Church, as well as from other missions in Asia and Africa, visit the United States from time to time, make the acquaintance of the churches East and West, and aid in stirring up the people? This would be a very different matter from calling any man permanently away from his field. A series of missionary conventions, distinct from the business meetings of the presbyteries (if thought best) and attended by the secretaries and returned missionaries would attain the end we all have in view in the most effective manner.[2]

On October 25th I wrote to my brother George from Abeih: "This moving to Lebanon and back to Beirut every year is one of the wearing trials of missionary life. I often think of the old home at Montrose as a model home, where things remain in place for a generation. But we have to tear up and pack up almost everything twice a year. We stay six months in Abeih, and hence have to bring everything with us that is perishable, leaving only crockery, books, furniture and one bed with its bedding, to be used when I go down from time to time. A camel carries our large melodeon organ in a huge box balanced on the middle of his back and the rest of the furniture is carried on mules. A mule will carry two large boxes with a couple of chairs in the middle, and frequently the chair legs catch in the trees and are torn off. Once a mule ran down a long flight of stone steps with one of our chests half-fastened to his pack-saddle and it fell and

[1] It is worthy of note that the God of missions has provided for the new Presbyterian Board a succession of secretaries, eminent men, almost without peers in the church: Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, the saintly scholar, Dr. Gillespie, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Dr. A. J. Brown, Dr. Halsey, Robert Speer and Dr. Stanley White.

[2] Such meetings are now (1908) a part of the policy of the Church.

was dragged down the steps, the cover being split and torn off. It contained bedding and our pictures and small mirrors, but none of them were broken! Were I able, I should have a complete duplicate set of furniture and put a stop to this endless pack."

The year 1870 was a time of drought and almost a famine. Flour reached $12.50 a barrel, and near Mount Carmel men starved to death. A war panic arose through rumours of war with Russia, and the Christians of Damascus began to prepare to flee to Beirut, as the proverb has it: "One bitten by a snake fears the twirling of a rope." But no war ensued and Syria was soon quiet again.

When we were transferred to the Presbyterian Board, we felt great anxiety about the time and attention to be given to foreign missions in our General Assembly. I wrote to my brother Judge Wm. H. Jessup, and my brother-in-law Judge Alfred Hand of Scranton, as follows:

"December 5, 1870—I hope you and Alfred will push the matter of an annual missionary convention, either in connection with the General Assembly or in the synods in the fall, which shall have all the vigour and enthusiasm of the annual meeting of the American Board. The custom of assigning to the missionary secretaries an hour in the morning and a part of an evening to this all-important work in such a Church as ours is like trifling with the most momentous interests. The working out of this plan and the reviving of missionary enthusiasm must be done largely by the young elders and Sunday-school superintendents: you could not do a better or more efficient work for foreign missions."[1]

On the same date I wrote to Rev. D. Stuart Dodge: "Let us pray for a baptism of the Spirit upon the young men of the colleges. We hear of two or three candidates for the next theological class, but all plain non-classically educated men."

This was our burden in 1870, and it is the same in 1909.

[1] 1908—This has become an established part of the General Assembly meetings largely through the efforts of the late Rev. Thos. Marshall, of blessed memory.

Medicine, commerce, and other lucrative professions over-tempt our Christian college students, and they pass by the theological seminary "on the other side."

A sad event of this year was the death (about December 12th) of Rev. R. J. Dodds, D. D., of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission in Aleppo. He was a man of earnest piety and fine linguistic attainments. He was at home among the wild fellahin of the Nusairiyeh Mountains, and would go alone on a donkey from village to village, and was welcomed everywhere, while Kamil Pasha, Governor of Hamath, declared that *he* could not go through the mountains unless attended by 100 soldiers. When the pasha heard of Dr. Dodds' popularity among the tribes as a friend and a man of peace, he wrote to Constantinople asking permission to try a new system of government over the wild Nusairiyeh and win them instead of alienating them. In reply he got new orders to oppress and tax them as of old.

In November, 1876, my brother Samuel and I embarked on the Russian steamer for Tripoli, en route for Hums and the interior. We expected to land in Tripoli at sunrise, but a north-east gale frightened the captain, and he ran by Tripoli, carrying us on to Latakia, then the home of Dr. Dodds. He welcomed us, and we had a delightful visit of a week. One day he said, "Why don't you brethren come oftener to see us? It seems that nothing but a storm will bring you. This reminds me of the old godless mountaineer in Kentucky who had four sons, and all equally profane, godless, and Sabbath-breaking with himself. No persuasion would induce them to go to church, or receive a visit from a minister. But one day Jim, the elder boy, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and the old man sent off post-haste for the minister. He came, and, on entering the room, took off his hat and began to pray: 'O Lord, we thank Thee for rattlesnakes and we pray Thee to send one to bite Tom, and one to bite Ike, and another to bite Jerry, and a tremendous big fellow to bite the old man! For, Lord, Thou knowest that nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring them to their senses!' And so," said Dr. Dodds, "I will have to pray for another storm to bring Dr.

Van Dyck, and one to bring Dr. Thomson, and a tremendous big storm to bring Father Calhoun, for it seems that nothing but storms will bring any of you brethren to see us!"

I told Dr. Dodds that I was engaged in collecting a barrel full of snakes for Professor Cope of Philadelphia. He said, "You could have got twenty barrels here last winter. The river here changed its course in a heavy freshet, and the banks in which hundreds of snakes were hibernating caved in, and the snakes were washed down to the sea. There the waves dashed them up on the shore in heaps, and the dogs and vultures feasted on them for many days."

In the spring of 1870 an educated Moslem effendi, named M——, of Aleppo, came to Beirut and professed Christianity. His cousin Ahmed, on hearing of it, set out for Beirut to kill him. When the Waly of Aleppo knew of this, he recalled Ahmed, and told him to desist, as the Sultan had given liberty to his subjects. In the fall Ahmed was made pasha, and came to Beirut, where his cousin received him cordially and took him to see the college, and to witness Dr. Van Dyck's chemical experiments in the evening, in which he was intensely interested. The days of killing cousins on account of apostasy are evidently over. M—— afterwards removed to Egypt.

Dr. Richard Newton, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, visited Beirut in April, 1870. He was snowed in for two days near Baalbec. He was a broad-minded evangelical clergyman and was known as the Children's Preacher. He became interested in our work and promised to pay the expense of translating and printing his volumes of children's sermons in Arabic. He kept his word and we have nine volumes of his, besides his large octavo illustrated "Life of Christ for the Young," published at our press and widely circulated. When in Philadelphia in 1879 he invited me to address a crowded audience of children in his church on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The total cost of publishing all these books was not less than four thousand dollars.

Early in March Syria was threatened with famine. Less than

one-third the usual amount of rain had fallen. "Streams that usually run with full banks are dry. Fountains (springs) and wells are running low. A Druse sheikh told me that cattle are dying in Hauran for want of water. The cisterns are being exhausted and no rain falls. How this reminds one of the words of Amos 4:7: 'I have withholden the rain from you when there were yet *three months to the harvest* and I caused it to rain upon one city and caused it not to rain upon another. So two or three cities wandered unto one city to drink water but they were not satisfied.' The great rock-hewn cistern of our female seminary, which holds nearly thirty thousand gallons of water and which is generally full at this season, has scarcely a foot of water in it. The barley and wheat are turning yellow. The price of wheat and flour has risen fifty per cent. within a fortnight. All the sects of the city have been ordered out twice to the public square to pray for rain. The locusts also came over the land in swarms darkening the sky, and a fierce burning sirocco wind blew from the south, parching the earth and withering vegetation. A strange shower of red particles fell near Gaza which the superstitious people thought to be a shower of blood, and the eclipse of the moon in January had alarmed the masses."

But relief came. In the latter part of March and in April the storm came on with thunder, lightning and pouring rain, just in time to save the crops. I was stormed-stayed in Damascus, April 7th, with my dear friend and classmate in Union Seminary, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, then pastor of the American chapel in Paris, by a heavy snow-storm which blocked the passes of Lebanon. Rev. Newman Hall's party were snow-bound two days in a village in Anti-Lebanon.

In May we were favoured with a visit from three men distinguished in the Church at home and abroad: Professors Henry B. Smith, Roswell D. Hitchcock and Edwards A. Park who had toured through Egypt, Sinai and Palestine, and came up from Beirut to visit us in Abeih. Professor Smith was my guest, Professor Park was at Mr. Calhoun's and Professor Hitchcock at

Mr. Bird's. The boys of the seminary and theological class went out a mile to Ain Kesur to meet them with Arabic hymns and salutations. Their stay was a feast of fat things to us all, and we received many suggestions as to our teaching of theology, church history, and Scripture exegesis.

One afternoon we all walked to the mountain peak, the "Metaiyyer," the site of an old Baal temple, to get the wonderful view of the Lebanon gorges and ranges, and the coast from Sarepta to Sidon, Beirut, and nearly to Tripoli. Professor Park, who had been kicked by a mule on his journey, rode a donkey. As we walked up through the vineyards in scattered groups, Professor Hitchcock said to me aside, "Have you not noticed how feeble Professor Smith is? Do urge him to stay abroad another year. He needs rest, but he insists that he must go back to his classes in Union next fall. We must not allow it. I can go back and take on some extra work, but he must rest still longer."

When we reached the summit and sat enjoying the view, Professor Smith said to me, "I want to ask you as a friend to join with Mr. Calhoun in urging Professor Park to remain abroad at least another year. He is very much broken, and if he goes back in September, as he declares he must, he will be sure to be permanently laid aside." On our return Professor Park said to me in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the rest of the party, "You may have noticed how changed Professor Hitchcock is. He is not like his former self. Another year in Europe and England, with entire rest, would make a new man of him, and yet I am sorry to say he talks of going directly home this fall." Each one felt that he was strong and the other weak. Two at least of them went home that fall. They were a blessed trio, such as one does not often meet in this world. Mr. Calhoun, who was a profound student of the Bible and of divine things, had long conversations with Professor Park, the giant of Andover, and before going away, Professor Park remarked that there was more theology in Mr. Calhoun's finger than in his own thigh, and that he was a man who lived near to God. That afternoon at the high place of Baal was to us one of the "heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

On the 3d of June we met in conference, by previous arrangement, with the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff and Rev. Principal J. Lumsden of Aberdeen, of the Free Church of Scotland's Mission's Committee to consider their proposition to send out Scotch ministers to oversee what were known as the Lebanon Schools or the "Sulleeba Schools." There were present all the members of our mission, the professors of the college, Rev. James Robertson, Scotch chaplain in Beirut, and Rev. John Hogg of Assioot, Egypt. Drs. Duff and Lumsden had visited all our mission stations and schools, and the village schools of the "Lebanon Committee." These "Lebanon Schools" had been for years under the management of a native Syrian and had been visited by numerous Scotch tourists who differed in opinion as to their management, and as a result had formed opposing factions in Scotland pro and con. These two eminent men came out determined to make full investigation. We had two sessions of three hours each in Dr. Bliss's house, and the conference was full, free and fraternal. We of the Syria Mission approved of their sending out such a man to superintend the schools, but not to organize churches. We declined to say anything about Mr. ——— whom Dr. Duff declared to be a second Apostle Paul. Mr. ——— had purchased land in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, and erected solid stone buildings for the day and boarding-schools and had the names Alexander Duff and John Lumsden inscribed in large characters in the stone wall. Dr. Duff understood Mr. ——— to say that all these buildings belonged to the Scotch committee. In 1872 the Scotch committee sent out an able and godly missionary, Rev. John Rae, to take over the property and manage the Lebanon Schools. He went to Suk el Gharb, took a house, and asked Mr. ——— for the keys of the mission buildings. He refused to deliver them, saying that as the land belonged to him all the buildings, according to the Turkish law, go with the land. Mr. Rae repeated the request with the same result. Meantime Drs. Duff and Lumsden had published enconiums upon Mr. ——— which would have been appropriate to the Apostles Paul and Peter. What then was their astonishment to find that he now

went back on his pledge to them that the buildings belonged to the committee. Correspondence ensued. Mr. Rae was instructed to repeat the demand, but all was in vain. Drs. Duff and Lumsden then published a card in the Scotch journals exposing the whole matter and denouncing Mr. ——— in language which I will not repeat, declaring that they had been shamefully deceived and imposed upon, and warning the Scotch churches against him. In 1874 Mr. Rae, finding himself uncomfortable at Suk, removed the mission headquarters to Shweir, and in 1875 Wm. Carslaw, M. D., joined the mission and laboured with Mr. Rae until the resignation of the latter in 1879 owing to ill health. In 1887 the law case against Mr. ——— was decided, and the Suk property handed over to Dr. Carslaw with all the title deeds and the furniture of the schools. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the Scotch committee, ignorant of Turkish law, had allowed their buildings to be erected on land belonging to an employee, and that this individual, knowing the law, had concealed the facts from them. After Dr. Carslaw had secured the title deeds, he sold the entire premises in Suk to the American Presbyterian Mission in 1888; and in 1900 the Scotch committee donated in fee simple the entire property in Shweir, consisting of church, manse, boys' boarding-school and girls' boarding-school to the American Presbyterian Mission, on condition: 1st, That these buildings be used only for Christian missionary purposes, and 2d, That the Missionary Committee of the Free Church of Scotland will continue the salary of Rev. William Carslaw so long as he is able and willing to do missionary work. Dr. Carslaw was licensed and ordained to the gospel ministry by the Lebanon Presbytery, December 16, 1883, and has continued until the present time as acting pastor of the Shweir church. Dr. Carslaw always preaches in English, his translator standing by his side and interpreting his sermons in Arabic. This is probably the only case of the kind in the Turkish Empire. The doctor was forced into it by having entered the work in mature years when the acquisition of a new language was difficult, and from the fact that from the outset he was overwhelmed with medical practice, and given no time to study the

Arabic. His great success as a teacher in the school and pastor of the church is greatly to his credit. Few men in similar circumstances could have succeeded so well.

In view of the raising of a $5,000,000 reunion memorial fund to aid churches and institutions at home and abroad, I wrote on behalf of Syria, asking for a building fund for the Syrian Protestant College which had just purchased its incomparable site on the Beirut promontory; an endowment of $50,000 for the theological seminary; and an endowment of $25,000 for the female seminary. The former was realized. The two latter schools were soon afterwards assumed by the Presbyterian Board of Missions and kept up liberally to this day, 1909.

XVII

Antonius Yanni—A Sketch

ABOUT the year 1770 a Greek sea-captain named Mikhaeli Yanni left the island of Mykonos in the Archipelago for a trading cruise on the Syrian coast. He was wrecked near Tripoli, losing everything. In Tripoli he found a countryman named Catzeflis, a secretary to the British consulate, and soon after he married a Syrian girl, but died at Damietta while on a voyage to Egypt, leaving three sons and one daughter. Catzeflis, who succeeded Mr. Cary as British consul, married the daughter. Giurgius, the son of Yanni, became British dragoman, and was allowed to wear a white turban while other Christians wore only black. The Moslems admired him and styled him "Nusf ed Dinya, one-half of the world," a name which they applied to his family for many years.

Giurgius died in 1832, after building his large house (now the American Girls' School), leaving a widow, three sons, Antonius, Ishoc (Isaac), Nicolas (who died in his youth), and a daughter, Katrina.

At that time, Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali of Egypt, was establishing his government in Syria, and attempted to seize the Yanni house. But in the night the Catzeflis consuls raised a flagstaff over the building and in the morning the stars and stripes floated in the breeze and gave protection to that mansion for fifty-four years.

The two sons grew up models of filial obedience. Antonius, the elder, an impulsive, generous youth of a noble countenance and a warm nature, even surpassed his parents in the intensity of his devotion to the Greek Church. He would travel miles on foot to make tours to the monasteries of Keftin and Belmont, and in fastings and vigils was more rigid than even the priests and

monks. Ishoc (Isaac), the younger, was phlegmatic, cold, and haughty, yet no less strict in the formal observances of the rites of the Greek Church. Both received instruction in the Italian language, then the commercial language of the Eastern Mediterranean, and as the French came more into use, Ishoc learned this language also. Their sister, Katrina, was the most beautiful woman in Tripoli and was called the flower of Syria. All the family were attached to one another with a degree of affection not often seen in the East.

The father died of cholera about the year 1845, and Antonius received the appointment of consular agent in Tripoli for the United States, an office held by his father. There was but little business connected with the office, as American ships rarely visit Tripoli, but it required the erection of a flagstaff above the house, on which the stars and stripes floated on every official fête day. Antonius had seen Americans from time to time, but knew little of them, and regarded their religion as worse than atheism or Islamism. It was not a little trying to him to hold office for a nation who refused to worship the Virgin.

One day word was brought to him that one of the American Bible men, or missionaries, was at the Meena, the port city of Tripoli. He went at once in his official capacity to pay his salaams to Dr. Thomson. He listened half trembling to his words, but treated him with the greatest courtesy, and invited him to come to his mother's house as their guest, before leaving Tripoli, but what was his horror to find himself obliged by the rules of politeness to accept an Arabic tract from the doctor's hand before going home. On leaving the house of the blind school-teacher, with whom Dr. Thomson was staying, he seized one corner of the tract with his thumb and finger, and ran across the plain through the orange gardens, a full mile to Tripoli, then in at the city gate, up the stairs and across the marble court of his mother's house, and into the kitchen, where he put the heretical paper in the fire and watched it burn to ashes. Then away he ran to the family priest, and told him he had a dreadful sin to confess. The priest listened and promised to forgive him for five

piastres (twenty cents), but when he found that Antonius had burned the tract without even looking at it, rebuked him, saying that it may have been a part of the Word of God or had in it the name of God in which case he must pay another five piastres for his twofold sin. He went away in great distress, and hastened back to the old blind teacher, Abu Yusef, to find out what the tract contained. He told him it consisted of a selection of the Psalms of David. The poor young man was filled with terror. The Orientals have a high reverence for holy books, even for those of their enemies, and this reverence is in many a superstition. He had burned up the words of David the prophet! From this time his conscience was not at rest, and when the missionaries Foot and Wilson removed to Tripoli a few years later, he was their constant guest. Day after day he read the Bible with them, until the truth took lodgment in his heart. Mother, brother, sister, and uncles protested, entreated, threatened, but all to no effect. The whole city was in commotion. Young Yanni, the pride of his family, the hope of the church, the joy of the priests, the friend of the poor, had become a "Biblischy," a Bible man.

The old Greek bishop, a foreign Greek from Athens, who had lived twenty-five years in Tripoli without learning the Arabic language, came to the house with a retinue of priests to reform and save the heretic youth. But all to no effect. Yanni (Antonius) stood his ground. "Is not this the Gospel? Are not these the ten commandments? How can I worship the Virgin and the saints and kneel down and pray to pictures and kiss them when the Bible forbids it?" They flattered and threatened alternately. His mother and sister fell on his neck and wept, entreating him to return from his terrible sin and heresy. His brother stormed with fury and denounced him as having ruined the name and fame of the family in Tripoli.

Then the priests tried the old device of a compromise telling him to believe what he pleased, only come to the Greek Church on Sundays and feast days and save the honour of the family. His wife Kareemy, of another "akabir" family, was goaded almost to desperation by the prospect of losing all the ancient

honour of her family by her husband's defection to the Protestants. Still he had not yet communed in the Protestant Church, and they were determined he should not. Under the patient instructions of the missionaries, his Christian conviction deepened and his character shone brighter. His former zeal for saints and vows and monastic shrines was now turned into zeal for the Gospel and doing good, and he determined to profess Christ before men. It was mid-winter, the Syrian rainy season, and Beirut was fifty miles south, down the rocky coast. But the church was there, then the only organized evangelical church in Syria, and he determined to go. The sky was black, the west wind blowing a tempestuous gale from the stormy sea, and the rain pouring in torrents when he decided on this step. The next Sabbath was the communion season, and he felt he could delay no longer. The family were now determined to retain him by force, and the storm outside was as nothing compared with the domestic storm within. Wife, mother, brother, sister, uncles, cousins, priests, and friends poured in and all united in protesting against his course, and finally cursed him in bitterness of soul for his apostasy. None of these things moved him. Taking with him a faithful Moslem servant, he set out in the dark storm on horseback. Brought up in the most delicate manner, and unused to exposure he felt that he was running a great risk, and his family called after him with imprecations hoping that he would be drowned in fording the swollen streams, or cast away by the violence of the storm.

But on he went, along the sandy beach, or through the rocky defiles of the Meseilaha, down by Gebail, where Hiram launched the cedar floats for the temple of Solomon; and by the Dog River, where the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman had hewn their roads and written their inscriptions centuries ago, and finally reached Beirut, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

He returned to Tripoli to find his dearest friends alienated. Taunts, reproaches, neglect, bitter words, and unconcealed hate made his life a burden.

The greatest anathema of the Greek Church was hurled against

him. A curse was pronounced against every one who should buy of him, sell to him, or even speak to him. His head and body, eyes and ears, hands and feet, skin, teeth, and bones were declared accursed for time and eternity. His home was changed to a scene of strife and bitterness. The native politeness of the family prevented their showing their hostility in the presence of the missionaries, but years after when the writer of this sketch lived in Tripoli, Yanni often came to our houses as the only places in the city where he was cordially welcome. Yet not the only place. Sheikh Ali, the keeper of the Great Mosque, with his family of brothers, all zealous Moslems and yet kind-hearted men, seemed really to love Yanni, and he visited them and other Moslems, always meeting with warm sympathy in his rejection of the idolatrous practice of the Greeks. It is remarkable to observe the sympathy of the more intelligent Mohammedans throughout the East with Protestant Christianity. They abhor the Greek and Roman creature worship, and regard all Christians as idolators, until they see Christianity in all its original simplicity as preached and exemplified by Protestant missionaries and their converts. They thus respect Protestant Christianity while unwilling to admit that Christ is the divine Saviour.

Yanni's brother Ishoc was at length appointed consular agent for Belgium, and named his little son Leopold from the Belgium king. His hostility to his brother's religious views grew more and more intense. He joined with the rest of the family in the growing persecution against Yanni, and as Yanni's Christian character was more and more developed, and he showed more of the graces of forgiveness and love and patience, Ishoc looked down upon him with cold contempt.

But the maternal uncle, Michael Habeeb, was the most unrelenting and bitter of all. Ishoc was always outwardly polite to the missionaries, but Michael would not even return a salutation in the street. He seemed overwhelmed with a morbid indignation that his most promising nephew should have apostatized from the Greek Church. Im Antonius, his sister, the mother of Yanni, one of the finest specimens I ever saw of the Oriental

matron, ceased not to weep and grieve over her idolized son's defection from the faith. The sight of his Arabic Bible would always drive her from the room. Pride of family and pride of sect combined to stifle maternal love. On the great fast and feast days, when she took the whole family to the Greek Church and Yanni remained at home, he had at times great difficulty to get his daily bread.

Meantime he was instant in season and out of season in doing good. His unswerving integrity and faithfulness, and his sunny disposition won him friends on every side. His official position shielded him from public personal insult and injury, but his character impressed all of every sect with his great sincerity. Every morning before day, he took his Bible and went to an upper chamber alone and communed with his God. At times when the family attempted to disturb him, he went up to the housetop and on the flat roof, sat or walked and meditated on divine things. He wrestled in prayer for the unconverted members of the family. He taught his son Giurgius to pray and read the Bible and his daughter Theodora soon learned to refuse to kiss the pictures and pray to the Virgin and the saints. By degrees the opposition of his wife Kareemy was softened, and Yanni used to say that if he could only remove to another town, his wife would take an open stand as a Protestant.

He loved America passionately, and his sympathies were so thoroughly enlisted during the Civil War, that he sent contributions of Syrian curiosities, such as cedar cones and wood and sea-shells, etc., which were sold at Worcester in September, 1864, during the meeting of the American Board for several hundred dollars for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Just before this a great sorrow, mingled with what to him was a great joy, visited the family circle. Ishoc, the proud, hard-hearted brother, was attacked by a mortal disease. The skill of physicians was baffled. Yanni was assiduous in his attentions to the loved suffering brother. He spent nearly the whole of one night conversing with Dr. Van Dyck of Beirut by telegraph about the case; but all without avail. The disease moved on unchecked. From the

very outset the proud persecuting Ishoc seemed softened. He seemed to know that his end was near. Every day he called his brother Antonius and begged him to read to him from the Bible. He listened with all the eagerness of a dying man, and his brother explained the meaning to his opening understanding. Yanni talked to him and prayed with him and at length he said, "Now read to me about some *great* sinner who was saved." Yanni read to him of the publican and of Zaccheus. "No, a greater sinner than any of them," said he. Then Yanni read to him of the thief on the cross. "That comes nearer to my case—read that again." Again and again he read it over, and Ishoc seemed to lay hold of Christ, and at length declared that Christ was the only Saviour of lost sinners. From that time he told his mother to take away the sacred "eikonat" or pictures, which had been hung all around the head of his bed through the zeal of his mother and his wife Adelaide. "Take them away," he said. "It is trifling to trust in pictures. Such a religion will never do to die by." He begged and entreated his wife and mother to trust in Christ alone. Towards the last, a company of priests, with their black flowing robes and swinging censers, came to burn incense and offer their prayers to the Virgin Mary on his behalf. He saw them entering the room, and beckoned them to stop, telling them and all the family that he had done forever with such things, and could not allow anything now to come between him and his Saviour. They were astonished at the change wrought in him, but he called to his brother and said, "Bring the Bible now and read to the priests also that they too may be profited."

Just before he died, he called his whole family around his bed, and spoke in a clear voice of his trust in Jesus as his Saviour, and raising both hands, he called in a loud voice, "None but Christ," and died.

Such a death produced a profound impression. Family persecution ceased. His mother, instead of leaving the room when the Bible was brought, began to go up to his upper room every morning and carry the Bible to Yanni to read and listened intently while he prayed. Even the Uncle Michael was less bitter

in his opposition. The missionaries were welcomed more and more at the house, and Yanni's son Giurgius, with Ishoc's son Leopold, was placed in the mission school with the full approbation of all the family.

One day word came that his Uncle Michael was very ill, and wished to see Yanni. He hastened to the house and found a large company of the people and priests crowded in the sick-room. The old man called to him as he entered, saying, "Bring your Bible and read to me and pray to me as you did with Ishoc." The Bible was brought. Michael told the priests, "I have done with you. Christ alone can save the soul and the rest of my hours must be given to Him." He would hardly allow Yanni to leave the room, and grasped every word of consolation contained in the Gospel, and every promise to the sinner with the greatest joy. One day he called out to his son saying, "Gibraeel, go to such a street and call Mustafa the Moslem merchant to come here." All the family wondered what he wanted of the Moslem in that solemn hour.

The man came almost trembling, not knowing what the dying man wanted. As he entered, Michael said to him, "Mustafa, do you remember my buying of you such and such goods at such and such a time?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, I defrauded you of a thousand piastres at that time, and now in the presence of God and these witnesses, I wish my son to open my box and to pay you that sum with interest to this date!" The Moslem was quite overcome, and in silence the son opened the box, counted out the money, and payed the man to the last para. The effect produced in Tripoli was most profound, and some began to ask what this religion could be.

Michael died calling upon Christ, and to the last refusing the offices of the priests though he had been one of their most steadfast and uncompromising supporters for many years. Yanni wrote to me after this event, full of joy at the apparent hopeful conversion of both his brother and uncle before their death. "Now," said he, "I *know* that God hears and answers prayer, and I believe that all our family will yet come to Christ." Not-

withstanding the former opposition of the family to the missionaries, they are now all most cordial and religious services are often held at the house. Once, when Yanni's wife gave birth to a daughter, the friends and neighbours came in to condole with the family, according to Oriental custom, upon the dire calamity which had befallen them in the birth of a girl! This was too much for Yanni and he at once had the American flag run up to topmast on the consular flagstaff, as a sign of his joy. The Turkish pasha, hearing that the flag was up, sent around a kavass to inquire what festival he was celebrating, that he might make him an official visit. When informed of the reason, he was filled with unbounded astonishment.

The youngest son of the family was named *Samuel* from the missionary then living in Tripoli. When the name was announced, the whole circle of relatives was confounded. This was a new name indeed. Not one of all the thousands of Tripoli had borne it. They knew the names Selim, Butrus, Theodore, Giurgius, Yusef, Daûd, Khalil, Ibrahim, Ishoc, and many others, but although many had heard of the prophet *Samweel*, it had never been used, any more than Methusaleh is with us. It was at length understood that the name was given as a mark of affection for the missionary in Tripoli.

Yanni's benevolence knew no bounds. The poor of every sect, Moslem, Maronite, Catholic, and Greek, always found in him a friend. He gave systematically the tenth of all his income to the Lord, and sometimes more. His faith in God was simple and unquestioning. He purchased a small farm in the village of Aba, near Tripoli, and the simple-minded people tell various stories of divine intervention in his behalf. One day he was looking over his olive orchard, and the gardener called his attention to one tree, a full-grown olive, which for years had produced nothing, and recommended that it be cut down and some fruitful tree be planted in its place. "No," said Yanni, "let us dig about it and dung it, as in the Scripture parable, and if it produces fruit, it shall be given to the Lord, for the use of the missionaries forever. If not, cut it down." The next year the limbs of that tree

bent down under the weight of the luscious olives, and the huge earthen olive jars of the missionaries in Tripoli were filled to overflowing, and when the persecution in Safita drove down a great company of poor Christians to Tripoli, they feasted on bread and olives from this supply for nearly a month.

At another time, the farmer asked leave to wash the trunks of the fig trees in reddish clay, as an offering to Saint John, protector of figs. He refused, saying that his trust was in the God of Saint John, who could care for all His creatures. That summer, the fig crop in that vicinity was a failure, although the trees had been faithfully smeared with the reddish clay, but Yanni's trees bore plentifully.

When he was engaged in building, he burned his own lime in a large lime kiln near the village. It was late in the fall of the year, and the early rains were expected. The burning was finished and the kiln opened on Saturday, and in the afternoon preparations were made for carrying the lime under cover in one of the houses. Before night the wind blew up from the sea and thick black clouds began to roll up from the southwest, threatening a heavy rain. The lime was exposed, and if rained upon would be ruined, and thousands of piastres lost. The people crowded around, and offered to join hands in the morning, as they would all be free on Sunday, and take the lime into the house. "No indeed," said Yanni. "'They that wait for the Lord shall not be ashamed' and I will not break the Sabbath if I lose all my lime." The next day the sky thickened and the storm came on. In all the villages on the plain, the rain came down in torrents and the dry beds of the streams overflowed. On the west, south, east, and the north, the country was almost deluged, but in the village of Aba, hardly a drop fell to the ground, and on Monday morning the lime kiln was as dry as Gideon's fleece. The people all gazed in wonder, and began to believe that Yanni's prayers to Christ were more availing than all their prayers to saints and angels. In not a few other instances, his faithful observance of the Lord's day has been signally rewarded, and he accepts it all as not for his own profit, but for the honour of God's name among the people.

XVIII

Sundry Notes and Incidents

1873—The American Palestine Exploration fiasco—Rustum Pasha—Prayer—Ramadan.

LIEUTENANT STEEVER, Professor Paine, formerly of Robert College, Rev. Mr. Ballantine, Rev. A. A. Haines, C. E., and others left Beirut in March, 1873, to explore and map trans-Jordanic Syria. They had many and valuable instruments worth $15,000 loaned by the American government and did substantial service, but the "Map" has never realized the hopes of the society although they mapped 600 square miles. A want of harmony among the staff well-nigh wrecked the expedition.

Lieutenant Steever, the head of the expedition, laboured under the strange delusion that he was commander of a military expedition in an enemy's country. He laid down martial rules for the camp, and gave orders to Mr. Haines and Professor Paine as if they were privates under his military control. Without consulting them he would announce his plan for the day just before starting and subject them to humiliating rules and conditions.

The New York Society had appointed Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, Bliss, Post, and H. H. Jessup a local advisory committee to whom the expedition were primarily to report. May 20th we received a letter from Lieutenant Steever complaining of the inefficiency of his assistants. On the 26th of August we were surprised by the arrival in Beirut of Rev. A. A. Haines and Rev. Ballantine who had fled post-haste from the camp, having been threatened by Lieutenant Steever with a court martial. We had a committee meeting and seeing no possibility of their being able to work longer with the lieutenant, we approved their taking the

first steamer for home. And thus the first exploration expedition collapsed.

Arrival of H. E. Rustum Pasha, May, 1873

As stated in the account of the reorganization of the Lebanon District in 1860–61, the pashas of the Lebanon were to be thereafter Latin Catholics owing to the great predominance of the Maronite and Papal Greek sects in Lebanon.

The first pasha was Daûd, an Armenian Catholic, a scholarly man who had published in French a history of the laws of the Anglo-Saxon nations and was a man of liberal views, firm and just in administration.

The second was Franco, a Papal Greek, a well-meaning but not an energetic man, who died in office.

Rustum Pasha, the third in the line, was an Italian by birth, long in the Turkish service, recently the Turkish ambassador to St. Petersburg, and the ablest and most just and efficient governor ever known in or out of Lebanon. He kept the ambitious and domineering Romish hierarchy within bounds and procured the exile of the Maronite Bishop B——, who had intrigued against the government. At first he viewed the American schools with suspicion, as he regarded us on a par with the "clergy" who were always engaged in political intrigues, but on a careful study of them, became their warm friend and supporter. He had planned a system of government schools in Lebanon and appointed as superintendent a man who, unbeknown to the pasha, was a mere tool of the ecclesiastics. He was told to open schools in the most needy districts, and proceeded to open them only in the towns and villages where American schools had been in operation for twenty years. He threatened all who should send their children to other than government schools, and yet left the entire Maronite district of Northern Lebanon with its 150,000 people without a school. When finally the true inwardness of the man's character became known to the pasha he ordered every government school in towns occupied by the Americans to be closed. The superintendent was cashiered and the pasha was

indignant that he had been hoodwinked by a tool of the priests and monks. Rustum Pasha put a stop to bribery, punished crime, built roads and encouraged reform. Up to that time the sanitary condition of Lebanon was vile beyond description and he compelled every householder to conform to sanitary rules. A priest in Zahleh knocked down a Protestant and smote him with his shoe. The pasha banished the priest to a village outside of Lebanon and forbade his return to Zahleh. He generally spent his winters in Beirut and was fond of showing to children his fine collection of stuffed bears which he had shot when living in Russia.

One day an eccentric foreigner, who spoke English and was more zealous than wise, called on the pasha. When ushered into his private room, the man marched up to the pasha and exclaimed, "Are you prepared to die?" The pasha sprang back, opened a drawer, took out his revolver and said to the man, "What do you mean? Leave this room at once, or ——" and the man backed out in great terror. Some friends warned him against trying that kind of evangelistic labour again.

The pasha was a warm friend of Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh, and gave him every facility in the prosecution of his work. He admired Mr. Dale's courtesy and open-hearted manliness.

At one time he had his administrative headquarters at Ghuzîr, in the Maronite Mountain, in full view of Beirut and about fifteen miles up the coast to the northeast. One day his clerk was filling cartridges for the pasha's fowling-piece, but did it so clumsily that the pasha said, "Give me the cartridge case and hammer and I will teach you how to do it." Taking the copper case in his left hand he struck the charge with the hammer, when the cartridge exploded tearing his left hand to tatters. The pasha's doctor was called but said he could do nothing but stop the bleeding and said to the pasha, "There is no man in Syria can help you but Dr. Post of the American College in Beirut." Dr. Post was telegraphed for, and a special Turkish revenue cutter ordered to take him from Beirut to the seashore below

Ghuzîr. He went at once and by frequent visits and that skill which has made Dr. Post famous throughout the East, he succeeded in saving all but two fingers of the hand.

The pasha's gratitude knew no bounds. On his recovery he visited the college, studied all its departments and by official correspondence with his old friends, the Turkish ministers in Constantinople, did all in his power to further the interests of the college and all American schools. After completing his term of office he left Syria, to the regret of all true friends of law and justice, and became Turkish ambassador to London where he died greatly respected.

Incidents

A clergyman of the Church of England, a free lance, came to Syria desiring to baptize men. Not knowing the Arabic he was easily imposed upon and baptized a Bedawy renegade who went to Alexandria and I wrote to Mr. Strang, American missionary, there as follows:

" As to the gentle Bedawy, yes, Dr. ——— did baptize him and soon after he was baptized he told the natives in Suk el Gharb that ' When you tar a camel, it covers the skin but does not reach the bones,' *i. e.*, that he is outwardly a Christian but inwardly what he always was—a Bedawy. He eloped with a girl of his tribe in the Bookaa, and the tribe pursued and killed her and tried to kill him and so he ran and turned Christian. Be careful not to leave him around where there are elopable women and girls. His weakness runs (one part of it) in that direction."

At the close of the communion service one Sabbath, a young man met me at the door and said, " Fereedy and I are in great trouble. Our little girl of nine months is dead, and now our little boy of three years is dangerously ill, and we want you to pray for him. We are Greeks but we feel that you know how to pray better than we do, and ' the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Fereedy is your pupil and says she knows that you will pray for our little Habeeb." I found that he was

the husband of that beautiful girl Fereedy, once in our school, and that Dr. Post performed an operation on the little boy last week removing a large stone from his bladder, from which he had been suffering untold agony for months. All went well after the operation until Thursday night when the little fellow got up in the night while all were asleep and went to the bottle of nitrate of potash which Dr. Post had prepared with a sweet syrup and drank the entire contents at once, enough for sixteen doses, one every three hours. On Friday he was very ill and on Sunday the case became critical. Ameen came to ask our prayers. I told him I would do as he requested, and also asked the young ladies in the seminary to pray for the child. On Monday noon I went to the house, and found the child decidedly better, and the father's heart burst out, "We knew you were praying, for the child grew better from the time we left you." I remained some time and prayed with them urging upon them the duty of praying for the child themselves.

Another incident in Beirut shows how the people of other sects look upon Protestant prayers. A young Moslem of the aristocratic family of Beit Berbeer, who had been some time in Mr. Bistany's school, came in great anxiety to a Protestant young man who keeps a shop near Mr. Bistany's school and said, "I beg you to pray for me that I may escape the draft and draw a white paper. I went to the Moslem sheikh and asked him to pray for me and he would not and laughed at me. I know that you Protestants ask what you need from God, and He grants it, and there are no prayers like yours." So Khalil, who is a converted Druse, went around to Sit Khozma, who was one of Dr. De Forest's pupils, and she promised to pray for the Moslem. Hearing this he went with a light heart to the seraia, and awaited the drawing. He drew a white paper and came back to Khalil in perfect delight, declaring that there is no prayer like that of the Christians. Said Khalil, "Be careful how you say that before your father." He answered, "I will say it before the world, for it is true."

It is Ramadan, the thirty days' fast of the Mohammedan world. It is a sacred fast, rigidly kept. A true Moslem will eat nothing from sunrise to sunset, drink nothing and smoke nothing, and not even smell sweet odours. But when the sunset gun fires, which is the dinner bell of two hundred millions, the fast is suddenly transformed into a feast. The whole family of Islam rush to the dinner table as if famine stricken. The evening is spent in social visiting and then a nap is indulged in until midnight, when the whole city is aroused to eat by the patrol who beat huge drums with a deafening clamour. Then another nap and another gormandizing before day dawns and then the faithful are ready for the abnegations of the day. This year Ramadan falls in a month of short days and long nights, so that it is comparatively easy. The price of provisions is higher than usual. Shopkeepers say that the Moslems buy up all the best provisions at any price. This is a comment on Moslem self-denial. They eat more, and buy more expensive food in Ramadan than in any other month of the year.

It is much the same with the Papists and Greeks. They fast on Wednesday and Friday of every week. That is they eat no meat. But they can eat fish in every style, and fruits, vegetables, and sweetmeats, of the most exquisite varieties.

Ramadan is a grand nocturnal festival, and the Greek weekly fasts are a compulsory variation of the bill of fare.

A young Bedawy youth aged fifteen came to me one Saturday desiring to become a Christian. I asked who Christ is. He said, "He is the Exalted God and came down here and slew Himself to save us." I have taken steps to get him into a school on trial, to see whether he is in earnest or not.

In November, 1873, I wrote to Dr. Ellinwood as follows:

"A notable week has just passed, as the Arabic has it, 'Yobeel' or jubilee week in Beirut, it being just fifty years since the American missionaries settled in Beirut. On Wednesday, November 19th, services were held in the English language in the church at 3 P. M. and addresses were made by Dr. Thomson, Dr. Post and myself, and the devotional exercises conducted by Dr.

Van Dyck, Mr. Calhoun, and Rev. Mr. Robertson, our excellent Scotch pastor. In the evening a social reunion was held in the house of Mr. Robertson at which informal addresses were made by Dr. Bliss, Dr. Wortabet, and Professor Porter of the Syrian Protestant College and Dr. Brigstocke, the resident British physician.

"These exercises had special reference to the long-continued cordial coöperation of the British and American residents in Syria in a joint religious service for half a century in the English language. And it is a fact worthy of mention that in this land of the Bible, so much of the Bible spirit has prevailed, as to induce Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Baptists from America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales to worship together and commune together for fifty years with hardly ever a jar or discord. It was worthy of a jubilee of gratitude and praise to God. Last Sabbath, November 23d, the jubilee was made the subject of remark in the Arabic service, and on Monday evening about 200 of the Syrian people assembled at my house to celebrate the occasion in the Arabic language. We had music and simple refreshments, and then addresses by Messrs. B. Bistany, Elias Fuaz, and Ibrahim Sarkis, who reviewed the history of the past fifty years in Syria. Mr. Sarkis read in the first place the bull of the Maronite partriarch in 1825 cursing the Protestant Bible and forbidding its distribution and sale in Syria, and then a statement of the number of Bibles and religious books published since that time. The whole number of Scriptures is about 70,000 and of religious books about 90,000 in the Arabic language, making a total of 160,000 volumes which at an average of 500 pages would make 80,000,000. This is hardly what the Maronite patriarch anticipated.

"I have just returned from a house of mourning, not a house where death has entered, but where a sad calamity has befallen the family. Ishoc, a faithful preacher, has an invalid wife named Laiya, and lately sent to Hums, his native city, for his sister Fetny to come and aid in the domestic affairs. Last week Fetny, who has one blind eye, was attacked with ophthalmia which is

now an epidemic in a virulent form and highly contagious, and in forty-eight hours lost the other eye, becoming stone blind. Then Laiya was attacked and has lost both eyes! I went in the evening to see them. They sat silent on their low beds, one on the floor and the other on a divan. Not one word of complaint escaped them. They seemed rejoiced to hear a word of comfort and said that they had great peace of mind in the faith that it was the hand of the Lord, who does all things well. Ishoc said, as I entered the door, 'My dear brother, how I bless God for the religion of Jesus Christ! How could I bear such a stroke without His aid?' The poor women also said that they had not one word of complaint to utter, and could only bless God for His mercies. It would do our friends in America good to enter this room of physical blindness and witness the blessed effects of the faith of Jesus which is truly like a light shining in a dark place."

November 18th was a glad day for us in Beirut. That missionary company which then reached us was probably as gladly greeted as any company that has ever arrived here. All were in perfect health and cheerful spirits, and we are thankful for such a reinforcement to our missionary band.

The party consisted of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Jessup and two children, Rev. F. W. March, a new recruit, Miss Emily Bird of Abeih, Miss Fisher, and a teacher for Constantinople.

Mr. March has gone to Zahleh for the winter; Miss Fisher is established with the female seminary to the great joy of her fellow teachers, and is laying siege to the Arabic gutturals.

The arrival of my brother, Rev. Samuel Jessup, fresh from reviving intercourse with the American churches and especially from the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, added new interest to all these jubilee meetings, and he has given us accounts of the meeting both in Arabic and English. We have great reason for gratitude for the safe arrival of his large party after that long trip of 7,000 miles, and there was peculiar occasion for thanksgiving that they arrived no later. They had hardly reached their resting places in our various homes when the gath-

ering tempest burst upon us. The sea was lashed into fury and the rain poured in a literal deluge. Five inches of rain fell in Beirut in that one night between sunset and sunrise. The custom-house was submerged by a flood of muddy water and $50,000 worth of goods were destroyed. The thunder and lightning were almost continuous for twenty-four hours. In the midst of it all Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun rode down from Abeih, five hours on horseback, to attend the jubilee, and during our meetings, which were well attended, the crash of the thunder was so violent as almost to drown the voices of the speakers. But we all rejoiced in the abundant rain and although several boxes of missionary goods were in that ill-fated custom-house, and were saturated with muddy water, our friends took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, in view of the universal gladness of the Syrian people that the eight months' drought had come to an end. Men looked complacently on the falling walls, the washing away of terraces, the gullying of highways, the inundation of shops and storehouses, for the prices of wheat and flour had fallen, the poor were freed from the famine prices of the past few months and Moslems and Greeks, Maronites and Protestants, Druses and Jews, forgetting their differences, congratulated one another on the "rahmet Allah" the mercy of God to the suffering land.

The Tripoli Girls' School was opened by Mrs. Shrimpton, formerly of the British Syrian Schools, and Miss Kip, in the Yanni house, the domestic department being conducted by Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Danforth. Dr. Dennis was called to the theological seminary on account of his ripe scholarship and love of literary pursuits. The judgment of the mission was fully justified. While in connection with the seminary he prepared, with the aid of Mr. R. Berbari and Mr. Ibrahim Haurani, three works which have become standards in theological instruction wherever the Arabic language is used: a treatise on theology in two volumes, based largely upon Hodge, but abridged, with judicious additions and adaptations to suit the Oriental environment, Evidences of Christianity, and Biblical Interpretation.

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